THE CATHOLIC TRADITION IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

GEORGE CARVER

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THE CATHOLIC TRADITION IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

The Catholic Tradition in English Literature

Edited by

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TO
MARY BRADLEY SCHULTZ
A DOER
NOT A HEARER ONLY

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PREFACE

THE present collection has but one purpose: to put before the student in convenient form something of the tradition for which Catholic literature in English stands, in order that he may, by learning to know it the better, be the more able in his pursuit of "the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

Naturally, to undertake a work of this sort is to incur deep and lasting obligation; I am, therefore, glad to be able to set down here the acknowledgment of my gratitude to Mr. J. Howard Dice, Librarian of the University of Pittsburgh, for his kind assistance in obtaining books which otherwise I should not have been able to consult, and, likewise, to record my indebtedness to a host of critical and reference works, chief among which may be mentioned: the *Catholic Encyclopedia,* Chambers's *Cyclopaedia of English Literature, Cambridge History of English Literature, Dictionary of National Biography,* Garnett's *English Literature,* Brégy's *The Poets Chantry* and *Poets and Pilgrims,* Shuster's *Catholic Spirit in Modern English Literature,* Kilmer's *Dreams and Images,* Leslie's *Anthology of Catholic Poets,* Hill's *British Catholic Poets,* and Schelling's *Elizabethan Lyrics.*

G. C.

St. Philomena's Parish
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
The Eve of Pentecost, 1926

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THE CATHOLIC TRADITION IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

THE CATHOLIC TRADITION IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

c. 1340—1400

Geoffrey Chaucer, soldier, government official, and the "father of modern English poetry," was born in London about 1340. When about eighteen years old he became attached to the household of the Duke of Clarence as a page. In 1359, however, he entered the service of Edward III and served during the French campaign of that year until taken prisoner, being finally ransomed by the king.

From this time he remained more or less closely connected with the court until his death, serving upon diplomatic missions to Italy and France; acting as Comptroller of Customs of Wools, Skins, and Leather; sitting as Knight of the Shire for Kent in Parliament; and functioning as Clerk of the King's Works and as Forester of North Petherington Park. Moreover, he was a pensioner of the crown during the reign of three successive monarchs.

As a poet he is especially significant, not only as being the first Englishman to take place among world poets, but also as the writer who gave the first impetus toward the present status of the language, writing as he did in the dialect of the southeast Midlands, the source of our modern speech.

The first of his work, naturally, was based upon French and Latin sources, those being the bases of the fourteenth-century learning. His early poems, then, were chiefly translations and adaptations, like the *Romance of the Rose,* the *Death of Pity,* the *Compleynt of Mars,* the *Hymn to Our Blessed Lady,* and the *Book of the Duchess.* By 1383, however, having digested the Italian influence which had come to him during his diplomatic journeys to Italy—during the first, in 1372, he is generally believed to have visited Petrarch and through him to have learned of Boccaccio, and Dante—he was ready to settle into what is commonly called his Italian period. During this time he wrote the *Troilus and Criseyde, The House of Fame, The Parliament of Fowls,* and translated the *Consolation of Philosophy* of Boethius.

In 1387 he is supposed to have begun *The Canterbury Tales.* This

work, which, although Chaucer never completed it, is considered his masterpiece, marks him as a fully matured artist. In it he is still the adapter; the creative impulse has, however, now gained the ascendancy, and what lay ready to the hand of the adapter has been transmuted by his genius into something that must stand for all time as the beginning of English verse. For in *The Canterbury Tales,* Chaucer is entirely English. The French and Latin influences of his early days are present, as is likewise the Italian of the later period, but welding them all together, permeating them, and weaving the whole into a compact unity is that same spirit that has made English poetry the finest in any literature.

The Legend of Good Women also belongs to this time. But after these two pieces, representative as they are of the poet's best work, he produced very little, only four poems being definitely known as belonging to his last years: *Envoy to Scogin, Compleynt of Venus, Envoy a Bukton,* and the *Compleynt to His Purse.*

From THE CANTERBURY TALES

THE SECONDE NONNES TALE

This mayden, bright Cecilie, as hir lyf seith,
Was comen of Romayns, and of noble kinde,[1]
And from hir cradel up fostred in the feith
Of Crist, and bar his gospel in hir minde;
She never cessed, as I writen finde,
Of hir preyere, and god to love and drede,
Biseking him to kepe hir maydenhede.

And when this mayden sholde unto a man
Y-wedded be, that was ful yong of age,
Which that y-cleped was Valerian,
And day was comen of hir mariage,
She, ful devout and humble in hir corage,
Under hir robe of gold, that sat ful fayre,
Had next hir flesh y-clad hir in an heyre,[2]

And whyl the organs maden melodye,
To god alone in herte thus sang she;
'O lord, my soule and eek my body gye[3]

[1]Race. [2]Garment of hair [3]Control.

Unwemmed,[4] lest that I confounded be:'
And, for his love that deyde upon a tree,
Every seconde or thridde day she faste,
Ay biddinge in hir orisons ful faste.

Valerian gan faste unto hir swere,
That for no cas, ne thing that mighte be,
He sholde never-mo biwreyen[5] here;
And thanne at erst to him thus seyde she,
'I have an angel which that loveth me,
That with greet love, wher-so I wake or slepe,
Is redy ay my body for to kepe.

And if that he may felen, out of drede,
That ye me touche or love in vileinye,
He right anon wol slee yow with the dede,
And in your yowthe thus ye shulden dye;
And if that ye in clene love me gye,
He wol yow loven as me, for your clennesse,
And shewen yow his joye and his brightness.'

Valerian, corrected as god wolde,
Answerde agayn, 'if I shal trusten thee,
Lat me that angel see, and him biholde;
And if that it a verray angel be,
Than wol I doon as thou hast preyed me;
And if thou love another man, for sothe
Right with this swerd than wol I slee yow bothe.'

Cecile answerde anon right in this wyse,
'If that yow list,[6] the angel shul ye see,
So that ye trowe on Crist and yow baptyse.
Goth forth to Via Apia,' quod she,
'That fro this toun ne stant but myles three,
And, to the povre folkes that ther dwelle,
Sey hem right thus, as that I shal yow telle.

[4]Spotless. [5]Betray. [6]Please.

Telle hem that I, Cecile, yow to hem sente,
To shewen yow the gode Urban the olde,
For secree nedes and for good entente.
And whan that ye seint Urban han biholde,
Telle him the wordes whiche I to yow tolde;
And whan that he hath purged yow fro sinne,
Thanne shul ye see that angel, er ye twinne.'[7]

Valerian is to the place y-gon,
And right as him was taught by his lerninge,
He fond this holy olde Urban anon
Among the seintes buriels[8] lotinge.[9]
And he anon, with-outen taryinge,
Dide his message; and whan that he it tolde,
Urban for joye his hondes gan up holde.

The teres from his yën leet he falle—
'Almighty lord, O Jesu Crist,' quod he,
'Sower of chast conseil, herde of us alle,
The fruit of thilke seed of chastitee
That thou hast sowe in Cecile, tak to thee!
Lo, lyk a bisy bee, with-outen gyle,
Thee serveth ay thyn owene thral[10] Cecile!

For thilke spouse, that she took but now
Ful lyk a fiers leoun, she sendeth here,
As meke as ever was any lamb, to you!'
And with that worde, anon ther gan appere
An old man, clad in whyte clothes clere,
That hadde a book with lettre of golde in honde,
And gan biforn Valerian to stonde.

Valerian as deed fil doun for drede
Whan he him saugh, and he up hente[11] him tho,
And on his book right thus he gan to rede—
'Oo Lord, oo feith, oo god with-outen mo,
Oo Cristendom, and fader of alle also,

[7]Part. [8]Catacombs. [9]Hiding. [10] Subject. [11]Drew

Aboven alle and over al everywhere'—
Thise wordes al with gold y-writen were.

When this was.rad, than seyde this olde man,
'Levestow[12] this thing or no? sey ye or nay.'
'I leve al this thing,' quod Valerian,
'For sother thing than this, I dar wel say,
Under the hevene no wight[13] thinke may.'
Tho vanisshed th'olde man, he niste where,
And pope Urban him cristened right there.

Valerian goth hoom, and fint Cecilie
With-inne his chambre with an angel stonde;
This angel hadde of roses and of lilie
Corones[14] two, the which he bar in honde;
And first to Cecile, as I understonde,
He yaf[15] that oon, and after gan he take
That other to Valerian, hir make.[16]

'With body clene and with unwemmed thoght
Kepeth ay wel thise corones,' quod he;
'Fro Paradys to yow have I hem broght,
Ne never-mo ne shal they roten be,
Ne lese her sote[17] savour, trusteth me;
Ne never wight shal seen hem with his yë,
But he be chaast and hate vileinyë.

And thou, Valerian, for thou so sone
Assentedest to good conseil also,
Sey what thee list, and thou shalt han thy bone.'[18]
'I have a brother,' quod Valerian tho,
'That in this world I love no man so.
I pray yow that my brother may han grace
To knowe the trouthe, as I do in this place.'

[12]Desirest thou. [13]Creature. [14]Garlands. [15]Gave. [16]Mate.
[17]Sweet. [18]Boon.

The angel seyde, 'god lyketh thy requeste,
And bothe, with the palm of martirdom,
Ye shullen come unto his blisful feste.'
And with that word Tiburce his brother com.
And whan that he the savour undernom[19]
Which that the roses and the lilies caste,
With-inne his herte he gan to wondre faste,

And seyde, 'I wondre, this tyme of the yeer,
Whennes that sote savour cometh so
Of rose and lilies that I smelle heer.
For though I hadde hem in myn hondes two,
The savour mighte in me no depper go.
The sote smel that in myn herte I finde
Hath chaunged me al in another kinde.'[20]

Valerian seyde, 'two corones han we,
Snow-whyte and rose-reed, that shynen clere,
Whiche that thyn yën han no might to see;
And so thou smellest hem thurgh my preyere,
So shaltow seen hem, leve brother dere,
If it so be thou wolt, withouten slouthe,
Bileve aright and knowen verray trouthe.'

Tiburce answerde, 'seistow this to me
In soothnesse, or in dreem I herkne this?'
'In dremes,' quod Valerian, 'han we be
Unto this tyme, brother myn, y-wis.
But now at erst in trouthe our dwelling is.'
'How woostow[21] this,' quod Tiburce, 'in what wyse?'
Quod Valerian, 'that shal I thee devyse.

The angel of god hath me the trouthe y-taught
Which thou shalt seen, if that thou wolt reneye[22]
The ydoles[23] and be clene, and elles naught.'—
And of the miracle of thise corones tweye
Seint Ambrose in his preface list to seye;

[19]Perceived. [20]Nature. [21]Knowest thou. [22]Renounce. [23]Idols.

Solempnely this noble doctour dere
Commendeth it, and seith in this manere:

The palm of martirdom for to receyve,
Seinte Cecile, fulfild of goddess yifte,[24]
The world and eek hir chambre gan she weyve,[25]
Witnes Tyburces and Valerians shrifte,
To whiche god of his bountee wolde shifte
Corones two of floures wel smellinge,
And made his angel hem the corones bringe:

The mayde hath broght thise men to blisse above;
The world hath wist what it is worth, certeyn,
Devocioun of chastitee to love.—
Tho shewede him Cecile al open and pleyn
That alle ydoles nis[26] but a thing in veyn;
For they been dombe, and therto they been deve,[27]
And charged him his ydoles for to leve.

'Who so that troweth nat this, a beste he is,'
Quod tho Tiburce, 'if that I shal nat lye.'
And she gan kisse his brest, that herde this,
And was ful glad he coude trouthe espye.
'This day I take thee for myn allye,'
Seyde this blisful fayre mayde dere;
And after that she seyde as ye may here:

'Lo, right so as the love of Crist,' quod she,
'Made me thy brotheres wyf, right in that wyse
Anon for myn allye heer take I thee,
Sin that thou wolt thyn ydoles despyse.
Go with thy brother now, and thee baptyse,
And make thee clene; so that thou mowe biholde
The angels face of which thy brother tolde.'

[24]Gift. [25]Give up. [26]Are nothing. [27]Deaf.

Tiburce answerde and seyde, 'brother dere,
First tel me whider I shal, and to what man?'
'To whom?' quod he, 'com forth with right good chere,
I wol thee lede unto the pope Urban.'
'Til Urban? brother myn Valerian,'
Quod tho Tiburce, 'woltow me thider lede?
Me thinketh that it were a wonder dede.

Ne menestow nat Urban,' quod he tho,
'That is so ofte dampned[28] to be deed,
And woneth[29] in halkes[30] alwey to and fro,
And dar nat ones putte forth his heed?
Men sholde him brennen in a fyr so reed
If he were founde, or that men mighte him spye;
And we also, to bere him companye—

And whyl we seken thilke divinitee
That is y-hid in hevene prively,
Algate[31] y-brend[32] in this world shul we be!'
To whom Cecile answerde boldely,
'Men mighten dreden wel and skilfully
This lyf to lese, myn owene dere brother,
If this were livinge only and non other.

But ther is better lyf in other place,
That never shal be lost, ne drede thee noght,
Which goddes sone us tolde thurgh his grace;
That fadres sone hath alle thinges wroght;
And al that wroght is with a skilful thoght,
The goost, that fro the fader gan procede,
Hath sowled[33] hem, withouten any drede.

By word and by miracle goddes sone,
Whan he was in this world, declared here
That ther was other lyf ther men may wone.'
To whom answerde Tiburce, 'O suster dere,
Ne seydestow right now in this manere,

[28]Condemned. [29]Dwelleth. [30]Hiding-places. [31]Nevertheless.
[32]Burned. [33]Endued with a soul.

Ther nis but o god, lord in soothfastnesse;
And now of three how maystow bere witnesse?'

'That shal I telle,' quod she, 'er I go.
Right as a man hath sapiences[34] three,
Memorie, engyn,[35] and intellect also,
So, in o being of divinitee,
Three persones may ther right wel be.'
Tho gan she him ful bisily to preche
Of Cristes come and of his peynes teche,

And many pointes of his passioun;
How goddes sone in this world was withholde,
To doon mankinde pleyn remissioun,
That was y-bounde in sinne and cares colde:
Al this thing she unto Tiburce tolde.
And after this Tiburce, in good entente,
With Valerian to pope Urban he wente,

That[36] thanked god; and with glad herte and light
He cristned him, and made him in that place
Parfit in his lerninge, goddes knight.
And after this Tiburce gat swich grace,
That every day he saugh, in tyme and space,
The angel of god; and every maner bone
That he god axed, it was sped ful sone.

It were ful hard by ordre for to seyn
How many wondres Jesus for hem wroghte;
But atte laste, to tellen short and pleyn,
The sergeants of the toun of Rome hem soghte,
And hem biforn Almache the prefect broghte,
Which hem apposed, and knew al hir entente,
And to the image of Jupiter hem sente,

[34]Kinds of intelligence. [35]Skill. [36]That one.

And seyde, 'who so wol nat sacrifyse,
Swap[37] of his heed, this is my sentence here.'
Anon thise martirs that I yow devyse,
Oon Maximus, that was an officere
Of the prefectes and his corniculere,[38]
Hem hente; and whan he forth the seintes ladde,
Him-self he weep, for pitee that he hadde.

When Maximus had herd the seintes lore,
He gat him of the tormentoures leve,
And ladde hem to his hous withoute more;
And with hir preching, er that it wer eve,
They gonnen fro the tormentours to reve,[39]
And fro Maxime, and fro his folk echone
The false feith, to trowe in god allone.

Cecilie cam, whan it was woxen night,
With preestes that hem cristned alle y-fere;[40]
And afterward, whan day was woxen light,
Cecile hem seyde with a ful sobre chere,
'Now, Cristes owene knightes leve and dere,
Caste alle awey the werkes of derknesse,
And armeth yow in armure of brightnesse.

Ye han for sothe y-doon a greet bataille,
Your cours is doon, your feith han ye conserved,
Goth to the corone of lyf that may nat faille;
The rightful juge, which that ye han served,
Shall yeve it yow, as ye han it deserved.'
And whan this thing was seyd as I devyse,
Men ladde hem forth to doon the sacrifyse.

But whan they weren to the place broght,
To tellen shortly the conclusioun,
They nolde encense ne sacrifice right noght,
But on hir knees they setten hem adoun
With humble herte and sad devocioun,

[37]Strike. [38]Registration clerk. [39]Take away. [40]Together.

And losten bothe hir hedes in the place.
Hir soules wenten to the king of grace.

This Maximus, that saugh this thing bityde,
With pitous teres tolde it anon-right,
That he hir soules saugh to heven glyde
With angels ful of cleernesse and of light,
And with his word converted many a wight;
For which Almachius dide him so to-bete[41]
With whippe of leed, til he his lyf gan lete.[42]

Cecile him took and buried him anoon
By Tiburce and Valerian softely,
Withinne hir burying-place, under the stoon.
And after this Almachius hastily
Bad his ministres fecchen openly
Cecile, so that she mighte in his presence
Doon sacrifyce, and Jupiter encense.

But they, converted at hir wyse lore,
Wepten ful sore, and yaven ful credence
Unto hir word, and cryden more and more,
'Crist, goddes sone withouten difference,
Is verray god, this is al our sentence,
That hath so good a servant him to serve;
This with o voys we trowen, thogh we sterve!'[43]

Almachius, that herde of this doinge,
Bad fecchen Cecile, that he might hir see,
And alderfirst,[44] lo! this was his axinge,
'What maner womman artow?' tho quod he.
'I am a gentil womman born,' quod she.
'I axe thee,' quod he, 'thogh it thee greve,
Of thy religioun and of thy bileve.'

[41]Beat. [42]Lose. [43]Perish. [44]First of all.

'Ye han bigonne your question folily,'
Quod she, 'that wolden two answeres conclude
In oo demande; ye axed lewedly.'[45]
Almache answerde unto that similitude,
'Of whennes comth thyn answering so rude?'
'Of whennes?' quod she, whan that she was freyned,[46]
'Of conscience and of good feith unfeyned.'

Almachius seyde, 'ne takestow non hede
Of my power?' and she answerde him this—
'Your might,' quod she, 'ful litel is to drede;
For every mortal mannes power nis
But lyk a bladdre, ful of wind, y-wis.
For with a nedles poynt, whan it is blowe,
May al the boost of it be leyd ful lowe.'

'Ful wrongfully bigonne thou,' quod he,
'And yet in wrong is thy perseveraunce;
Wostow nat how our mighty princes free
Han thus comanded and maad ordinaunce,
That every Cristen wight shal han penaunce
But-if that he his Cristendom withseye,
And goon al quit, if he wol it reneye?'

'Your princes erren, as your nobley dooth,'
Quod tho Cecile, 'and with a wood[47] sentence
Ye make us gilty, and it is nat sooth;
For ye, that knowen wel our innocence,
For as muche as we doon a reverence
To Crist, and for we bere a Cristen name,
Ye putte on us a cryme, and eek a blame.

But we that knowen thilke name so
For vertuous, we may it not withseye'
Almache answerde, 'chees oon of thise two,
Do sacrifyce, or Cristendom reneye,
That thou mowe now escapen by that weye.'

[45]Foolishly. [46]Questioned. [47]Mad.

At which the holy blisful fayre mayde
Gan for to laughe, and to the juge seyde,

'O juge, confus in thy nycetee,
Woltow that I reneye innocence,
To make me a wikked wight?' quod she;
'Lo! he dissimuleth here in audience,
He stareth and woodeth in his advertence!'
To whom Almachius, 'unsely[48] wrecche,
Ne woostow nat how far my might may strecche?

Han noght our mighty princes to me yeven,
Ye, bothe power and auctoritee
To maken folk to dyen or to liven?
Why spekestow so proudly than to me?'
'I speke noght but stedfastly,' quod she,
'Nat proudly, for I seye, as for my syde,
We haten deedly thilke vyce of pryde.

And if thou drede nat a sooth to here,
Than wol I shewe al openly, by right,
That thou hast maad a ful gret lesing here.
Thou seyst, thy princes han thee yeven might
Bothe for to sleen and for to quiken[49] a wight;
Thou, that ne mayst but only lyf bireve,
Thou hast non other power ne no leve!

But thou mayst seyn, thy princes han thee maked
Ministre of deeth; for if thou speke of mo,
Thou lyest, for thy power is ful naked.'
'Do wey thy boldnes,' seyde Almachius tho,
'And sacrifice to our goddes, er thou go;
I recche nat what wrong that thou me profre,
For I can suffre it as a philosophre;

[48]Unhappy. [49]Spare.

But thilke wrongs may I nat endure
That thou spekest of our goddes here,' quod he.
Cecile answerede, 'O nyce creature,
Thou seydest no word sin thou spak to me
That I ne knew therwith thy nycetee;
And that thou were, in every maner wyse,
A lewed officer and a veyn justyse.

Ther lakketh no-thing to thyn utter yën[50]
That thou nart blind, for thing that we seen alle
That it is stoon, that men may wel espyen,
That ilke stoon a god thou wolt it calle.
I rede thee, lat thyn hand upon it falle,
And taste it wel, and stoon thou shalt it finde,
Sin that thou seest nat with thyn yën blinde.

It is a shame that the peple shal
So scorne thee, and laughe at thy folye;
For comunly men woot it wel overal,[51]
That mighty god is in his hevenes hye,
And thise images, wel thou mayst espye,
To thee ne to hem-self mowe nought profyte,
For in effect they been nat worth a myte.'

Thise wordes and swiche othere seyde she,
And he weex wroth, and bad men sholde hir lede
Hom til hir hous, 'and in hir hous,' quod he,
'Brenne hir right in a bath of flambes rede.'
And as he bad, right.so was doon in dede;
For in a bath they gonne hir faste shetten,[52]
And night and day greet fyr they under betten.

The longe night and eek a day also,
For al the fyr and eek the bathes hete,
She sat al cold, and felede no wo,
It made hir nat a drope for to swete.
But in that bath hir lyf she moste lete;

[50]Eyes. [51]Everywhere. [52]Shut.

For he, Almachius, with ful wikke entente
To sleen hir in the bath his sonde[53] sente.

Three strokes in the nekke he smoot hir tho,
The tormentour, but for no maner chaunce
He mighte noght smyte al hir nekke a-two;
And for ther was that tyme an ordinaunce,
That no man sholde doon man swich penaunce
The ferthe strook to smyten, softe or sore,
This tormentour ne dorste do na-more.

But half-deed, with hir nekke y-corven there,
He lefte hir lye, and on his wey is went.
The Cristen folk, which that aboute hir were,
With shetes han the blood ful faire y-hent.[54]
Three dayes lived she in this torment,
And never cessed hem the feith to teche;
That she hadde fostred, hem she gan to preche;

And hem she yaf hir moebles[55] and hir thing,
And to the pope Urban bitook hem tho,
And seyde, 'I axed this at hevene king,
To han respyt three dayes and na-mo,
To recomende to yow, er that I go,
Thise soules, lo! and that I mighte do werche[56]
Here of myn hous perpetuelly a cherche.'

Seint Urban, with his deknes,[57] prively
The body fette, and buried it by nighte
Among his othere seintes honestly.
Hir hous the chirche of seint Cecilie highte,[58]
Seint Urban halwed it, as he well mighte;
In which, into this day, in noble wyse,
Men doon to Crist and to his seint servyse.

[53]Message. [54]Staunched. [55]Furniture. [56]Make. [57]Deacons. [58]Was called.

THOMAS OCCLEVE

c. 1368—1450

Thomas Occleve, government clerk and poet, was born about 1368. Nothing definite is as yet known concerning his parentage or the place of his birth. What little has come to light about him is to be gleaned from his work. That he was a close follower of Chaucer and one of his ardent admirers is clear not only from the nature of his poetry but also from the fact that he left us the only Chaucer portrait that we possess.

Although his work shows the Chaucerian influence, in the quality of his narrative art as well as in his poetic sense, Occleve never rose to the level established by his master. He cannot be numbered among the great ones of literature, although among his numerous writings there are a few worthy of preservation—as much, perhaps, because they reflect something of the temper of men's minds in his day as that they show a not undistinguished poetical art in an unpoetic age.

His principal work is the *Regiment of Princes,* a long poem upon the ways of wise government.

The date of his death is generally believed to be 1450.

TRIBUTES OF HONOUR TO CHAUCER

I

With heart as trembling as the leaf of asp,
Father! syn ye rede[1] to do so;
Of my simple conceit will I the clasp
Undo, and let it at his large[2] go!
But, wellaway! so is mine hearte woe
That the Honour of the English Tongue is dead;
Of which I wont was have counsel and rede.[3]

O, Master dear! and Father reverent!
My Master, Chaucer! Flower of Eloquence!
Mirrir of fructuous[4] entendement![5]
O, universal Father in science!
Alas! that thou, thine excellent prudence,

[1]Advise. [2]Greatness. [3]Advice. [4]Fruitful. [5]Perception.

In thy bed mortal, mightest nought bequeath!
What ailed *Death?* Alas! why would he slay thee?

O, Death! thou didst not harm singular,[6]
In slaughter of him; but all this land it smarteth!
But, natheless, yet hast thou no power
His name slay! His high virtue astarteth,[7]
Unslain, from thee! which aye us lively hearteth
With bookes of his ornate inditing,
That are, to all this land enlumining.

Hast thou not eke my Master, *Gower,* slain?
Whose virtue I am insufficient
For to descrive, I wot well in certain!
For to slay all this World thou hast ymeant![8]
But syn our *Lord Christ* was obedient
To thee, in faith! I can no further say!
His creatures mosten[9] thee obey!

II

Simple is my ghost,[10] and scarce my Literature,
Unto your Excellence for to write
Mine inward love; and yet in adventure
Will I me put, though I can but lyte.
My deare Master (God his soule quite![11])
And Father, Chaucer, fain would have me taught;
But I was dull, and learned lyte or naught!

Alas! my worthy Master honourable!
This land's very Treasure and Richesse!
Death, by thy death, hath harm irreparable
Unto us done! Her vengeable[12] duress[13]
Despoiled hath this land of the sweetness
Of Rhetoric: for unto *Tullius*
Was never man so like amongst us!

[6]Individually. [7]Escapes. [8]Intended. [9]Must. [10]Spirit.
[11]Requite. [12]Vengeful. [13]Hardship.

Also, who was higher in Philosophy
To *Aristotle,* in our tongue, but thou?
The steppes[14] of *Virgil* in Poesy
Thou followed'st eke, men wot well enow!
That Cumber-world, that thee, my Master! slew,
Would I slain were! *Death* was too hasty
To run on thee, and 'reave thee thy life!

Death hath but small consideration
Unto the Virtuous, I have espied!
No more, as sheweth the probation,
Than to a vicious master Losel tried!
Among a heap, every man is mastered
With her, as well the poor as is the rich!
Learned and lewd[15] eke standen all alike!

She might have tarried her vengeance a while,
Till that some man had equal to thee be!
Nay! let be that! She knew well that this Isle
May never man forth bringe like to thee!
And her office needes do must she!
God bade her so! I trust as for the best!
O, Master! Master! God, thy soul rest!

III

The first Finder of our fair language
Hath said, in case semblable,[16] and others mo,
So highly well, that it is my dotage
For to express, or to touch any of tho![17]
Alas! My Father from the world is go!
Alas! My worthy Master, *Chaucer!* him I mean.
Be thou advocate for him, Heaven's Queen!

As thou well know'st, O, Blessed Virgin!
With loving heart and high devotion,
In thine honour, he wrote full many a line!
O, now, thine help and thy promotion
To God thy Sonne, make a motion,

[14]Foot prints. [15]Ignorant. [16]Similar. [17]Those.

How he thy Servant was, Maiden Mary!
And let his soule flower and fructify!

Although his life be quenched, the resemblance
Of him hath in me so fresh liveliness
That, to put other men in remembrance
Of his person, I have here hes likeness
Do make; to this end, in soothfastness,
That they, that have of him least thought and mind,
By this painture,[18] may again him find.

[*Here occurs, in the margin, Occleve's celebrated coloured portrait of Geoffrey Chaucer.*]

JOHN LYDGATE

c. 1370—*c.* 1450

John Lydgate, priest and poet, was born in Suffolk about 1370. Very little is actually known concerning him. He is supposed to have received his early education at the hands of the Benedictines and later to have attended both Oxford and Cambridge. He was ordained priest in 1397 and opened a school in the monastery at Bury. In 1423 he became prior at Hatfield Broadoak, but his interest lay more in poetry than in the duties of his office. In 1434 he returned to Bury, where it is assumed that he remained until his death about 1450.

Lydgate was not a great poet; following the death of Chaucer there set in a period which was hardly conducive to the composition of great poetry. What he lacks in quality, however, he makes up in sheer bulk, writing in all some 250 poems, the most noteworthy among them being the *Troy Book,* the *Falls of Princes,* the *Life of Our Lady,* and the *Dance of Death.* All these are somewhat tedious in style and of considerable length. He wrote, however, a number of short devotional pieces, many of which are not without merit.

Not a few of Lydgate's poems have been lost; several remain as yet in manuscript form. Perhaps if we could examine everything he wrote, we should find something else comparable to *The Child Jesus to Mary the Rose,* for the discovery of which not only scholars but lovers of Catholic verse as well are indebted to Dr. Henry Noble MacCracken, President of Vassar College.

[18]Painting.

THE CHILD JESUS TO MARY THE ROSE

My Fader above, beholdying the mekenesse,
As dewe on rosis doth his baume[1] sprede,
Sendith his Gost, most sovereyne of clennesse,
Into thy breste, A! Rose of Womanhede!
When I for man was born in manhede,
For which, with rosis of heavenly influence
I me rejoyse to play in thy presence.
O Moder! Moder! of mercy most habounde,
Fayrest moder that ever was alyve,
Though I for men have many a bloody wounde,
Among theym alle there be rosis fyve,
Agayne[2] whos mercy fiendis may not stryve[3],
Mankynde to save, best rosis of defence,
When they me pray for helpe in thy presence.

THOMAS MALORY

c. 1400—1471

Sir Thomas Malory, soldier, member of Parliament, outlaw, and author, is supposed to have been born in Warwickshire about 1400. What little is known of his career is based chiefly upon speculation. He is judged, however, to have been present at the siege of Rouen, in 1418; to have been a retainer of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, known as the King-maker; to have sat for his county in Parliament during 1444-45; to have been a loyalist during the Civil Wars, to have been outlawed by Edward IV in 1468, when the York party triumphed; and to have died in 1471.

His book, *Le Morte D'Arthur,* according to Caxton, the first English printer, who edited and printed it, was a compilation of many French books which, although they all dealt with the same general material, told no consistent story. Malory, however, so skillfully wove together the various elements that the work represents for us the highest ideals of selflessness, justice, and purity as practised during the age of chivalry.

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[1]Balm. [2]Against. [3]Oppose.

From LE MORTE D'ARTHUR

CHAPTER XVIII

How Galahad came to king Mordrains, and of other matters and adventures.

NOW saith the story that Galahad rode many journeys in vain. And at the last he came to the abbey where king Mordrains was, and when he heard that, he thought he would abide to see him. And upon the morn, when he had heard mass, Galahad came unto king Mordrains, and anon the king saw him, the which had lain blind of long time. And then he dressed him against him, and said, Galahad, the servant of Jesu Christ, whose coming I have abiden so long, now embrace me, and let me rest on thy breast, so that I may rest between thine arms, for thou art a clean virgin above all knights, as the flower of the lily, in whom virginity is signified, and thou art the rose, the which is the flower of all good virtue, and in colour of fire. For the fire of the Holy Ghost is taken so in thee, that my flesh, which was all dead of oldness, is become young again. When Galahad heard his words, then he embraced him and all his body. Then said he, Fair Lord Jesu Christ, now I have my will, now I require thee in this point that I am in, thou come and visit me. And anon our Lord heard his prayer. Therewith the soul departed from the body. And then Galahad put him in the earth as a king ought to be: and so departed, and came into a perilous forest, where he found the well the which boiled with great waves, as the tale telleth tofore. And as soon as Galahad set his hand thereto it ceased, so that it burnt no more, and the heat departed: for that it burnt it was a sign of lust; but that heat might not abide his pure virginity. And this was taken in the country for a miracle, and so ever after was it called Galahad's well. Then by adventure he came into the country of Gore, and into the abbey where Sir Launcelot had been toforehand, and found the tomb of king Bagdemagus (but was founder thereof Joseph of Armathie's son) and the tomb of Simeon where Launcelot had failed. Then he looked into a croft under the minster, and there he saw a tomb which burnt full marvellously. Then asked he the brethren what it was? Sir, said they, a marvellous adventure that may not be

brought unto none end, but by him that passeth of bounty and of knighthood all them of the Round Table. I would, said Galahad, that ye would lead me thereto. Gladly, said they: and so led him till a cave; and he went down upon steps and came nigh the tomb, and then the flaming failed and the fire staunched, the which many a day had been great. Then came there a voice that said, Much are ye beholden to thank our Lord, the which hath given you a good hour, that ye may draw out the souls of earthly pain, and to put them into the joys of paradise. I am of your kindred, the which have dwelled in this heat this three hundred winter and four and fifty, to be purged of the sin that I did against Joseph of Armathie. Then Galahad took the body in his arms, and bear it into the minster. And that night lay Galahad in the abbey: and on the morn he gave him service, and put him in the earth, afore the high altar.

CHAPTER XIX

How Sir Percivale and Sir Bors met with Sir Galahad, and how they came to the castle of Carbonek, and other matters.

So departed he from thence, and commended the brethren to God. And so he rode five days till that he came to the maimed king, and ever followed Percivale the five days, asking where he had been, and so one told him how the adventures of Logris were achieved. So on a day it befell that they came out of a great forest, and there they met at travers with Sir Bors, the which rode alone. It is no need to tell if they were glad, and them he saluted, and they yielded him honour and good adventure; and every each told other. Then said Bors, It is more than a year and a half that I ne lay ten times where men dwelled, but in wild forests and in mountains, but God was ever my comfort.

Then rode they a great while till that they came to the castle of Carbonek. And when they were entered within the castle king Pelles knew them. Then there was great joy, for they wist well by their coming that they had fulfilled the quest of the Sancgreal. Then Eliazar, king Pelles' son, brought afore them the broken sword wherewith Joseph was stricken through the thigh. Then Bors set his hand thereto, if he might have soldered it again, but it would not be. Then he took it to Percivale, but he

had no more power thereto than he. Now have ye it again, said Percivale to Galahad, for and it be ever achieved by one bodily man, ye must do it. And then took he the pieces and set them together, and they seemed that they had never been broken, and as well as it had been first forged. And when they within espied that the adventure of the sword was achieved, then they gave the sword to Bors, for it might not be better set, for he was a good knight, and a worthy man. And a little afore even the sword arose great and marvellous, and was full of great heat, that many men fell for dread. And anon alight a voice among them, and said, They that ought not to sit at the table of Jesu Christ arise, for now shall very knights be fed. So they went thence all save king Pelles and Eliazar his son, the which were holy men, and a maid which was his niece. And so these three fellows and they three were there; no more. Anon they saw knights all armed come in at the hall door, and did off their helms and their arms, and said unto Galahad, Sir, we have hied right much for to be with you at this table, where the holy meat shall be parted. Then said he, Ye be welcome: but of whence be ye? So three of them said they were of Gaul, and other three said they were of Ireland, and the other three said they were of Denmark. So as they sat thus, there came out a bed of tree of a chamber, the which four gentlewomen brought, and in the bed lay a good man sick, and a crown of gold upon his head; and there in the midst of the place they set him down, and went again their way. Then he lift up his head and said, Galahad, knight, ye be welcome, for much have I desired your coming, for in such pain and in such anguish I have been long. But now I trust to God the term is come that my pain shall be allayed, that I shall pass out of this world, so as it was promised me long ago. Therewith a voice said, There be two among you that be not in the quest of the Sancgreal, and therefore depart ye.

CHAPTER XX

How Galahad and his fellows were fed of the holy Sancgreal, and how our Lord appeared to them, and other things.

THEN king Pelles and his son departed. And therewithal beseemed them that there came a man and four angels from heaven,

clothed in likeness of a bishop, and had a cross in his hand, and these four angels bare him up in a chair, and set him down before the table of silver whereupon the Sancgreal was, and it seemed that he had in midst of his forehead letters that said, See ye here Joseph the first bishop of Christendom, the same which our Lord succoured in the city of Sarras, in the spiritual place. Then the knights marvelled, for that bishop was dead more than three hundred year tofore. Oh knights, said he, marvel not, for I was sometime an earthly man. With that they heard the chamber door open, and there they saw angels, and two bare candles of wax, and the third a towel, and the fourth a spear which bled marvellously, that three drops fell within a box which he held with his other hand. And they set the candles upon the table, and the third the towel upon the vessel, and the fourth the holy spear even upright upon the vessel. And then the bishop made semblant as though he would have gone to the sacring of the mass. And then he took an ubbly, which was made in likeness of bread; and at the lifting up there came a figure in likeness of a child, and the visage was as red and as bright as any fire, and smote himself into the bread, so that they all saw it, that the bread was formed of a fleshly man, and then he put it into the holy vessel again. And then he did that longed to a priest to do to a mass. And then he went to Galahad and kissed him, and bad him go and kiss his fellows, and so he did anon. Now, said he, servants of Jesu Christ, ye shall be fed afore this table with sweet meats, that never knights tasted. And when he had said, he vanished away; and they set them at the table in great dread, and made their prayers. Then looked they, and saw a man come out of the holy vessel, that had all the signs of the passion of Jesu Christ, bleeding all openly, and said, My knights and my servants and my true children, which be come out of deadly life into spiritual life, I will now no longer hide me from you, but ye shall see now a part of my secrets and of my hid things: now hold and receive the high meat which ye have so much desired. Then took he himself the holy vessel, and came to Galahad, and he kneeled down and there he received his Saviour, and after him so received all his fellows, and they thought it so sweet that it was marvellous to tell. Then said he to Galahad, Son, wotest thou what I hold betwixt my hands? Nay, said he, but if ye will tell me. This is, said he,

the holy dish wherein I ate the lamb on Sher-thursday. And now hast thou seen that thou most desiredst to see, but yet hast thou not seen it so openly as thou shalt see it in the ciy of Sarras, in the spiritual place. Therefore thou must go hence, and bear with thee this holy vessel, for this night it shall depart from the realm of Logris, that it shall never be seen more here, and wotest thou wherefore? for he is not served nor worshipped to his right, by them of this land, for they be turned to evil living, therefore I shall disherit them of the honour which I have done them. And therefore go ye three to-morrow unto the sea, where ye shall find your ship ready, and with you take this sword with the strange girdles, and no more with you, but Sir Percivale and Sir Bors. Also I will that ye take with you of the blood of this spear, for to anoint the maimed king, both his legs and all his body, and he shall have his health. Sir, said Galahad, why shall not these other fellows go with us?—for this cause, for right as I departed mine apostles, one here and another there, so I will that ye depart. And two of you shall die in my service, but one of you shall come again, and tell tidings. Then gave he them his blessing and vanished away.

CHAPTER XXI

How Galahad anointed with the blood of the spear the maimed king, and other adventures.

And Galahad went anon to the spear which lay upon the table, and touched the blood with his fingers, and came after to the maimed king, and anointed his legs. And therewith he clothed him anon, and start upon his feet out of his bed as an whole man, and thanked our Lord that he had healed him. And that was not to the world-ward, for anon he yield him to a place of religion of white monks, and was a full holy man. That same night, about midnight came a voice among them, which said, My sons and not my chieftains, my friends and not my warriors, go ye hence, where ye hope best to do, and as I bad you.—Ah, thanked be thou, Lord, that thou wilt vouchsafe to call us thy sinners. Now may we well prove that we have not lost our pains.

And anon in all haste they took their harness and departed. But the three knights of Gaul, one of them knight Claudine, king

Claudas' son, and the other two were great gentlemen. Then prayed Galahad to every each of them, that if they come to king Arthur's court, that they should salute my lord Sir Launcelot my father, and of them of the Round Table, and prayed them if that they came on that part that they should not forget it. Right so departed Galahad, Percivale, and Bors with him. And so they rode three days, and then they came to a rivage, and found the ship whereof the tale speaketh of tofore. And when they came to the board, they found in the midst the table of silver which they had left with the maimed king, and the Sancgreal, which was covered with red samite. Then were they glad to have such things in their fellowship, and so they entered, and made great reverence thereto, and Galahad fell in his prayer long time to our Lord, that at what time he asked, that he should pass out of this world: so much he prayed, till a voice said to him, Galahad, thou shalt have thy request, and when thou askest the death of thy body thou shalt have it, and then shalt thou find the life of the soul. Percivale heard this, and prayed him of fellowship that was between them, to tell him wherefore he asked such things. That shall I tell you, said Galahad: the other day when we saw a part of the adventures of the Sancgreal, I was in such a joy of heart that I trow never man was that was earthly, and therefore I wot well when my body is dead my soul shall be in great joy to see the blessed Trinity every day, and the majesty of our Lord Jesu Christ. So long were they in the ship that they said to Galahad, Sir, in this bed ought ye to lie, for so saith the scripture. And so he laid him down and slept a great while. And when he awaked he looked afore him, and saw the city of Sarras. And as they would have landed, they saw the ship wherein Percivale had put his sister in. Truly, said Percivale, in the name of God, well hath my sister holden us covenant. Then took they out of the ship the table of silver, and he took it to Percivale and to Bors to go tofore, and Galahad came behind, and right so they went to the city, and at the gate of the city they saw an old man crooked. Then Galahad called him, and bad him help to bear this heavy thing. Truly, said the old man, it is ten year ago that I might not go but with crutches. Care thou not, said Galahad, and arise up and shew thy good will. And so he assayed, and found himself as whole as ever he was. Then ran he to the table, and took one

part against Galahad. And anon arose there great noise in the city, that a cripple was made whole by knights marvellous that entered into the city. Then anon after, the three knights went to the water, and brought up into the palace Percivale's sister, and buried her as richly as a king's daughter ought to be. And when the king of the city, which was cleped Estorause, saw the fellowship, he asked them of whence they were, and what thing it was that they had brought upon the table of silver. And they told him the truth of the Sancgreal, and the power which that God had set there. Then the king was a tyrant, and was come of the line of paynims, and took them, and put them in prison in a deep hole.

CHAPTER XXII

How they were fed with the Sancgreal while they were in prison, and how Galahad was made king.

But as soon as they were there, our Lord sent them the Sancgreal, through whose grace they were alway fulfilled while that they were in prison. So at the year's end it befell that this king Estorause lay sick, and felt that he should die. Then he sent for the three knights, and they came afore him, and he cried them mercy of that he had done to them, and they forgave it him goodly, and he died anon. When the king was dead, all the city was dismayed, and wist not who might be their king. Right so as they were in counsel, there came a voice among them, and bad them choose the youngest knight of them three to be their king, for he shall well maintain you and all yours. So they made Galahad king by all the assent of the whole city, and else they would have slain him. And when he was come to behold the land, he let make about the table of silver a chest of gold and of precious stones that covered the holy vessel, and every day early the three fellows would come afore it and make their prayers. Now at the year's end, and the self day after Galahad had borne the crown of gold, he arose up early, and his fellows, and came to the palace, and saw tofore them the holy vessel, and a man kneeling on his knees, in likeness of a bishop, that had about him a great fellowship of angels, as it had been Jesu Christ himself. And then he arose and began a mass of Our Lady. And when he came to the sacrament of the mass, and had done, anon he called Galahad, and said to

him, Come forth, the servant of Jesu Christ, and thou shalt see that thou hast much desired to see. And then he began to tremble right hard, when the deadly flesh began to behold the spiritual things. Then he held up his hands toward heaven, and said, Lord, I thank thee, for now I see that that hath been my desire many a day. Now, blessed Lord, would I not longer live, if it might please thee Lord. And therewith the good man took our Lord's body betwixt his hands, and proffered it to Galahad, and he received it right gladly and meekly. Now, wotest thou what I am? said the good man. Nay, said Galahad.—I am Joseph of Armathie, which our Lord hath sent here to thee to bear thee fellowship. And wotest thou wherefore that he hath sent me more than any other? For thou hast resembled me in two things, in that thou hast seen the marvels of the Sancgreal, and in that thou hast been a clean maiden, as I have been and am. And when he had said these words, Galahad went to Percivale and kissed him, and commended him to God. And so he went to Sir Bors and kissed him, and commended him to God, and said, Fair lord, salute me to my lord Sir Launcelot, my father, and as soon as ye see him bid him remember of this unstable world. And therewith he kneeled down tofore the table and made his prayers, and then suddenly his soul departed to Jesu Christ, and a great multitude of angels bare his soul up to heaven, that the two fellows might well behold it. Also the two fellows saw come from heaven an hand, but they saw not the body; and then it came right to the vessel, and took it and the spear, and so bare it up to heaven. Sithen was there never man so hardy to say that he had seen the Sancgreal.

CHAPTER XXIII

Of the sorrow that Percivale and Bors made when Galahad was dead; and of Percivale how he died, and other matters.

When Percivale and Bors saw Galahad dead, they made as much sorrow as ever did two men: and if they had not been good men they might lightly have fallen in despair. And the people of the country and of the city were right heavy. And then he was buried. And as soon as he was buried, Sir Percivale yielded him to an hermitage out of the city, and took a religious clothing; and Bors was always with him, but never changed he his secular

clothing, for that he purposed to go again into the realm of Logris. Thus a year and two months lived Sir Percivale in the hermitage a fully holy life, and then passed out of this world. And Bors let bury him by his sister and by Galahad in the spiritualties. When Bors saw that he was in so far countries as in the parts of Babylon, he departed for Sarras, and armed him, and came to the sea, and entered into a ship, and so it befell him in good adventure he came into the realm of Logris. And he rode so fast till he came to Camelot where the king was. And then was there great joy made of him in the court, for they wend all he had been dead, forasmuch as he had been so long out of the country. And when they had eaten, the king made great clerks to come afore him, that they should chronicle of the high adventures of the good knights. When Bors had told him of the adventures of the Sancgreal, such as had befallen him and his three fellows, that was Launcelot, Percivale, Galahad and himself, then Launcelot told the adventures of the Sancgreal that he had seen. All this was made in great books, and put in almeries at Salisbury. And anon Sir Bors said to Sir Launcelot, Galahad your own son saluted you by me, and after you king Arthur, and all the court, and so did Sir Percivale: for I buried them with mine own hands in the city of Sarras. Also, Sir Launcelot, Galahad prayeth you to remember of this uncertain world, as ye behight him when ye were together more than half a year. This is true, said Launcelot; now I trust to God his prayer shall avail me. Then Launcelot took Sir Bors in his arms, and said, Gentle cousin, ye are right welcome to me, and all that ever I may do for you and for yours, ye shall find my poor body ready at all times whiles the spirit is in it, and that I promise you faithfully, and never to fail. And wit ye well, gentle cousin Sir Bors, that ye and I will never depart in sunder whilst our lives may last. Sir, said he, I will as ye will.

ROBERT HENRYSON

c. 1430—*c.* 1508

Robert Henryson, teacher and poet, was born in Scotland about 1430. Little or nothing is known of his life. It is supposed from certain references in his writing that he may have attended a continental university, probably Paris or Louvain. Further, because the first issue of his *Fables,* dated 1570, shows its author to have been "Scholmaister of Dunfermline," one assumes that he was a teacher. From other sources it is conjectured that he was in minor orders and that his teaching was done in the Benedictine school at Dunfermline.

As a poet he stands among the best of the followers of Chaucer. Among his chief poems are the *Testament of Cresseid, Robene and Makyne,* a collection of *Fables* from Æsop, and *Orpheus and Eurydice.*

THE BLOODY SARK[1]

THIS hinder[2] year I have been told,
There was a worthy King:
Dukes, Earls, and Barons bold,
He had at his bidding.
The Lord was ancient and old,
And sixty years could ring;
He had a daughter, fair to fold,[3]
A lusty Lady ying.[4]

Of all fairhead,[5] she bore the flower;
And eke her father's heir:
Of lusty laits[6] and high honour,
Meek, bot,[7] and debonair.
She winnit[8] in a bigly[9] bower,
On fold was none so fair.
Princes loved her, *par amour,*
In countries o'er everywhere.

[1]Shirt. [2]Last. [3]Earth. [4]Young. [5]Beauty. [6]Manners. [7]Sweet. [8]Dwelt. [9]Strong.

There dwelt a lyte[10] beside the King,
A foul Giant of one;
Stolen he has the Lady ying,
Away with her is gone;
And cast her in his dungeon,
Where light she might see none.
Hunger, and cold, and great thirsting,
She found in to her waine.[11]

He was the loathliest on to look,
That on the ground might gang;
His nails were like an hellis-crook,[12]
Therewith five quarters long.
There was none that he o'ertook,
In right, or yet in wrong,
But all in sunder he them shook!
The Giant was so strong.

He held the Lady, day and night,
Within his deep dungeon.
He would not give of her a sight,
For gold, nor yet ransom;
But if the King might get a Knight,
To fight with his person,
To fight with him, both day and night,
Until one were dungin[13] down.

The King gart[14] seek, both far and near,
Both by sea and land,
Of any Knight, if he might hear,
Would fight with that Giant.
A worthy Prince, that had no peer,
Has ta'en the deed in hand,
For the love of the Lady clear;[15]
And held full true cunnand.[16]

[10]Little. [11]Dwelling. [12]Devil's crook. [13]Struck. [14]Made. [15]Pure. [16]Covenant.

That Prince came proudly to the town,
Of that Giant to hear:
And fought with him, his own person,
And took him prisoner;
And cast him in his own dungeon
Alone, withouten fere,
With hunger, cold, and confusion,
As full well worthy were.

Syne[17] brake the bour,[18] had home the Bright
Unto her father dear.
So evil wounded was the Knight,
That he behoved to die.
Unlovesome was his likame[19] dight,[20]
His Sark was all bloody.
In all the world was there no wight[21]
So piteous for to see!

The Lady mourned; and made great moan,
With all her mickle might.
'I loved never Love but one,
That dolefully now is dight.
GOD send my life were from me ta'en,
Or[22] I had seen yon sight!
Or else in begging ever to go
Forth with yon courteous Knight!'

He said, 'Faire Lady! now mon[23] I
Die; trestly[24] ye me trow!
Take ye my Sark, that is bloody,
And hang it forrow[25] you!
First think on it, and syne on me,
When men come you to woo!'
The Lady said, 'By Mary free!
Thereto I make a vow!'

[17]After. [18]Dungeon. [19]Body. [20]Become. [21]Creature.
[22]Before. [23]Must. [24]Trustfully. [25]Before.

When that she looked on the Sark,
She thought on the person;
And prayed for him, with all her heart,
That loosed her from bandon,[26]
Where she was wont to sit full merk[27]
In that deep dungeon:
And ever, while she was in quert,[28]
That was (to) her a lesson.

So well the Lady loved the Knight,
That no man would she take!
So should we do our God of might,
That did all for us make!
Which foully to death was dight,
For sinful Man's sake:
So should we do, both day and night,
With prayers to him make.

Moralitas

This King is like the Trinity,
Both in Heaven and here.
The Man's Soul, to the Lady.
The Giant, to Lucifer.
The Knight, to Christ, that died on tree,
And coft[29] our sinnes dear.
The pit, to Hell, with paines fell:[30]
The sin, to the Wooer.

The Lady was wooed; but she said 'Nay!'
With men that would her wed;
So should we wryth[31] all sin away,
That in our breast is bred!
I pray to Jesus Christ verray,[32]
For us his blood that bled,
To be our help on Doomesday,
Where laws are straitly led.

[26]Bondage. [27]Dark. [28]Safety. [29]Bought. [30]Fierce. [31]Put. [32]True.

The Soul is God's daughter dear,
And eke his handiwork,
That was betrayed by Lucifer,
Who sits in Hell full merk:
Borrowed with Christes angel clear,
Hende[33] men! will ye not hark?
For his love, that bought us dear,
Think on the Bloody Sark!

WILLIAM DUNBAR

c. 1460—*c.* 1530

William Dunbar, Franciscan novice, courtier, and poet, was born in Scotland about 1460. He attended St. Andrew's University, being graduated in 1479. Soon after graduation he became a Franciscan novice and preached for a time in England and later in France.

About 1490, however, he entered the service of James IV and was sent upon various embassies. So well did he carry out his commissions, as is evident from the court records, that he became a life pensioner of the crown.

In 1503 he celebrated the marriage of James with Margaret of England in what is perhaps his best known poem, *The Thistle and the Rose*. Others of his poems are the *Golden Targe* and the *Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins*. As a whole his verse is characterized by the Chaucerian influence, like that of all the writers who immediately followed Chaucer, showing some of its humor and freshness, but at times it is permeated with an asceticism wholly foreign to the character of Chaucer.

THE MERLE[1] AND THE NIGHTINGALE

In May, as that Aurora did upspring,
With crystal eyne,[2] chasing the clouds sable,
I heard a Merle, with merry notes, sing
A Song of Love, with voice right comfortable,
Against the orient beams amiable,
Upon a blissful branch of laurel green.
This was her sentence sweet and delectable,
'A lusty[3] life in Love's service been!'

[33]Gentle.——[1]Blackbird. [2]Eyes. [3]Pleasant.

Under this branch ran down a river bright
Of balmy liquor, crystalline of hue,
Against the heavenly azure sky's light:
Where did, upon the other side, pursue
A Nightingale, with sugared notes new;
Whose angel-feathers as the peacock shone.
This was her Song, and of a sentence true,
'All love is lost but upon God alone!'

With notes glad and glorious harmony,
This joyful Merle so salutes she the day;
While rung the woodes of her melody,
Saying 'Awake, ye Lovers! O, this May!
Lo! fresh *Flora* has flourished every spray!
As Nature has her taught, the noble Queen,
The field be clothed in a new array!
A lusty life in Love's service been!'

Never sweeter noise was heard by living man,
Than made this merry gentle Nightingale:
Her sound went with the river, as it ran,
Out-through the fresh and flourished lusty vale.
'O, Merle!' quod she, 'O, fool! stint[4] of thy tale!
For in thy Song good sentence is there none!
For both is tint[5] the time and the travail[6]
Of every love but upon God alone!'

'Cease,' quod the Merle, 'thy preaching, Nightingale!
Shall folk their youth spend in to holiness?
Of young Saints grow old Fiends but fable!
Fie! hypocrite! in years' tenderness,
Against the law of kind[7] thou go'st express!
That crooked Age makes one with Youth serene;
Which Nature, of conditions made diverse!
A lusty life in Love's service been!'

[4]Stop. [5]Lost. [6]Work. [7]Nature.

The Nightingale said, 'Fool! remember thee,
That both in youth and eld, and every hour,
The love of God most dear to Man should be!
That Him, of nought, wrought like his own figure;
And died Himself, from death him to succour.
O, whether was shown there true love, or none?
He is most true and steadfast paramour!
All love is lost but upon Him alone!'

The Merle said, 'Why put God so great beauty
In Ladies, with such womanly 'having,
But if He would that they should loved be?
To love eke, Nature gave them inclining!
And He, of Nature that worker was and King,
Would nothing frustrate put, nor let be seen,
Into His creature, of His own making!
A lusty life in Love's service been!'

The Nightingale said, 'Not to that behoof,
Put God such beauty in a Lady's face,
That she should have the thanks therefore, or love!
But He, the worker! that put in her such grace
Of beauty, bontie,[8] richesse, time, or space;
And every goodness that be to come, or gone,
The thanks redounds to Him in every place!
All love is lost but upon God alone!'

'O, Nightingale! it were a story nice
That Love should not depend on Charity!
And if that Virtue contrary be to Vice,
Then Love must be a virtue! as thinks me:
For aye to love, envy must contrary be.
God bade eke, "Love thy neighbor from the spleen!"
And who than Ladies sweeter neighbors be?
A lusty life in Love's service been!'

[8]Goodness.

The Nightingale said, 'Bird! why dost thou rave?
Man may take in his Lady such delight
Him to forget, that her such virtue gave;
And for his Heaven receive her colour white!
Her golden tressed hairs redomyt,[9]
Like to *Apollo's* beams though they shone,
Should not him blind from love that is perfite![10]
All love is lost but upon God alone!'

The Merle said, 'Love is cause of Honour aye!
Love makes cowards manhood to purchase!
Love makes Knights hardy at assay!
Love makes wretches full of largess!
Love makes sweir[11] fold full of business!
Love makes sluggards fresh and well-beseen!
Love changes Vice in Virtue's nobleness!
A lusty life in Love's service been!'

The Nightingale said, 'True is the contrary!
Such frustrate love, it blinds men so far,
In to their minds, it makes them to vary.
In false vain-glory, they so drunken are,
Their wit is went! of woe they are not 'ware,
Until that all worship away be from them gone!
Fame! goods! and strength! Wherefore well say I dare,
All love is lost but upon God alone!'

Tnen said the Merle, 'Mine error I confess!
This frustrate love all is but vanity!
Blind ignorance me gave such hardiness,
To argue so against the verity!
Wherefore I counsel every man, that he
With Love not in the Fiend's net be tone;[12]
But love the Love, that did for his love die!
All love is lost but upon God alone!'

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[9]Tied up. [10]Perfect. [11]Lazy. [12]Taken.

Then sang they both, with voices loud and clear.
  The Merle sang, 'Man! love God, that has thee wrought!'
The Nightingale sang, 'Man! love the Lord most dear,
  That thee, and all this world, made of nought!'
  The Merle said, 'Love Him, that thy love has sought
    From heaven to earth; and here took flesh and bone!'
  The Nightingale sang, 'And with His death thee bought;
    All love is lost but upon Him alone!'

Then flew these birds o'er the boughs sheen,[13]
  Singing of Love among the leaves small,
Whose ythand[14] pleid[15] yet made my thoughts green
  Both sleeping, waking, in rest and in travail.
  Me to recomfort most it does avail
    Again for love, when love I can find none,
  To think how sang this Merle and Nightingale,
    'All love is lost but upon God alone!'

STEPHEN HAWES

c. 1474—*c.* 1523

Stephen Hawes, poet, was born in Suffolk about 1474. He studied at Oxford. After completing his studies he spent some time upon the continent. Upon his return to England he became a groom of the chamber in the service of Henry VII.

His chief works consist of *The Pastime of Pleasure, The Example of Virtue,* and *The Conversion of Swearers.* As a poet Hawes is a follower of Chaucer, but the quality of his verse is such as to class him among the least of his age.

He died, according to the latest researches, about 1523.

From THE EXAMPLE OF VIRTUE

DAME NATURE SPEAKETH

I am the original of Man's creation;
  And by me always the world doth multiply
In wealth, pleasure, and delectation;

[13]Bright. [14]Busy. [15]Arguing.

As I will show now, in this party.
My deeds be subtle and wrought craftily.
What were the World, if I were not?
It were soon done, as well I wot![1]

The Law of Nature doth man bind,
Both beast, fowl, and fish also,
In their degree, to do their kind.[2]
Blame them not, if they go so!
For hard it is ever to overgo
The kind of Nature, in her degree:
For everything must show his property.[3]

Who of their properties list[4] to read,
Let him look into the book of Bartholomew,
And to his scripture take good heed:
That right nobly of them doth show,
With all their acts, being not a few;
But wondrous many by alteration,
For like hath like his operation.

I, Nature, nourish by mine affection,
Man's human parts superficial;
And am the spring of his complexion:
The fountain of his veins inferial,
To him conserve most dear and special.
Though he were hardy and wise, he might not me forbear;
Nor Fortune, without me, availeth not him a pear.

THE EXCUSATION OF THE AUCTOR

Unto all Poetes I do me excuse,
If that I offende for lacke of science;
This lyttle boke yet do ye not refuse,
Though it be devoyde of famous eloquence;
Adde or detra[1] by your hye sapience;
And pardon me of my hye enterpryse,
Whiche of late this fable dyd fayne and devise.

[1]Know. [2]Nature. [3]Quality. [4]Desire.——[1]Belittle.

Go, little boke! I praye God the save
From misse-metrying by wrong impression;
And who that ever list the for to have,
That he perceyve well thyne intencion,
For to be grounded without presumption,
As for to eschue the synne of ydlenes;
To make suche bokes I apply my busines.

Besechyng God for to geve me grace
Bokes to compyle of moral vertue;
Of my maister Lidgate to folowe the trace,
His noble fame for laude and renue,[2]
Whiche in his lyfe the slouthe did eschue;
Makyng great bokes to be in memory,
On whose soule I pray God have mercy.

THOMAS MORE

1478—1535

Sir Thomas More (Blessed Thomas More), statesman, writer, and martyr, was born in London in 1478. He spent his boyhood in the household of Archbishop Morton, who later sent him to Oxford. Upon leaving Oxford he read law at Lincoln's Inn, studied for a time at Furnival's Inn, and finally spent four years at the Charterhouse, his mind turning toward the priesthood.

In 1504, however, he entered Parliament, and through the Lord Chancellor, Cardinal Wolsey, he was brought to the attention of Henry VIII. In 1529, upon the fall of Wolsey, he was, much against his inclination, prevailed upon to become Lord Chancellor himself. Three years later, seeing that the King's intention was to break with the Church, and to form a schism if it would better serve his ends, More resigned the chancellorship; and in 1534, having declined to take the Oath of Adherence, he was imprisoned in the Tower, where, in 1535, he was beheaded. The Church beatified him in 1886.

As a writer he is to be thought of as one of the earliest Englishmen to use prose that was clear, concise, rhythmical, and flexible. Among his chief writings are the *Life of Pico della Mirandolla,* the *Life of Richard III, Utopia,* and the *Dialogue of Comfort Against Tribulation.*

[2]Renown.

From UTOPIA

OF SCIENCES, CRAFTES AND OCCUPATIONS

HUSBANDRIE is a Science common to them all in generall, bothe men and women, wherein they be all experte and cunning. In this they be all instructed even from their youth: partelie in their scholes with traditions and preceptes, and partlie in the countrey nighe the citie, brought up as it were in playinge, not onely beholding the use of it, but by occasion of exercising their bodies practising it also. Besides husbandrie, whiche (as I saide) is common to them all, everye one of them learneth one or other several and particular science, as his owne proper crafte. That is most commonly either clothworking in wol or flaxe, or masonrie, or the smithes craft, or the carpenters science. For there is none other occupation that any number to speake of doth use there. For their garmentes, which throughoute all the Ilande be of one fashion (savynge that there is a difference betwene the mans garmente and the womans, betwene the maried and the unmaried) and this one continueth for evermore unchaunged, semely and comelie to the eye, no lette to the movynge and weldynge of the bodye, also fytte both for wynter and summer: as for these garmentes (I saye) every familie maketh their owne. But of the other foresaide craftes everye man learneth one. And not onely the men, but also the women. But the women, as the weaker sort, be put to the easier craftes: as to worke wolle and flaxe. The more laborsome sciences be committed to the men. For the mooste part every man is broughte up in his fathers crafte. For moste commonlye they be naturallie therto bente and inclined. But yf a mans minde stande to anye other, he is by adoption put into a familye of that occupation, which he doth most fantasy. Whome not onely his father, but also the magistrates do diligently loke to, that he be put to a discrete and an honest householder. Yea, and if anye person, when he hath learned one crafte, be desierous to learne also another, he is likewyse suffred and permitted.

When he hathe learned bothe, he occupieth whether he wyll:

onelesse the citie have more neade of the one, then of the other. The chiefe and almooste the onelye offyce of the Syphograuntes is, to see and take hede, that no manne sit idle: but that everye one applye hys own craft with earnest diligence. And yet for all that, not to be wearied from earlie in the morninge, to late in the evenninge, with continuall worke, like labouringe and toylinge beastes. For this is worse then the miserable and wretched condition of bondemen. Whiche nevertheles is almooste everye where the lyfe of workemen and artificers, saving in Utopia. For they dividynge the daye and the nyghte into xxiiii. juste houres, appointe and assigne onelye sixe of those houres to woorke, before noone, upon the whiche they go streighte to diner: and after diner, when they have rested two houres, then they worke iii. houres and upon that they go to supper. Aboute eyghte of the cloke in the eveninge (countinge one of the clocke at the firste houre after noone) they go to bedde: eyght houres they geve to slepe. All the voide time, that is betwene the houres of worke, slepe, and meate, that they be suffered to bestowe, every man as he liketh best him selfe. Not to thintent that they shold mispend this time in riote or slouthfulnes: but beynge then licensed from the laboure of their owne occupations, to bestow the time well and thriftelye upon some other science, as shall please them. For it is a solempne custome there, to have lectures daylye early in the morning, where to be presente they onely be constrained that be namelye chosen and appoynted to learninge. Howbeit a greate multitude of every sort of people, both men and women go to heare lectures, some one and some an other, as everye mans nature is inclined. Yet, this notwithstanding, if any man had rather bestowe this time upon his owne occupation, (as it chaunceth in manye, whose mindes rise not in the contemplation of any science liberall) he is not letted, nor prohibited, but is also praysed and commended, as profitable to the common wealthe. After supper they bestow one houre in playe: in summer in their gardens: in winter in their commen halles: where they dine and suppe. There they exercise themselves in musike, or els in honest and wholesome communication. Diceplaye, and suche other folishe and pernicious games they know not. But they use ij. games not much unlike the chesse. The one is the battell of numbers, wherein one numbre stealethe awaye another. The

other is wherin vices fyghte with vertues, as it were in battel array, or a set fyld. In the which game is verye properlye shewed, bothe the striffe and discorde that vices have amonge themselfes, and agayne theire unitye and concorde againste vertues: And also what vices be repugnaunt to what vertues: with what powre and strength they assaile them openlye: by what wieles and subtelty they assaulte them secretelye: with what helpe and aide the vertues resiste, and overcome the puissaunce of the vices: by what craft they frustrate their purposes: and finally by what sleight or means the one getteth the victory. But here least you be deceaved, one thinge you muste looke more narrowly upon. For seinge they bestowe but vi. houres in woorke, perchaunce you maye thinke that the lacke of some necessarye thinges hereof maye ensewe. But this is nothinge so. For that smal time is not only enough but also to muche for the stoore and abundaunce of all thinges, that be requisite, either for the necessitie, or commoditie of life. The which thinge you also shall perceave, if you weye and consider with your selfes how great a parte of the people in other contreis lyveth ydle. First almost all women, whyche be the halfe of the whole numbre: or els if the women be somewhere occupied, there most comonlye in their steade the men be ydle. Besydes this how greate, and howe ydle a companye is there of preystes, and relygious men, as they cal them? put thereto al ryche men, speciallye all landed men, which comonlye be called gentilmen, and noble men. Take into this numbre also theire servauntes: I meane all that flocke of stoute bragging russhe bucklers. Joyne to them also sturdy and valiaunte beggers, clokinge their idle lyfe under the coloure of some disease or sickenes. And trulye you shal find them much fewer then you thought, by whose labour all these thinges are wrought, that in mens affaires are now daylye used and frequented. Nowe consyder with youre selfe, of these fewe that doe woorke, how fewe be occupied in necessarye woorkes. For where money beareth all the swinge, there many vayne and superfluous occupations must nedes be used, to serve only for ryotous superfluite, and unhonest pleasure. For the same multitude that now is occupied in woork, if they were devided into so fewe occupations as the necessarye use of nature requyreth; in so greate plentye of things as then of necessity woulde ensue, doubtles the prices wolde be to lytle for the

artifycers to maynteyne theire livinges. But yf all these, that be nowe busied about unprofitable occupations, with all the whole flocke of them that lyve ydellye and slouthfullye, whyche consume and waste everye one of them more of these thinges that comes by other mens laboure, then ij. of the workemen themselfes doo: yf all these (I saye) were sette to profytable occupatyons, you easelye perceave howe lytle tyme would be enoughe, yea and to muche to stoore us with all thinges that maye be requisite either for necessitie, or for commoditye, yea or for pleasure, so that the same pleasure be trewe and natural. And this in Utopia the thinge it selfe makethe manifeste and playne. For there in all the citye, with the whole contreye, or shiere adjoyning to it scaselye 500. persons of all the whole numbre of men and women, that be neither to olde, nor to weake to worke, be licensed and distcharged from laboure. Amonge them be the Siphograuntes (whoe thoughe they be by the lawes exempte and privilged from labour) yet they exempte not themselfes: to the intent that they may the rather by their example provoke other to worke. The same vacation from labour do they also enjoye, to whome the people persuaded by the commendation of the priestes, and secrete election of the Siphograuntes, have geven a perpetual licence from laboure to learninge. But if any one of them prove not accordinge to the expectation and hoope of him conceaved, he is forthwith plucked backe to the company of artificers. And contrarye wise, often it chaunceth that a handicraftes man doth so earnestly bestowe his vacaunte and spare houres in learninge, and throughe diligence so profyteth therin, that he is taken from his handy occupation, and promoted to the company of the learned. Oute of this ordre of the learned be chosen ambassadours, priestes, Tranibores, and finallye the prince him selfe. Whome they in theire olde tonge cal Barzanes, and by a newer name, Adamus. The residewe of the people being neither ydle, nor yet occupied about unprofitable exercises, it may be easely judged in how fewe houres how muche good woorke by them may be doone and dispatched, towardes those thinges that I have spoken of. This commodity they have also above other, that in the most part of necessarye occupations they neade not so much work, as other nations doe. For first of all the buildinge or repayringe of houses asketh everye where so manye mens continual labour, bicause that the unthrifty heire suffereth

the houses that his father buylded in contyneuaunce of tyme to fall in decay. So that which he myghte have upholden wyth lytle coste, hys successoure is constreyned to buylde it agayne a newe, to his great charge. Yea manye tymes also the howse that stoode one man in muche moneye, another is of so nyce and soo delycate a mynde, that he settethe nothinge by it. And it beynge neglected, and therefore shortelye fallynge into ruyne, he buyldethe uppe another in an other place with no lesse coste and chardge. But amonge the Utopians, where all thinges be sett in a good ordre, and the common wealthe in a good staye, it very seldom chaunceth, that they cheuse a newe plotte to buyld an house upon. And they doo not only finde spedy and quicke remedies for present faultes: but also prevente them that be like to fall. And by this meanes their houses continewe and laste very longe with litle labour and smal reparations: in so much that this kind of woorkmen somtimes have almost nothinge to doo. But that they be commaunded to hewe timbre at home, and to square and trimme up stones, to the intente that if anye woorke chaunce, it may the spedelier rise. Now, syr, in theire apparell, marke (I praye you) howe few woorkmen they neade. Fyrste of al, whyles they be at woorke, they be covered homely with leather or skinnes, that will last vii. yeares. When they go furthe abrode they caste upon them a cloke, whych hydeth the other homelye apparel. These clookes through out the whole Iland be all of one coloure, and that is the natural coloure of the wul. They therefore do not only spend much lesse wullen clothes then is spente in other contreis, but also the same standeth them in muche lesse coste. But lynen clothe is made with lesse laboure, and is therefore hadde more in use. But in lynen cloth onlye whytenesse, in wullen only clenlynes is regarded. As for the smalnesse or finenesse of the threde, that is no thinge passed for. And this is the cause wherfore in other places iiii. or v. clothe gownes of dyvers coloures, and as manye silke cootes be not enoughe for one man. Yea and yf he be of the delicate and nyse sorte x. be to fewe: whereas there one garmente wyl serve a man mooste commenlye ij. yeares. For whie shoulde he desyre moo? Seinge yf he had them, he should not be the better hapte or covered from colde, neither in his apparel anye whitte the comlyer. Wherefore, seinge they be all exercysed in profitable occupations, and that fewe artificers in

the same craftes be sufficiente, this is the cause that plentye of all thinges beinge among them, they doo sometymes bringe forthe an innumerable companye of people to amend the hyghe wayes, yf anye be broken. Many times also, when they have no suche woorke to be occupied aboute, an open proclamation is made, that they should bestowe fewer houres in worke. For the magistrates doe not exercise theire citizens againste theire willes in unneadefull laboures. For whie in the institution of that weale publique, this ende is onelye and chiefely pretended and mynded, that what time maye possibly be spared from the necessarye occupacions and affayres of the commen wealth, all that the citizeins shoulde withdrawe from the bodely service to the free libertye of the minde, and gnarnisshinge of the same. For herein they suppose the felicitye of this liffe to consiste.

OF THEIRE LIVINGE AND MUTUAL CONVERSATION TOGETHER

But nowe wil I declare how the citizens use them selfes one towardes another: what familiar occupieng and enterteynement, there is amonge the people, and what fassion they use in the distribution of every thing. Firste the city consisteth of families, the families most commonlye be made of kinredes. For the women, when they be maryed at a laweful age, they goo into theire husbandes houses. But the male children with al the whole male ofspringe continewe still in their owne family and be governed of the eldest and auncientest father, onles he dote for age: for then the next to him in age, is placed in his rowme. But to thintent the prescript number of the citezens shoulde neither decrease, nor above measure increase, it is ordeined that no familie which in every citie be vi. thousand in the whole, besydes them of the contrey, shall at ones have fewer children of the age of xiiii. yeares or there about then x. or mo than xvi. for of children under this age no numbre can be prescribed or appointed. This measure or numbre is easely observed and kept, by putting them that in fuller families be above the number into families of smaller increase. But if chaunce be that in the whole citie the stoore increase above the just number, therewith they fil up the lacke of other cities. But if so be that the multitude throughout the whole Ilande passe and excede the dewe number, then they chuese out of very citie

certein citezens, and build up a towne under their owne lawes in the next land where the inhabitauntes have muche waste and unoccupied ground, receaving also of the same countrey people to them, if they wil joyne and dwel with them. They thus joyning and dwelling together do easelye agre in one fassion of living, and that to the great wealth of both the peoples. For they so bringe the matter about by theire lawes, that the ground which before was neither good not profitable for the one nor for the other, is nowe sufficiente and fruteful enoughe for them both. But if the inhabitauntes of that lande wyl not dwell with them to be ordered by their lawes, then they dryve them out of those boundes which they have limited, and apointed out for them selves. And if they resiste and rebel, then they make warre agaynst them. For they counte this the moste juste cause of warre, when anye people holdethe a piece of grounde voyde and vacaunt to no good nor profitable use, kepyng other from the use and possession of it, whiche notwithstandyng by the lawe of nature ought thereof to be nouryshed and relieved. If anye chaunce do so muche diminishe the number of any of theire cities, that it cannot be fylled up agayne, without the diminishynge of the just numbre of the other cyties (whiche they say chaunced but twyse synce the beginnyng of the lande throughe a greate pestilente plage) then they fulfyll and make up the numbre with cytezens fetched out of theire owne forreyne townes, for they had rather suffer theire forreyne townes to decaye and peryshe, then any cytie of theire owne Ilande to be diminished. But nowe agayne to the conversation of the cytezens amonge themselfes. The eldeste (as I sayde) rulethe the familye. The wyfes bee ministers to theire husbandes, the children to theire parentes, and to bee shorte the yonger to theire elders. Every Cytie is devided into foure equall partes or quarters. In the myddes of every quarter there is a market place of all maner of thinges. Thether the workes of every familie be brought into certeyne houses. And everye kynde of thing is layde up severall in bernes or store houses. From hence the father of everye familye, or every housholder fetchethe whatsoever he and his have neade of, and carieth it away with him without money, without exchaunge, without any gage, pawne, or pledge. For whye shoulde any thing be denyed unto him? Seynge there is abundaunce of all thinges, and that it is not to bee feared, leste anye man wyll

aske more then he neadeth. For whie should it be thoughte that that man woulde aske more then anough, which is sewer never to lacke? Certeynely in all kyndes of lyvinge creatures either feare of lacke dothe cause covetousnes and ravyne, or in man only pryde, which counteth it a glorious thinge to passe and excel other in the superfluous and vayne ostentation of thinges. The whyche kynde of vice amonge the Utopians can have no place. Nexte to the market places that I spake of, stande meate markettes: whether be brought not only all sortes of herbes, and the fruites of trees, with breade, but also fishe, and all maner of iiii. footed beastes, and wilde foule that be mans meate. But first the fylthynes and ordure therof is clene washed awaye in the renninge ryver without the cytie in places appoynted mete for the same purpose. From thence the beastes be brought in kylled, and cleane wasshed by the handes of theire bondemen. For they permitte not their frie citezens to accustome them selfes to the killing of beastes, through the use whereof they thinke, clemencye the genteleste affection of oure nature by lytle and lytle to decaye and peryshe. Neither they suffer anye thinge that is fylthye, lothesom, or unclenlye, to be broughte into the cytie, least the ayre by the stenche therof infected and corrupte, shoulde cause pestilente diseases. Moreover everye strete hath certeyne great large halles sett in equal distaunce one from another, everye one knowen by a severall name. In these halles dwell the Syphograuntes. And to everye one of the same halles be apoynted xxx. families, on either side xv. The stewardes of everye halle at a certayne houre come in to the meate markettes, where they receyve meate according to the number of their halles. But first and chieflie of all, respect is had to the sycke, that be cured in the hospitalles. For in the circuite of the citie, a litle without the walles, they have iiii. hospitalles, so bigge, so wyde, so ample, and so large, that they may seme iiii. litle townes, which were devised of that bignes partely to thintent the sycke, be they never so many in numbre, shul not lye to thronge or strayte, and therefore uneasely, and incommodiously: and partely that they which were taken and holden with contagious disease, such as be wonte by infection to crepe from one to another, myght be layde apart farre from the company of the residue. These hospitalles be so wel appointed, and with al thinges necessary to health so furnished, and more over so diligent attendaunce through

the continual presence of cunning phisitians is geven, that though no man be sent thether against his will, yet notwithstandinge there is no sicke persone in al the citie, that had not rather lye there, then at home in his owne house. When the stewarde of the sicke hath received suche meates as the phisitians have prescribed, then the beste is equallye devided among the halles, according to the company of every one, saving that there is had a respect to the prince, the byshop, the tranibours, and to ambassadours and all straungers, if there be any, which be verye fewe and seldome. But they also when they be there, have certeyne severall houses apointed and prepared for them. To these halles at the set houres of dinner and supper commeth all the whole Siphograuntie or warde, warned by the noyse of a brasen trumpet: except suche as be sicke in the hospitalles, or els in their owne houses. Howbeit no man is prohibited or forbid, after the halles be served, to fetch home meate out of the market to his own house, for they knowe that no man wyl doe it without a cause reasonable. For thoughe no man be prohibited to dyne at home, yet no man doth it willyngly: because it is counted a pointe of smal honestie. And also it were a follye to take the payne to dresse a badde diner at home, when they may be welcome to good and fyne fare so neighe hande at the hall. In this hal al vile service, all slavery, and drudgerie, with all laboursome toyle, and base busines is done by bondemen. But the women of every family by course have the office and charge of cookerie for sethinge and dressinge the meate, and orderinge all thinges therto belongyng. They sit at three tables or moe, accordinge to the numbre of their company. The men sitte upon the bench next the wall, and the women againste them on the other side of the table, that yf anye sodeyne evyll should chaunce to them, as many tymes happeneth to women with chylde, they maye rise wythoute trouble or disturbaunce of anye bodie, and go thence into the nurcerie. The nurceis sitte severall alone with theyr younge suckelinges in a certaine parloure appointed and deputed to the same purpose, never withoute fire and cleane water, nor yet without cradels, that when they wyll they maye laye downe the younge infantes, and at theyr pleasure take them oute of their swathynge clothes, and holde them to the fire, and refreshe them with playe. Every mother is nource to her owne childe, onles either death, or sycknes be the let. When that chaunceth,

the wives of the Syphograuntes quyckelye provyde a nource. And that is not harde to be done. For they that can doo it, profer themselves to no service so gladlye as to that. Because that there thys kinde of pitie is muche praysed: and the chylde that is nourished, ever after taketh his nource for his owne naturall mother. Also amonge the nourceis, sytte all the children that be under the age of v. yeares. All the other chyldren of bothe kyndes, as well boyes as girles, that be under the age of maryage, do eyther serve at the tables, or els if they be to yonge therto, yet they stand by with marvailous silence. That whiche is geven to them from the table they eate, and other severall dynner tyme they have none. The Siphograunte and his wife sitte in the myddes of the high table, forasmuch as that is counted the honorablest place, and because from thence all the whole companie is in their sight. For that table standeth overwharte the over ende of the hall. To them be joyned two of the auncientest and eldest. For at everye table they sit foure at a meesse. But yf there be a church standing in that Syphograuntie or warde, then the priest and his wife sitteth with the Siphograunt, as chiefe in the company. On both sydes of them sit yonge men, and nexte unto them againe olde men. And thus through out all the house equall of age be sette together, and yet be mixt and matched with unequal ages. This, they say, was ordeyned, to the intent that the sage gravitie and reverence of the elders should kepe the yongers from wanton licence of wordes and behavioure. Forasmuch as nothynge can be so secretlye spoken or done at the table, but either they that sit on the one side or on the other muste nedes perceave it. The dishes be not set down in order from the first place but all the olde men (whose places be marked with some speciall token to be knowen) be first served of their meate, and then the residue equally. The old men devide their deinties as they think best to the yonger on eche syde of them. Thus the elders be not defrauded of their dewe honoure, and neverthelesse equall commoditie commeth to every one. They begin everye dinner and supper of redinge sumthing that perteneth to good maners and vertue. But it is shorte, because no man shal be greved therwith. Hereof thelders take occasion of honest communication, but neither sadde nor unpleasaunt. Howbeit they do not spende all the whole dinertime themselves with longe and tedious talkes: but they gladly

heare also the yonge men: yea, and purposelye provoke them to talke, to thentent that they may have a profe of every mans wit, and towardnes, or disposition to vertue, which commonlie in the libertie of feasting doth shew and utter it self. Their diners be verie short: but their suppers be sumwhat longer, because that after dyner foloweth laboure, after supper slepe and natural reste, whiche they thinke to be of more strength and efficacie to wholsome and healthfull digestion. No supper is passed without musicke. Nor their bankettes lacke no conceytes nor jonketes. They burne swete gummes and spices or perfumes, and pleasaunt smelles, and sprinckle aboute swete oyntementes and waters, yea, they leave nothing undone that maketh for the cheringe of the companye. For they be muche enclined to this opinion: to thinke no kinde of pleasure forbydden, wherof commeth no harme. Thus therfore and after this sort they live togethers in the citie, but in the countrey they that dwell alone farre from any neighboures, do dyne and suppe at home in their owne houses. For no familie there lacketh any kinde of victualles, as from whom commeth all that the citezens eate and lyve by.

From A DIALOGUE OF COMFORT AGAINST TRIBULATION

THAT THE COUMFORT DEUISED BY ALL THE OLDE PAYNEM PHYLOSOPHERS WER VNSUFFICIENT, AND THE CAUSE WHEREFORE

Antony. Fyrst shall you, good cosin, vnderstande this, that the naturall wyse men of thys world, the old morall Philosophers, laboured much in this matter, and manye naturall reasons haue they written, wherby they myght encourage menne to sette little by suche goodes or suche hurtes either, the going or the coming wherof, are the matter and the cause of tribulacion, as are the goodes of fortune, riches, fauor, frendes, fame, worldly woorshippe, and suche other thinges: or of the bodye, as beawtie, strength, agilitie, quickenesse, and healthe. These thinges (ye wote well) cumming to vs, are matter of worldlye wealth: and taken from vs by fortune or by force, or ye feare of the loosing, be matter of aduersitie and tribulacion. For tribulacion semeth generallye, to signifye nothynge elles but some kynd of grief,

either pain of the bodye, or heauinesse of the mynde. Nowe the bodye not to feele that it feeleth, all the witte in the worlde cannot bringe about. But that the mynde should not bee grieued neither with the payne that the bodye feeleth, nor with occasyons of heauinesse offered and geuen vnto the soule it selfe: this thing laboured the Philosophers very much about, and manye goodlye sayinges haue they toward the strength and comfort agaynst tribulacion, excyting menne to the full contempte of all worldlye losse, and despysynge of syckenesse, and all bodelye griefe, payne-full death and all. Howebeit in verye dede, for anye thyng that euer I readde in them, I neuer could yet fynde, that euer those naturall reasons were hable to geue sufficient coumforte of them selfe: for they neuer stretche so farre, but that they leaue vntouched for lacke of necessarye knowledge, that specyalle poynte whyche is not onelye the chiefe coumforte of all: but wythoute whiche also, all other coumfortes are nothyng, that is to witte, the referryng the finall ende of theyr coumforte vnto God, and to repute and take for the speciall cause of coumfort, that by the pacient sufferance of their tribulacion, they shall atteyne his fauoure, and for theyr payne, receyue rewarde at hys hande in heauen. And for lacke of knowledge of thys ende, they did (as they nedes must) leaue vntouched also the verye specialle meane, withoute whiche, we can neuer atteyne to this coumfort, that is to wit, the gracyous ayde and helpe of God to moue, styrre, and guyde vs forewarde, in the referring all oure ghostely coumfort, yea and our worldly coumforte too, all vnto that heauenlye ende. And therfore as I saye, for the lacke of these thinges, all theyr coumfortable counsayles are verye farre vnsufficient: howe be it, though they be farre vnable to cure our disease of themselfe, and therfore are not sufficient to be taken for our physicions: some good drugges haue thei yet in their shoppes for which they may be suffered to dwell among our poticaries, if their medicines bee made not of theyr owne braynes, but after the billes made by the greate physicion God, prescrybynge the medicines hymselfe, and correcting the faultes of theyr erronyous receyptes. For without thys way taken with them, they shall not fayle to doe, as many bold blynde poticaries dooe: whiche eyther for lucre, or of a foolish pryde, geue sicke folke medicines of their owne deuising, and therewith kill vp in corners manye suche simple folke, as they

find so foolish to putte their lyues in suche lewde and vnlearned blynde bayardes handes. We shall therefore neither fully receiue these philosophers reasons in this matter, nor yet vtterlye refuse them: but vsynge them in suche order as shall bee seme them, the principall and the effectuall medicines agaynste these dyseases of tribulacion, shall we fetch from the hyghe, greate, and excellent phisicion, wythoute whome we coulde neuer bee healed of oure verye deaddely dysease of damnacion, for our necessitie wherein, the spirite of God spirituallye speaketh of hymselfe to vs, and byddeth vs of all our healthe geue him the honoure: and therein thus sayth vnto vs. *Honora medicum propter necessitatem, etenim ordinauit eum altissimus.* Honour thou the phisicion, for him hath the hygh God ordeyned for thy necessitie. Therefore lette vs require that hygh phisicion, oure blessed sauiour Chryste, whose holye manhod God ordeyned for our necessitie, to cure our deadly woundes, with the medicine made of the most holesome bloud of hys owne blessed body: that likewise as he cured by ye incomparable medicine our mortall maladye, it may like him to sende vs and putte in our myndes suche medicynes at thys tyme, as agaynste the sickenesse and sorowes of tribulacyons, may so comfort and strength vs in his grace, as our deadly enemye the deuill, maye neuer haue the power by his poysoned dart of murmur, grudge, and impacience, to turne oure short sickenes of worldlye tribulacion, into the endles euerlasting death of infernall damnacion.

THAT FOR A FOUNDACION MEN MUST NEDES BEGINNE WITH FAYTH

Syth all our principall coumforte must come of God, we must first presuppose in hym to whome we shall with anye ghostely counsell geue any effectuall coumfort, one ground to begyn withall: whereuppon, all that we shall build must be supported and stand, that is to witte, the grounde and foundacion of fayth, without which had ready before, all the spiritual coumfort that any man maye speake of, can neuer auaile a flye. For likewise as it wer vtterlye vayne to lay natural resons of coumfort, to him that hath no witte, so were it vndoutedlye frustrate to laye spirituall causes of coumforte, to hym that hath no faythe. For except a man first belieue, that holye scripture is the woorde of God, and that the

woorde of God is true, how can a man take any coumforte of that, that the scripture telleth him therin? Nedes must the man take little fruit of the scripture, if he either belieue not that it were the woorde of God, or els wene yt though it wer, it might yet be for al that vntrue. This fayth as it is more faynte or more strong, so shall the coumfortable woordes of holye scripture stande the man in more stede or lesse. This vertue of fayth, can neither any man geue himselfe, nor yet any one manne another: but though men maye with preaching be ministers vnto God therein, and the man with hys own free will obeying freely the inward inspiracion of God, be a weake woorker with almighty god therin: yet is ye faith in dede the gracious gift of god himself. For as Saynt James saith, *Omne datum optimum et omne donum perfectum de sursum est descendens a patre luminum.* Euery good gyft and euery perfit gyft, is geuen from aboue, descending from the father of lightes. Therfore feelyng our fayth by manye tokens very faynt, lette vs praye to him that geueth it, that it may please him to helpe and encrease it. And lette vs first saye with him in the ghospel: *Credo domine, adiuua incredulitatem meam;* I belieue good Lorde, but helpe thou the lacke of my beliefe. And after lette vs pray with the Apostles: *Domine, adauge nobis fidem;* Lord encrease our fayth. And finallye, lette vs consider by Chrystes saying vnto them, that if we woulde not suffer the strength and feruour of our fayth to waxe luke warme, or rather key cold, and in maner lese his vigor by scatteryng our mindes abrode about so many tryfling thinges, that of the matters of our faith, we very seldom thinke but yt we woulde withdrawe our thought fro the respect and regard of all worldly fantasies, and so gather our fayth together into a little narrowe rowme. And lyke the lyttle grayne of musterde seede, whiche is of nature hote: sette it in the garden of our soule, all weedes pulled out for the better feding of our faith, then shall it growe, and so spreade vppe in heyght, that the byrdes, that is to wit the holy Aungelles of heauen shal brede in our soule, and bring furth vertues in the branches of our fayth, and then with the faithfull trust, that through the true beliefe of Goodes woorde, we shall putte in his promyse, we shall be well hable to commaund a great mountayn of tribulacion, to voyde from the place where he stode in our hert, whereas with a verye fieble fayth and a faynte, we shall be scant hable to remoue a

lyttle hillocke. And therefore, as for the fyrst conclusion, as we must of necessitie before any spirituall coumfort presuppose the foundacion of fayth: So syth no man can geue vs faith but only God, lette vs neuer cease to cal vpon God therefore.

Vyncent. Forsooth, good vncle, me thynketh that this foundacion of fayth, which as you saye must be layde first, is so necessarily requisite, that without it, all spirituall coumforte wer vtterly geuen in vayn. And therfore now shal we pray God for a full and a fast fayth.

EVERYMAN

(Anonymous)

c. 1500

Everyman is a morality play. Both its exact date and its authorship are unknown, although most scholars agree that it was written and produced during the late fifteenth or early sixteenth century. By some it is thought to be a translation of an earlier Dutch play, but internal evidence seems to discredit this belief.

As a morality, it is a moral allegory cast into dramatic form, and as such is held to be one of the best examples of the form in the literature. A morality generally depicts one of two themes: the struggle between the forces of good and evil for possession of the soul of man; or the approach of death. The latter is the theme of *Everyman.*

CHARACTERS

EVERYMAN
GOD: ADONAI
DEATH
MESSENGER
FELLOWSHIP
COUSIN
KINDRED
GOODS
GOOD-DEEDS
STRENGTH
DISCRETION
FIVE-WITS
BEAUTY
KNOWLEDGE
CONFESSION
ANGEL
DOCTOR

Here beginneth a treatise how the High Father of Heaven sendeth death to summon every creature to come and give account of their lives in this world and is in manner of a moral play.

Messenger. I pray you all give your audience,
And hear this matter with reverence,
By figure a moral play—
The *Summoning of Everyman* called it is,
That of our lives and ending shows
How transitory we be all day.
This matter is wondrous precious,
But the intent of it is more gracious,
And sweet to bear away.
The story saith,—Man, in the beginning,
Look well, and take good heed to the ending,
Be you never so gay!
Ye think sin in the beginning full sweet,
Which in the end causeth thy soul to weep,
When the body lieth in clay.
Here shall you see how *Fellowship* and *Jollity*,
Both *Strength, Pleasure,* and *Beauty,*
Will fade from thee as flower in May.
For ye shall hear, how our Heaven King
Calleth *Everyman* to a general reckoning:
Give audience, and hear what he doth say.
God. I perceive here in my majesty,
How that all creatures be to me unkind,
Living without dread in worldly prosperity:
Of ghostly sight the people be so blind,
Drowned in sin, they know me not for their God:
In worldly riches is all their mind,
They fear not my rightwiseness,[1] the sharp rod;
My law that I showed, when I for them died,
They forget clean, and shedding of my blood red;
I hanged between two, it cannot be denied;
To get them life I suffered to be dead;
I healed their feet, with thorns hurt was my head:
I could do no more than I did truly,
And now I see the people do clean forsake me.
They use the seven deadly sins damnable;
As pride, covetise, wrath, and lechery,
Now in the world be made commendable;

[1]Justice.

And thus they leave of angels the heavenly company;
Everyman liveth so after his own pleasure,
And yet of their life they be nothing sure:
I see the more that I them forbear
The worse they be from year to year;
All that liveth appaireth[2] fast,
Therefore I will in all the haste
Have a reckoning of Everyman's person;
For an I leave the people thus alone
In their life and wicked tempests,
Verily they will become much worse than beasts;
For now one would by envy another up eat;
Charity they all do clean forget.
I hoped well that Everyman
In my glory should make his mansion,
And thereto I had them all elect;
But now I see, like traitors deject,
They thank me not for the pleasure that I to them meant,
Nor yet for their being that I them have lent;
I proffered the people great multitude of mercy,
And few there be that asketh it heartily;
They be so cumbered with worldly riches,
That needs on them I must do justice,
On Everyman living without fear.
Where art thou, *Death,* thou mighty messenger?

Death. Almighty God, I am here at your will,
Your commandment to fulfil.

God. Go thou to *Everyman,*
And show him in my name
A pilgrimage he must on him take,
Which he in no wise may escape;
And that he bring with him a sure reckoning
Without delay or any tarrying.

Death. Lord, I will in the world go run over all,
And cruelly outsearch both great and small;
Every man will I beset that liveth beastly
Out of God's laws, and dreadeth not folly:
He that loveth riches I will strike with my dart,

[2]Fades.

His sight to blind, and from heaven to depart,
Except that alms be his good friend,
In hell for to dwell, world without end.
Lo, yonder I see *Everyman* walking;
Full little he thinketh on my coming;
His mind is on fleshly lusts and his treasure,
And great pain it shall cause him to endure
Before the Lord Heaven King.
Everyman, stand still; whither art thou going
Thus gaily? Hast thou thy Maker forgot?
Everyman. Why askst thou?
Wouldest thou wete?[3]
Death. Yea, sir, I will show you;
In great haste I am sent to thee
From God out of his majesty.
Everyman. What, sent to me?
Death. Yea, certainly.
Though thou have forgot him here,
He thinketh on thee in the heavenly sphere,
As, or we depart, thou shalt know.
Everyman. What desireth God of me?
Death. That shall I show thee;
A reckoning he will needs have
Without any longer respite.
Everyman. To give a reckoning longer leisure I crave;
This blind matter troubleth my wit.
Death. On thee thou must take a long journey:
Therefore thy book of count[4] with thee thou bring;
For turn again thou cannot by no way,
And look thou be sure of thy reckoning:
For before God thou shalt answer, and show
Thy many bad deeds and good but a few;
How thou hast spent thy life, and in what wise,
Before the chief lord of paradise.
Have ado that we were in that way,
For, wete thou well, thou shalt make none attournay.[5]
Everyman. Full unready I am such reckoning to give.
I know thee not: what messenger art thou?

[3]Know. [4]Account. [5]Go-between.

Death. I am *Death,* that no man dreadeth.
For every man I rest and no man spareth;
For it is God's commandment
That all to me should be obedient.
Everyman. O *Death,* thou comest when I had thee least in mind;
In thy power it lieth me to save,
Yet of my good will I give thee, if ye will be kind,
Yea, a thousand pound shalt thou have,
And defer this matter till another day.
Death. *Everyman,* it may not be by no way;
I set not by gold, silver, nor riches,
Nor by pope, emperor, king, duke, nor princes.
For an I would receive gifts great,
All the world I might get;
But my custom is clean contrary.
I give thee no respite: come hence, and not tarry.
Everyman. Alas, shall I have no longer respite?
I may say *Death* giveth no warning:
To think on thee, it maketh my heart sick,
For all unready is my book of reckoning.
But twelve year and I might have abiding,
My counting book I would make so clear,
That my reckoning I should not need to fear.
Wherefore, *Death,* I pray thee, for God's mercy,
Spare me till I be provided of remedy.
Death. Thee availeth not to cry, weep, and pray:
But haste thee lightly that you were gone the journey,
And prove thy friends if thou can.
For, wete thou well, the tide abideth no man,
And in the world each living creature
For *Adam's* sin must die of nature.
Everyman. *Death,* if I should this pilgrimage take,
And my reckoning surely make,
Show me, for saint *charity,*
Should I not come again shortly?
Death. No, *Everyman;* and thou be once there,
Thou mayst never more come here,
Trust me verily.
Everyman. O gracious God, in the high seat celestial,

Have mercy on me in this most need;
Shall I have no company from this vale terrestrial
Of mine acquaintance that way me to lead?
Death. Yea, if any be so hardy,
That would go with thee and bear thee company.
Hie thee that you were gone to God's magnificence,
Thy reckoning to give before his presence.
What, weenest[6] thou thy life is given thee,
And thy worldly goods also?
Everyman. I had send so, verily.
Death. Nay, nay; it was but lent thee;
For as soon as thou art go,
Another awhile shall have it, and then go therefro
Even as thou hast done.
Everyman, thou art mad; thou hast thy wits five,
And here on earth will not amend thy life,
For suddenly I do come.
Everyman. O wretched caitiff, whither shall I flee,
That I might scape this endless sorrow!
Now, gentle *Death,* spare me till to-morrow,
That I may amend me
With good advisement.
Death. Nay, thereto I will not consent,
Nor no man will I respite,
But to the heart suddenly I shall smite
Without any advisement.
And now out of thy sight I will me hie;
See thou make thee ready shortly,
For thou mayst say this is the day
That no man living may scape away.
Everyman. Alas, I may well weep with sighs deep;
Now have I no manner of company
To help me in my journey, and me to keep;
And also my writing is full unready.
How shall I do now for to excuse me?
I would to God I had never be gete![7]
To my soul a full great profit it had be;
For now I fear pains huge and great.

[6]Suppose. [7]Been born.

The time passeth; Lord, help that all wrought;
For though I mourn it availeth nought.
The day passeth, and is almost a-go;
I wot not well what for to do.
To whom were I best my complaint to make?
What, and I to *Fellowship* thereof spake,
And showed him of this sudden chance?
For in him is all mine affiance;
We have in the world so many a day
Be on good friends in sport and play.
I see him yonder, certainly;
I trust that he will bear me company;
Therefore to him will I speak to ease my sorrow.
Well met, good *Fellowship,* and good morrow!

Fellowship speaketh. *Everyman,* good morrow by this day.
Sir, why lookest thou so piteously?
If any thing be amiss, I pray thee, me say,
That I may help to remedy.

Everyman. Yea, good *Fellowship,* yea,
I am in great jeopardy.

Fellowship. My true friend, show to me your mind;
I will not forsake thee, unto my life's end,
In the way of good company.

Everyman. That was well spoken, and lovingly.

Fellowship. Sir, I must needs know your heaviness;
I have pity to see you in any distress;
If any have you wronged ye shall revenged be,
Though I on the ground be slain for thee,—
Though that I know before that I should die.

Everyman. Verily, *Fellowship,* gramercy.

Fellowship. Tush! by thy thanks I set not a straw.
Show me your grief, and say no more.

Everyman. If I my heart should to you break,
And then you to turn your mind from me,
And would not me comfort, when you hear me speak,
Then should I ten times sorrier be.

Fellowship. Sir, I say as I will do in deed.

Everyman. Then be you a good friend at need:

I have found you true here before.
Fellowship. And so ye shall evermore;
For, in faith, an thou go to Hell,
I will not forsake thee by the way!
Everyman. Ye speak like a good friend; I believe you well;
I shall deserve it, and I may.
Fellowship. I speak of no deserving, by this day.
For he that will say and nothing do
Is not worthy with good company to go;
Therefore show me the grief of your mind,
As to your friend most loving and kind.
Everyman. I shall show you how it is;
Commanded I am to go a journey,
A long way, hard and dangerous,
And give a strait count without delay
Before the high judge Adonai.[8]
Wherefore I pray you, bear me company,
As ye have promised, in this journey.
Fellowship. That is matter indeed! Promise is a duty,
But, an I should take such a voyage on me,
I know it well, it should be to my pain:
Also it make me afeard, certain.
But let us take counsel here as well as we can.
For your words would fear a strong man.
Everyman. Why, ye said, If I had need,
Ye would me never forsake, quick nor dead,
Though it were to hell truly.
Fellowship. So I said, certainly,
But such pleasures be set aside, thee sooth to say:
And also, if we took such a journey,
When should we come again?
Everyman. Nay, never again till the day of doom.
Fellowship. In faith, then will not I come there!
Who hath you these tidings brought?
Everyman. Indeed, *Death* was with me here.
Fellowship. Now, by God that all hath bought,
If *Death* were the messenger,
For no man that is living to-day

[8]God.

I will not go that loath journey—
Not for the father that begat me!
Everyman. Ye promised other wise, pardie.
Fellowship. I wot well I say so truly;
And yet if thou wilt eat, and drink, and make good cheer,
Or haunt to women, the lusty company,
I would not forsake you, while the day is clear,
Trust me verily!
Everyman. Yea, thereto ye would be ready;
To go to mirth, solace, and play,
Your mind will sooner apply
Than to bear me company in my long journey.
Fellowship. Now, in good faith, I will not that way.
But an thou wilt murder, or any man kill,
In that I will help thee with a good will!
Everyman. O that is a simple advice indeed!
Gentle *fellow,* help me in my necessity;
We have loved long and now I need,
And now, gentle *Fellowship,* remember me.
Fellowship. Whether ye have loved me or no,
By Saint John, I will not with thee go.
Everyman. Yet I pray thee, take the labor, and do so much for me
To bring thee forward, for saint charity,
And comfort me till I come without the town.
Fellowship. Nay, an thou would give me a new gown,
I will not a foot with thee go;
But an you had tarried I would not have left thee so.
And as now, God speed thee in thy journey,
For from thee I will depart as fast as I may.
Everyman. Whither away, *Fellowship?* will you forsake me?
Fellowship. Yea, by my fay, to God I betake thee.
Everyman. Farewell, good *Fellowship;* for this my heart is sore;
Adieu for ever, I shall see thee no more.
Fellowship. In faith, *Everyman,* farewell now at the end;
For you I will remember that parting is mourning.
Everyman. Alack! shall we thus depart indeed?
Our Lady, help, without any more comfort,

Lo, *Fellowship* forsaketh me in my most need;
For help in this world whither shall I resort?
Fellowship herebefore with me would merry make;
And now little sorrow for me doth he take.
It is said, in prosperity men friends may find,
Which in adversity be full unkind.
Now whither for succor shall I flee,
Since that *Fellowship* hath forsaken me?
To my kinsmen I will truly,
Praying them to help me in my necessity;
I believe that they will do so,
For kind will creep where it may not go.
I will go say, for yonder I see them go.
Where be ye now, my friends and kinsmen?

Kindred. Here be we now at your commandment.

Cousin. I pray you show us your intent
In any wise, and not spare.

Cousin. Yea, *Everyman,* and to us declare
If ye be disposed to go any whither,
For wete you well, we will live and die together.

Kindred. In wealth and woe we will with you hold,
For over his kin a man may be bold.

Everyman. Gramercy, my friends and kinsmen kind.
Now shall I show you the grief of my mind:
I was commanded by a messenger,
That is an high king's chief officer;
He bade me to a pilgrimage to my pain,
And I know well I shall never come again;
Also I must give a reckoning straight,
For I have a great enemy, that hath me in wait,
Which intendeth me for to hinder.

Kindred. What account is that which ye must render?
That would I know.

Everyman. Of all my works I must show
How I have lived and my days spent;
Also of ill deeds, that I have used
In my time, since life was me lent;
And of all virtues that I have refused.

Therefore I pray you go thither with me,
To help to make mine account, for saint *charity*.
Cousin. What, to go thither? Is that the matter?
Nay, *Everyman,* I had liefer fast bread and water
All this five year and more.
Everyman. Alas, that ever I was bore![9]
For now shall I never be merry
If that you forsake me.
Kindred. Ah, sir; what, ye be a merry man!
Take good heart to you, and make no moan.
But one thing I warn you, by Saint Anne,
As for me, ye shall go alone.
Everyman. My *Cousin,* will you not with me go?
Cousin. No, by our Lady: I have the cramp in my toe.
Trust not to me, for, so God me speed,
I will deceive you in your most need.
Kindred. It availeth not to us to tice.[10]
Ye shall have my maid with all my heart;
She loveth to go to feasts, there to be nice,
And to dance, and abroad to start:
I will give her leave to help you in that journey,
If that you and she may agree.
Everyman. Now show me the very effect of your mind.
Will you go with me, or abide behind?
Kindred. Abide behind? yea, that I will an I may!
Therefore farewell until another day.
Everyman. How should I be merry or glad?
For fair promises to me make,
But when I have most need, they me forsake.
I am deceived; that maketh me sad.
Cousin. Cousin *Everyman,* farewell now,
For verily I will not go with you;
Also of mine own an unready reckoning
I have to account, therefore I make tarrying.
Now, God keep thee, for now I go.
Everyman. Ah, *Jesus,* is all come hereto?
Lo, fair words maketh fools feign;

[9]Born. [10]Entice.

They promise and nothing will do certain.
My kinsmen promised me faithfully
For to abide with me steadfastly,
And now fast away do they flee:
Even so *Fellowship* promised me.
What friend were best me of to provide?
I lose my time here longer to abide.
Yet in my mind a thing there is;—
All my life I have loved riches;
If that my good now help me might,
He would make my heart full light.
I will speak to him in this distress.—
Where art thou, my *Goods* and riches?

Goods. Who calleth me? *Everyman?* what haste thou hast.
I lie here in corners, trussed and piled so high,
And in chests I am locked so fast,
Also sacked in bags, thou mayst see with thine eye,
I cannot stir; in packs low I lie.
What would ye have, lightly me say.

Everyman. Come hither, *Good,* in all the haste thou may,
For of counsel I must desire thee.

Goods. Sir, an ye in the world have trouble or adversity,
That can I help you to remedy shortly.

Everyman. It is another disease that grieveth me;
In this world it is not, I tell thee so.
I am sent for another way to go,
To give a straight account general
Before the highest *Jupiter* of all;
And all my life I have had joy and pleasure in thee.
Therefore I pray thee go with me,
For, peradventure, thou mayst before God Almighty
My reckoning help to clean and purify;
For it is said ever among,
That money maketh all right that is wrong.

Goods. Nay, *Everyman,* I sing another song,
I follow no man in such voyages;
For an I went with thee
Thou shouldst fare much the worse for me;
For because on me thou did set thy mind,

Thy reckoning I have made blotted and blind,
That thine account thou cannot make truly;
And that hast thou for the love of me.
Everyman. That would grieve me full sore,
When I should come to that fearful answer.
Up, let us go thither together.
Goods. Nay, not so, I am too brittle, I may not endure;
I will follow no man one foot, be ye sure.
Everyman. Alas, I have thee loved, and had great pleasure
All my life-days on good and treasure.
Goods. That is to thy damnation without lesing,
For my love is contrary to the love everlasting.
But if thou had me loved moderately during,
As, to the poor give part of me,
Then shouldst thou not in this dolor be,
Nor in this great sorrow and care.
Everyman. Lo, now was I deceived or I was ware,
And all I may wyte[11] my spending of time.
Goods. What, weenest thou that I am thine?
Everyman. I had wend so.
Goods. Nay, *Everyman,* I say no;
As for a while I was lent thee,
A season thou hast had me in prosperity;
My condition is man's soul to kill;
If I save one, a thousand I do spill;
Weenest thou that I will follow thee?
Nay, from this world, not verily.
Everyman. I had wend otherwise.
Goods. Therefore to thy soul *Good* is a thief;
For when thou art dead, this is my guise
Another to deceive in the same wise
As I have done thee, and all to his soul's reprief.
Everyman. O false *Good,* cursed thou be!
Thou traitor to God, that hast deceived me,
And caught me in thy snare.
Goods. Marry, thou brought thyself in care,

[11] Blame.

Whereof I am glad,
I must needs laugh, I cannot be sad.
Everyman. Ah, *Good,* thou hast had long my hearty love;
I gave thee that which should be the Lord's above.
But wilt thou not go with me in deed?
I pray thee truth to say.
Goods. No, so God me speed,
Therefore farewell, and have good day.
Everyman. O, to whom shall I make my moan
For to go with me in that heavy journey?
First *Fellowship* said he would with me gone;
His words were very pleasant and gay,
But afterward he left me alone.
Then spake I to my kinsmen all in despair,
And also they gave me words fair,
They lacked no fair speaking,
But all forsake me in the ending.
Then went I to my *Goods* that I loved best,
In hope to have comfort, but there had I least;
For my *Goods* sharply did me tell
That he bringeth many into hell.
Then of myself I was ashamed,
And so I am worthy to be blamed;
Thus may I well myself hate.
Of whom shall I now counsel take?
I think that I shall never speed
Till that I go to my *Good-Deed,*
But alas, she is so weak,
That she can neither go nor speak;
Yet will I venture on her now.—
My *Good-Deeds,* where be you?
Good-Deeds. Here I lie cold in the ground;
Thy sins hath me sore bound,
That I cannot stir.
Everyman. O, *Good-Deeds,* I stand in fear;
I must you pray of counsel,
For help now should come right well.
Good-Deeds. *Everyman,* I have understanding
That ye be summoned account to make

Before *Messias,* of Jerusalem King;
And you do by me[12] that journey with you will I take.
Everyman. Therefore I come to you, my moan to make;
I pray you, that ye will go with me.
Good-Deeds. I would full fain, but I cannot stand verily.
Everyman. Why, is there anything on you fall?
Good-Deeds. Yea, sir, I may thank you of all;
If ye had perfectly cheered me,
Your book of account now full ready had be.
Look, the books of your works and deeds eke;
Oh, see how they lie under the feet,
To your soul's heaviness.
Everyman. Our Lord *Jesus,* help me!
For one letter here I cannot see.
Good-Deeds. There is a blind reckoning in time of distress!
Everyman. *Good-Deeds,* I pray you, help me in this need,
Or else I am for ever damned indeed;
Therefore help me to make reckoning
Before the redeemer of all things,
That king is, and was, and ever shall.
Good-Deeds. *Everyman,* I am sorry of your fall,
And fain would I help you, an I were able.
Everyman. *Good-Deeds,* your counsel I pray you give me.
Good-Deeds. That shall I do verily;
Though that on my feet I may not go.
I have a sister, that shall with you also,
Called *Knowledge,* which shall with you abide,
To help you to make that dreadful reckoning.
Knowledge. *Everyman,* I will go with thee, and be thy guide,
In thy most need to go by thy side.
Everyman. In good condition I am now in every thing,
And am wholly content with this good thing;
Thanked be God my Creator.
Good-Deeds. And when he hath brought thee there,
Where thou shalt heal thee of thy smart,
Then go with your reckoning and your *Good-Deeds* together
For to make you joyful at heart
Before the blessed Trinity.

[12]Take my advice.

Everyman. My *Good-Deeds,* gramercy;
I am well content, certainly,
With your words sweet.
Knowledge. Now go we together lovingly,
To *Confession,* that cleansing river.
Everyman. For joy I weep; I would we were there;
But, I pray you, give me cognition[13]
Where dwelleth that holy man, *Confession.*
Knowledge. In the house of salvation:
We shall find him in that place,
That shall us comfort by God's grace.
Lo, this is *Confession;* kneel down and ask mercy,
For he is on good conceit with God Almighty.
Everyman. O glorious fountain that all uncleanness doth clarify,
Wash from me the spots of vices unclean,
That on me no sin may be seen;
I come with *Knowledge* for my redemption,
Repent with hearty and full contrition;
For I am commanded a pilgrimage to take,
And great accounts before God to make.
Now, I pray you, *Shrift,* mother of salvation,
Help my good deeds for my piteous exclamation.
Confession. I know your sorrow well, *Everyman;*
Because with *Knowledge* ye come to me,
I will you comfort as well as I can,
And a precious jewel I will give thee,
Called penance, wise voider of adversity;
Therewith shall your body chastised be,
With abstinence and perseverance in God's service:
Here shall you receive that scourge of me
Which is penance strong, that ye must endure,
To remember thy Savior was scourged for thee
With sharp scourges, and suffered it patiently;
So must thou, or thou scape that painful pilgrimage;
Knowledge, keep him in this voyage,
And by that time *Good-Deeds* will be with thee.
But in any wise, be sure of mercy,

[13]Information.

For your time draweth fast, and ye will saved be;
Ask God mercy, and He will grant truly,
When with the scourge of penance man doth him bind,
The oil of forgiveness then shall he find.
Everyman. Thanked be God for his gracious work!
For now I will my penance begin;
This hath rejoiced and lighted my heart,
Though the knots be painful and hard within.
Knowledge. *Everyman,* look your penance that ye fulfil,
What pain that very it to you be,
And *Knowledge* shall give you counsel at will,
How your accounts ye shall make clearly.
Everyman. O eternal God, O heavenly figure,
O way of rightwiseness, O goodly vision,
Which descended down in a virgin pure
Because he would *Everyman* redeem,
Which *Adam* forfeited by his disobedience;
O blessed Godhead, elect and high-divine,
Forgive my grievous offence;
Here I cry thee mercy in this presence.
O ghostly treasure, O ransomer and redeemer
Of all the world, hope and conductor,
Mirror of joy, and founder of mercy.
Which illumineth heaven and earth thereby,
Hear my clamorous complaint, though it late be;
Receive my prayers; unworthy in this heavy life,
Though I be, a sinner most abominable,
Yet let my name be written in *Moses'* table;
O *Mary,* pray to the Maker of all thing,
Me for to help at my ending,
And save me from the power of my enemy,
For *Death* assaileth me strongly;
And, Lady, that I may be means of thy prayer
Of your Son's glory to be partaker,
By the means of his passion I it crave,
I beseech you, help my soul to save.—
Knowledge, give me the scourge of penance;
My flesh therewith shall give a quittance:
I will now begin, if God give me grace.

Knowledge. *Everyman,* God give you time and space:
Thus I bequesth you in the hands of our Savior,
Thus may you make your reckoning sure.
Everyman. In the name of the Holy Trinity,
My body sore punished shall be:
Take this body for the sin of the flesh;
Also thou delightest to go gay and fresh,
And in the way of damnation thou did me bring;
Therefore suffer now strokes and punishing.
Now of penance I will wade the water clear
To save me from purgatory, that sharp fire.
Good-Deeds. I thank God, now I can walk and go;
And am delivered of my sickness and woe.
Therefore with *Everyman* I will go, and not spare;
His good works I will help him to declare.
Knowledge. Now, *Everyman,* be merry and glad;
Your *Good-Deeds* cometh now; ye may not be sad;
Now is your *Good-Deeds* whole and sound,
Going upright upon the ground.
Everyman. My heart is light, and shall be evermore;
Now will I smite faster than I did before.
Good-Deeds. *Everyman,* pilgrim, my special friend,
Blessed be thou without end;
For thee is prepared the eternal glory.
Ye have me made whole and sound,
Therefore I will by thee in every stound.[14]
Everyman. Welcome, my *Good-Deeds;* now I hear thy voice,
I weep for very sweetness of love.
Knowledge. Be no more sad, but ever rejoice,
God seeth thy living in his throne above;
Put on this garment to thy behove,[15]
Which is wet with your tears,
Or else before God you may it miss,
When you to your journey's end come shall.
Everyman. Gentle *Knowledge,* what do you it call?
Knowledge. It is a garment of sorrow:
From pain it will you borrow;
Contrition it is,

[14]Season. [15]Profit.

That getteth forgiveness;
It pleaseth God passing well.
Good-Deeds. *Everyman,* will you wear it for your heal?[16]
Everyman. Now blessed be *Jesu, Mary's* Son!
For now have I on true contrition.
And let us go now without tarrying;
Good-Deeds, have we clear our reckoning?
Good-Deeds. Yea, indeed I have it here.
Everyman. Then I trust we need not fear;
Now, friends, let us not part in twain.
Knowledge. Nay, *Everyman,* that will we not, certain.
Good-Deeds. Yet must thou lead with thee
Three persons of great might.
Everyman. Who should they be?
Good-Deeds. *Discretion* and *Strength* they hight,[17]
And thy *Beauty* may not abide behind.
Knowledge. Also ye must call to mind
Your *Five-Wits* as for your counselors.
Good-Deeds. You must have them ready at all hours.
Everyman. How shall I get them hither?
Knowledge. You must call them all together,
And they will hear you incontinent.
Everyman. My friends, come hither and be present
Discretion, Strength, my *Five-Wits,* and *Beauty.*
Beauty. Here at your will we be all ready.
What will ye that we should do?
Good-Deeds. That ye would with *Everyman* go,
And help him in his pilgrimage,
Advise you, will ye with him or not in that voyage?
Strength. We will bring him all thither.
To his help and comfort, ye may believe me.
Discretion. So will we go with him all together.
Everyman. Almighty God, loved thou be,
I give thee laud[18] that I have hither brought
Strength, Discretion, Beauty, and *Five-Wits;* lack I nought;
And my *Good-Deeds,* with *Knowledge* clear,
All be in my company at my will here;
I desire no more to my business.

[16]Health. [17]Are named. [18]Praise.

Strength. And I, *Strength,* will by you stand in distress,
Though thou would in battle fight on the ground.
Five-Wits. And though it were through the world round,
We will not depart for sweet nor sour.
Beauty. No more will I unto death's hour,
Whatsoever thereof befall.
Discretion. *Everyman,* advise you first of all;
Go with a good advisement and deliveration;
We all give you virtuous monition
That all shall be well.
Everyman. My friends, hearken what I will tell:
I pray God reward you in his heavenly sphere.
Now hearken, all that be here,
For I will make my testament
Here before you all present.
In alms half my good I will give with my hands twain
In the way of charity, with good intent,
And the other half still shall remain
In quiet to be returned there it ought to be.
This I do in despite of the fiend of hell
To quit out of his peril
Ever after and this day.
Knowledge. *Everyman,* hearken what I say;
Go to priesthood, I you advise,
And receive of him in any wise
The holy sacrament and ointment together;
Then shortly see ye turn again hither;
We will all abide you here.
Five-Wits. Yea, *Everyman,* hie you that ye ready were,
There is no emperor, king, duke, nor baron,
That of God hath commission,
As hath the least priest in the world being;
For of the blessed sacraments pure and benign,
He beareth the keys and thereof hath the cure
For man's redemption, it is ever sure;
Which God for our soul's medicine
Gave us out of his heart with great pine;
Here in this transitory life, for thee and me
The blessed sacraments seven there be,

Baptism, confirmation, with priesthood good,
And the sacrament of God's precious flesh and blood,
Marriage, the holy extreme unction, and penance;
These seven be good to have in remembrance,
Gracious sacraments of high divinity.
Everyman. Fain would I receive that holy body
And meekly to my ghostly father I will go.
Five-Wits. *Everyman*, that is the best that ye can do:
God will you to salvation bring,
For priesthood exceedeth all other thing;
To us Holy Scripture they do teach,
And converteth man from sin heaven to reach;
God hath to them more power given,
Than to any angel that is in heaven;
With five words he may consecrate
God's body in flesh and blood to make,
And handleth his maker between his hands;
The priest bindeth and unbindeth all bands,
Both in earth and in heaven;
Thou ministers all the sacraments seven;
Though we kissed thy feet thou were worthy:
Thou art surgeon that cureth sin deadly:
No remedy we find under God
But all only priesthood.
Everyman, God gave priests that dignity,
And setteth them in his stead among us to be;
Thus be they above angels in degree.
Knowledge. If priests be good it so surely;
But when Jesus hanged on the cross with great smart
There he gave, out of his blessed heart,
The same sacrament in great torment:
He sold them not to us, that Lord Omnipotent.
Therefore Saint Peter the apostle doth say
That Jesu's curse hath all they
Which God their Savior do buy or sell,
Or they for any money do take or tell.
Sinful priests giveth the sinners example bad;
Their children sitteth by other men's fires, I have heard;
And some haunteth women's company,

With unclean life, as lusts of lechery:
These be with sin made blind.
Five-Wits. I trust to God no such may we find;
Therefore let us priesthood honor,
And follow their doctrine for our souls' succor;
We be their sheep, and they shepherds be
By whom we all be kept in surety.
Peace, for yonder I see *Everyman* come,
Which hath made true satisfaction.
Good-Deeds. Methinketh it is he indeed.
Everyman. Now Jesu be our alder speed.[19]
I have received the sacrament for my redemption,
And then mine extreme unction:
Blessed be all they that counseled me to take it!
And now, friends, let us go without longer respite;
I thank God that ye have tarried so long.
Now set each of you on this rod your hand,
And shortly follow me:
I go before, there I would be; God be our guide.
Strength. *Everyman,* we will not from you go,
Till ye have gone this voyage long.
Discretion. I, *Discretion,* will bide by you also.
Knowledge. And though this pilgrimage be never so strong,
I will never part you fro:
Everyman, I will be as sure by thee
As ever I did by Judas Maccabee.
Everyman. Alas, I am so faint I may not stand,
My limbs under me do fold;
Friends, let us not turn again to this land,
Not for all the world's gold.
For into this cave must I creep
And turn to the earth and there to sleep.
Beauty. What, into this grave? alas!
Everyman. Yea, there shall you consume more and less.
Beauty. And what, should I smother here?
Everyman. Yea, by my faith, and never more appear.
In this world live no more we shall,
But in heaven before the highest Lord of all.

[19]Best help.

Beauty. I cross out all this; adieu by Saint *John;*
I take my tap in my lap and am gone.[20]
Everyman. What, *Beauty,* whither will ye?
Beauty. Peace, I am deaf; I look not behind me,
Not an thou would give me all the gold in thy chest.
Everyman. Alas, Alas, whereto may I trust?
Beauty goeth fast away hie;
She promised with me to live and die.
Strength. *Everyman,* I will thee also forsake and deny;
Thy game liketh me not at all.
Everyman. Why, then ye will forsake me all.
Sweet *Strength* tarry a little space.
Strength. Nay, sir, by the rood of grace
I will hie me from thee fast,
Though thou weep till thy heart brast.[21]
Everyman. Ye would ever bide by me, ye said.
Strength. Yea, I have you far enough conveyed;
Ye be old enough, I understand,
Your pilgrimage to take on hand;
I repent me that I hither came.
Everyman *Strength,* you to displease I am to blame;
Will you break promise that is debt?
Strength. In faith, I care not;
Thou art but a fool to complain,
You spend your speech and waste your brain;
Go thrust thee into the ground.
Everyman. I had wend surer I should have found.
He that trusteth in his Strength
She him deceiveth at the length.
Both *Strength* and *Beauty* forsaketh me
Yet they promised me fair and lovingly.
Discretion. *Everyman,* I will after *Strength* be gone,
As for me I will leave you alone.
Everyman. Why, *Discretion,* will ye forsake me?
Discretion. Yea, in faith, I will go from thee,
For when *Strength* goeth before
I follow after evermore.

[20]Distaff in my apron and go (proverbial expression drawn from spinning.)
[21]Break.

Everyman. Yet, I pray thee, for the love of the Trinity,
Look in my grave once piteously.
Discretion. Nay, so nigh will I not come.
Farewell, every one!
Everyman. O all thing faileth, save God alone;
Beauty, Strength, and *Discretion;*
For when *Death* bloweth his blast,
They all run from me full fast.
Five-Wits. *Everyman,* my leave now of thee I take;
I will follow the other, for her I thee forsake.
Everyman. Alas! then may I wail and weep,
For I took you for my best friend.
Five-Wits. I will no longer thee keep;
Now farewell, and there an end.
Everyman. O Jesu, help, all hath forsaken me!
Good-Deeds. Nay, *Everyman,* I will bide with thee,
I will not forsake thee indeed;
Thou shalt find me a good friend at need.
Everyman. Gramercy, *Good-Deeds;* now may I true friends see;
They have forsaken me every one;
I loved them better than my *Good-Deeds* alone.
Knowledge, will ye forsake me also?
Knowledge. Yea, *Everyman,* when ye to death do go:
But not yet for no manner of danger.
Everyman. Gramercy, *Knowledge,* with all my heart.
Knowledge. Nay, yet I will not from hence depart,
Till I see where ye shall be come.
Everyman. Methinketh, alas, that I must be gone,
To make my reckoning and my debts pay,
For I see my time is nigh spent away.
Take example, all ye that this do hear or see,
How they that I loved best do forsake me,
Except my *Good-Deeds* that bideth truly.
Good-Deeds. All earthly things is but vanity:
Beauty, Strength, and *Discretion,* do man forsake,
Foolish friends and kinsmen, that fair spake,
All fleeth save *Good-Deeds,* and that am I.
Everyman. Have mercy on me, God most mighty;
And stand by me, thou Mother and Maid, holy *Mary.*

Good-Deeds. Fear not, I will speak for thee.
Everyman. Here I cry God mercy.
Good-Deeds. Short our end, and minish our pain;
Let us go and never come again.
Everyman. Into thy hands, Lord, my soul I commend;
Receive it, Lord, that it be not lost;
As thou me boughtest, so me defend,
And save me from the fiend's boast,
That I may appear with that blessed host
That shall be saved at the day of doom.
In manus tuas[22]—of might's most
For ever—*commendo spiritum meum.*[23]
Knowledge. Now hath he suffered that we all shall endure;
The *Good-Deeds* shall make all sure.
Now hath he made ending;
Methinketh that I hear angels sing
And make great joy and melody,
Where *Everyman's* soul received shall be.
Angel. Come, excellent elect spouse to Jesu:
Hereabove thou shalt go
Because of thy singular virtue:
Now the soul is taken the body fro;
Thy reckoning is crystal-clear.
Now shalt thou into heavenly sphere.
Unto the which all ye shall come
That liveth well before the day of doom.
Doctor. This moral men may have in mind;
Ye hearers, take it of worth, old and young,
And forsake pride, for he deceiveth you in the end,
And remember *Beauty, Five-Wits, Strength,* and *Discretion,*
They all at the last do *Everyman* forsake,
Save his *Good-Deeds,* there doth he take.
But beware, an they be small
Before God, he hath no help at all.
None excuse may be there for *Everyman:*
Alas, how shall he do then?
For after death amends may no man make,

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[22]Into thy hands. [23]I commend my soul.

For then mercy and pity do him forsake.
If his reckoning be not clear when he do come,
God will say—*ite maledicti in ignem aeternum.*[24]
And he that hath his account whole and sound,
High in heaven he shall be crowned;
Unto which place God bring us all thither
That we may live body and soul together.
Thereto help the Trinity,
Amen, say ye, for saint *charity*.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL

1561–1595

Robert Southwell, priest, poet, and martyr, was born in 1561, the third son of a prominent Catholic family in Norfolk. At an early age he was sent to school at Douai where he came into contact with Leonard Lessius of the Society of Jesus. Later he attended school at Paris, coming into contact with Thomas Darbyshire, one of the first Englishmen to become a Jesuit. It was inevitable, therefore, that the young Southwell should become imbued with the desire to serve in the ranks of this society. He became enrolled in 1578 and two years later took minor orders. During the next four years he occupied himself in the study of philosophy and in writing verse. In 1584 he took final orders and stood ready to begin his life's work.

However, in England, at almost the exact time of his ordination, a law was passed that proscribed anyone who had entered the Catholic priesthood since the first year of Elizabeth's accession from residing upon English soil under penalty of death. In spite of this law Southwell took up his work in an English mission, to be watched by the authorities from the beginning. In 1589 he became the confessor to the Countess of Arundel and passed several years of comparative safety under this powerful patronage, during which time he made his real literary beginning. *Triumphs Over Death,* perhaps his first serious work, belongs to this period, as does, likewise, *Notes on Theology.* Some years later he unfortunately made the acquaintance of one Richard Bellamy, a fervent Catholic who was suspected of efforts against the crown. An unhappy result of this relationship was inevitable; Father Southwell was executed at Tyburn in 1595.

A deep religious fervor permeates the entire body of Southwell's

[24]Hence, accursed, into eternal fire.

poetry, and this in an age the most lyrically passionate that English literature has ever known. There is about his writing, moreover, a quality of imaginative grace that is highly sustained and provocatively memorable. We feel his fervor and at the same time respond to his verse harmonies. No one can say, however, that he is without fault as a poetic artist; he is frequently guilty of grotesque figures, and, quite as frequently, of a peculiar kind of punning—both traits being part of the literary devices of his day.

MARY MAGDALEN'S COMPLAINT AT CHRIST'S DEATH

Sith my life from life is parted,
  Death come take thy portion,
Who survives when life is murder'd
  Lives by mere extortion:
All that live and not in God,
Couch their life in death's abode.

Silly stars must needs leave shining
  When the sun is shadowed,
Borrow'd streams refrain their running
  When head springs are hindered:
One that lives by other's breath,
Dieth also by his death.

O true life! sith Thou hast left me,
  Mortal life is tedious;
Death it is to live without Thee,
  Death of all most odious:
Turn again or take me to Thee,
Let me die or live Thou in me!

Where the truth once was and is not,
  Shadows are but vanity;
Showing want that help they cannot,
  Signs, not salves, of misery.
Painted meat no hunger feeds,
Dying life each death exceeds.

With my love my life was nestled
  In the sun of happiness;
From my love my life is wrested
  To a world of heaviness:
Oh! let love my life remove,
Sith I live not where I love!

O my soul! that did unloose thee
  From thy sweet captivity,
God, not I, did still possess thee,
  His, not mine, thy liberty;
Oh! too happy thrall thou wert,
When thy prison was his heart.

Spiteful spear that break'st this prison,
  Seat of all felicity,
Working thus with double treason
  Love's and life's delivery:
Though my life thou draw'st away,
Maugre thee my love shall stay.

TIMES GO BY TURNS

The lopped tree in time may grow again;
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorest wight may find release of pain;
The driest soil such in some moist'ning shower;
Times go by turns and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow,
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb;
Her time hath equal times to come and go,
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web;
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf nor ever spring,
No endless night yet not eternal day;
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay;
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
The well that holds no great, takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are cross'd,
Few all they need, but none have all they wish;
Unmeddled joys here to no man befall,
Who least hath some, who most hath never all.

LOOK HOME

Retired thoughts enjoy their own delights,
As beauty doth in self-beholding eye;
Man's mind a mirror is of heavenly sights,
A brief wherein all marvels summed lie,
Of fairest forms and sweetest shapes the store,
Most graceful all, yet thought may grace them more.

The mind a creature is, yet can create,
To nature's patterns adding higher skill;
Of finest works wit better could the state
If force of wit had equal power of will:
Device of man in working hath no end;
What thought can think another thought can mend.

Man's soul of endless beauties image is,
Drawn by the work of endless skill and might;
This skilful might gave many sparks of bliss,
And to discern this bliss a native light;
To frame God's image as His worths required,
His might, His skill, His word and will conspired.

All that he had His image should present,
All that it should present he could afford,
To that he could afford his will was bent,
This will was follow'd with performing word;
Let this suffice, by this conceive the rest,
He should, he could, he would, he did the best.

FORTUNE'S FALSEHOOD

In worldly merriments lurketh much misery,
Fly fortune's subtleties in baits of happiness;
Shroud hooks that swallowed without recovery,
Murder the innocent with mortal heaviness.

She sootheth appetites with pleasing vanities,
Till they be conquered with cloaked tyranny;
Then changing countenance with open enmities,
She triumphs over them, scorning their slavery.

With fawning flattery death's door she openeth,
Alluring passengers to bloody destiny;
In offers bountiful in proof she beggareth,
Man's ruins regist'ring her false felicity.

Her hopes are fastened in bliss that vanisheth,
Her smarts inherited with sure possession;
Constant in cruelty she never altereth,
But from one violence to more oppression.

To those that follow her favors are measured,
As easy premises to hard conclusions;
With bitter corrosives her joys are seasoned,
Her highest benefits are but illusions.

Her ways a labyrinth of wand'ring passages,
Fools' common pilgrimage to cursed deities;
Whose fond devotion and idle menages
Are waged with weariness in fruitless drudgeries.

Blind in her favorites' foolish election,
Chance in her arbiter in giving dignities,
Her choice of vicious shows most discretion,
Sith wealth the virtuous might wrest from piety.

To humble suppliants tyrant most obstinate,
She suitors answereth with contrarieties;
Proud with petition, untaught to mitigate
Rigor with clemency in hardest cruelties.

Like tiger fugitive from the ambitious,
Like weeping crocodile to scornful enemies,
Suing for amity where she is odious,
But to her followers forswearing courtesies.

No wind so changeable, no sea so wavering,
As giddy fortune in reeling vanities;
Now mad, now merciful, now fierce, now favoring,
In all things mutable but mutabilities.

A CHILD MY CHOICE

Let folly praise that fancy loves,
I praise and love that child
Whose heart no thought, whose tongue no word,
Whose head no deed defiled;

I praise him most, I love him best,
All praise and love is his;
While him I love, in him I live,
And cannot live amiss.

Love's sweetest mark, land's highest theme,
Man's most desired light,
To love him life, to leave him death,
To live in him delight.

He mine by gift, I his by debt,
  Thus each to other due,
First friend he was, best friend he is,
  All times will try him true.

Though young, yet wise; though small, yet strong;
  Though man, yet God he is;
As wise he knows, as strong he can,
  As God he loves to bless.

His knowledge rules, his strength defends,
  His love doth cherish all;
His birth our joy, his life our light,
  His death our end of thrall.

Alas! he weeps, he sighs, he pants,
  Yet doth his angels sing;
Out of his tears, his sighs and throbs,
  Doth bud a joyful spring.

Almighty babe, whose tender arms
  Can force all foes to fly,
Correct my faults, protect my life,
  Direct me when I die!

LIFE IS BUT LOSS

By force I live, in will I wish to die;
  In plaints I pass the length of ling'ring days;
Free would my soul from mortal body fly,
  And tread the track of death's desired ways:
Life is but loss where death is deemed gain,
And loathed pleasures breed displeasing pain.

Who would not die to kill all murd'ring grieves?
  Or who would live in never-dying fears?
Who would not wish his treasure safe from thieves,
  And quit his heart from pangs, his eyes from tears?
Death parteth but two ever-fighting foes,
Whose civil strife doth work our endless woes.

Life is a wandering course to doubtful rest;
  As oft a cursed rise to damning leap,
As happy race to win a heavenly crest;
  None being sure what final fruits to reap:
And who can like in such a life to dwell,
Whose ways are strict to heaven, but wide to hell?

Come, cruel death, why lingerest thou so long?
  What doth withhold thy dint from fatal stroke?
Now prest I am, alas! thou dost me wrong,
  To let me live, more anger to provoke:
Thy right is had when thou hast stopp'd my breath,
Why shouldst thou stay to work my double death?

If Saul's attempt in falling on his blade
  As lawful were as eth to put in ure,
If Samson's lean a common law were made,
  Of Abel's lot if all that would were sure,
Then, cruel death, thou shouldst the tyrant play
With none but such as wished for delay.

Where life is loved thou ready art to kill,
  And to abridge with sudden pangs their joys;
Where life is loathed thou wilt not work their will,
  But dost adjourn their death to their annoy.
To some thou art a fierce unbidden guest,
But those that crave thy help thou helpest least.

Avaunt, O viper! I thy spite defy:
  There is a God that overrules thy force,
Who can thy weapons to His will apply,
  And shorten or prolong our brittle course.
I on His mercy, not thy might, rely;
To Him I live, for Him I hope to die.

WHAT JOY TO LIVE

I WAGE no war, yet peace I none enjoy;
I hope, I fear, I fry in freezing cold;
I mount in mirth, still prostrate in annoy;
If all the world embrace yet nothing hold.
All wealth is want where chiefest wishes fail,
Yea life is loathed where love may not prevail.

For that I love I long, but that I lack;
That other love I loathe, and that I have;
All worldly freights to me are deadly wrack,
Men present hap, I future hopes do crave:
They, loving where they live, long life require,
To live where best I love, I death desire.

Here loan is lent for love of filthy gain;
Most friends befriend themselves with friendship's show;
Here plenty peril, want doth breed disdain;
Cares common are, joys faulty, short and few;
Here honor envied, meanness is despised;
Sin deemed solace, virtue little prized.

Here beauty is a bait that, swallow'd, chokes,
A treasure sought still in the owner's harms;
A light that eyes to murdering sights provokes,
A grace that souls enchants with mortal charms;
A luring gain to Cupid's fiery slights,
A baleful bliss that damns where it delights.

Oh! who would live so many deaths to try?
Where will doth wish that wisdom doth reprove,
Where nature craves that grace must needs deny,
Where sense doth like that reason cannot love,
Where best in show in final proof is worst,
Where pleasures upshot is to die accurst?

THE BURNING BABE

As I in hoary winter's night stood shivering in the snow,
Surprised I was with sudden heat which made my heart to glow;
And lifting up a fearful eye to view what fire was near,
A pretty babe all burning bright did in the air appear,
Who scorched with exceeding heat such floods of tears did shed,
As though His floods should quench His flames with what His tears were fed;
Alas! quoth He, but newly born in fiery heats of fry,
Yet none approach to warm their hearts or feel my fire but I!
My faultless breast the furnace is, the fuel wounding thorns;
Love is the fire and sighs the smoke, the ashes shame and scorns;
The fuel Justice layeth on, and Mercy blows the coals;
The metal in this furnace wrought are men's defiled souls;
For which, as now on fire I am, to work them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath, to wash them in my blood;
With this He vanish'd out of sight, and swiftly shrunk away,
And straight I called unto mind that it was Christmas-day.

THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST

Behold the father is his daughter's son,
The bird that built the nest is hatch'd therein,
The old of years an hour hath not outrun,
Eternal life to live doth now begin,
The word is dumb, the mirth of heaven doth weep,
Might feeble is, and force doth faintly creep.

O dying souls! behold your living spring!
O dazzled eyes! behold your sun of grace!
Dull ears attend what word this word doth bring!
Up, heavy hearts, with joy your joy embrace!
From death, from dark, from deafness, from despairs,
This life, this light, this word, this joy repairs.

Gift better than Himself God doth not know,
  Gift better than his God no man can see;
This gift doth here the giver given bestow,
  Gift to this gift let each receiver be:
God is my gift, Himself He freely gave me,
God's gift am I, and none but God shall have me.

Man alter'd was by sin from man to beast;
  Beast's food is hay, hay is all mortal flesh;
Now God is flesh, and lives in manger press'd,
  As hay the brutest sinner to refresh:
Oh happy field wherein this fodder grew,
Whose taste doth us from beasts to men renew!

CHRIST'S CHILDHOOD

Till twelve years' age, how Christ His childhood spent
  All earthly pens unworthy were to write;
Such acts to mortal eyes He did present,
  Whose worth not men but angels must recite:
No nature's blots, no childish faults defiled,
Where grace was guide, and God did play the child.

In springing locks lay crouched hoary wit,
  In semblant young, a grave and ancient port;
In lowly looks high majesty did sit,
  In tender tongue sound sense of sagest sort:
Nature imparted all that she could teach,
And God supplied where nature could not reach.

His mirth of modest mien a mirror was;
  His sadness temper'd with a mild aspect;
His eye to try each action was a glass,
  Whose looks did good approve and bad correct;
His nature's gifts, His grace, His word and deed,
Well show'd that all did from a God proceed.

OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT OF THE ALTAR

In paschal feast, the end of ancient rite,
An entrance to never-ending grace,
Types to the truth, dim gleams to the light,
Performing deed presaging signs did chase:
Christ's final meal was fountain of our good,
For mortal meat He gave immortal food.

That which He gave He was, oh, peerless gift!
Both God and man He was, and both He gave.
He in His hands Himself did truly lift,
Far off they see whom in themselves they have;
Twelve did He feed, twelve did their feeder eat,
He made, He dress'd, He gave, He was their meat.

They saw, they heard, they felt Him sitting near,
Unseen, unfelt, unheard, they Him received;
No diverse thing, though diverse it appear,
Though senses fail, yet faith is not deceived;
And if the wonder of their work be new,
Believe the worker 'cause His word is true.

Here truth belief, belief inviteth love,
So sweet a truth love never yet enjoy'd;
What thought can think, what will doth best approve,
Is here obtain'd where no desire is void:
The grace, the joy, the treasure here is such,
No wit can wish, nor will embrace so much.

Self-love here cannot crave more than it finds;
Ambition to no higher worth aspire;
The eagerest famine of most hungry minds
May fill, yea far exceed, their own desire:
In sum here is all in a sum express'd,
Of which the most of every good the best.

To ravish eyes here heavenly beauties are;
To win the ear sweet music's sweetest sound;
To lure the taste the angels' heavenly fare;
To soothe the scent divine perfumes abound;
To please the touch He in our hearts doth bed,
Whose touch doth cure the deaf, the dumb, the dead.

Here to delight the will true wisdom is;
To woo the will of every good the choice;
For memory a mirror showing bliss,
Here all that can both sense and soul rejoice;
And if to all, all this it doth not bring,
The fault is in the men, not in the thing.

Though blind men see no light, the sun doth shine;
Sweetcakes are sweet, though fever'd tastes deny it;
Pearls precious are, though trodden on by swine;
Each truth is true, though all men do not try it;
The best still to the bad doth work the worst;
Things bred to bliss do make the more accursed.

The angels' eyes, whom veils cannot deceive,
Might best disclose that best they did discern;
Men must with sound and silent faith receive
More than they can by sense or reason learn;
God's power our proofs, His works our wit exceed,
The doer's might is reason of His deed.

A body is endow'd with ghostly rights;
A nature's work from nature's law is free;
In heavenly sun lie hid eternal lights,
Lights clear and near, yet them no eye can see;
Dead forms a never-dying life do shroud;
A boundless sea lies in a little cloud.

The God of hosts in slender host doth dwell,
  Yea, God and man with all to either due;
That God that rules the heavens and rifled hell,
  That man whose death did us to life renew;
That God and man that is the angels' bliss,
In form of bread and wine our nature is.

Whole may His body be in smallest bread,
  Whole in the whole, yea whole in every crumb;
With which be one or (even) ten thousand fed,
  All to each one, to all but one doth come;
And though each one as much as all receive,
Not one too much, nor all too little have.

One soul in man is all in every part;
  One face at once in many mirrors shines;
One fearful noise doth make a thousand start;
  One eye at once of countless things defines;
If proofs of one in many Nature frame,
God may in stronger sort perform the same.

God present is at once in every place,
  Yet God in every place is ever one;
So may there be by gifts of ghostly grace,
  One man in many rooms, yet filling none;
Sith angels may effects of bodies show,
God angels' gifts on bodies may bestow.

What God as author made He alter may;
  No change so hard as making all of nought;
If Adam framed were of slimy clay,
  Bread may to Christ's most sacred flesh be wrought:
He may do this that made with mighty hand
Of water wine, a snake of Moses's wand.

THE DEATH OF OUR LADY

Weep, living things, of life the mother dies;
The world doth lose the sum of all her bliss,
The queen of earth, the empress of the skies;
By Mary's death mankind an orphan is:
Let nature weep, yea, let all graces moan,
Their glory, grace, and gifts die all in one.

It was no death to her, but to her woe,
By which her joys began, her griefs did end;
Death was to her a friend, to us a foe,
Life of whose lives did on her life depend:
Not prey of death, but praise to death she was,
Whose ugly shape seem'd glorious in her face.

Her face a heaven, two planets were her eyes,
Whose gracious light did make our clearest day;
But one such heaven there was and lo! it dies,
Death's dark eclipse hath dimmed every ray:
Such eyed the light thy beams untimely shine,
True light sith we have lost, we crave not thine.

HENRY CONSTABLE

1562–1613

Henry Constable, convert, diplomat, and poet, was born in Nottinghamshire in 1562. At the age of sixteen he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, but having soon afterward become a Catholic he departed for Paris.

While studying in Paris he became a papal negotiator, conducting, among others, a mission to James VI in Edinburgh.

In 1604, however, he returned to England, only to be confined for several months in the Tower on an unwarranted charge of disloyalty. He died in 1613.

Constable belongs, like Bolton, to that group of Elizabethan poets who contributed to *England's Helicon*. He published his first verse,

Diana, a sonnet sequence, in 1592, a volume which soon went into an enlarged second edition. In addition to the sonnets, he wrote four pastoral poems, one of which, *The Shepherd's Song of Venus and Adonis,* is thought to have influenced Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis.*

TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

When Thee, O holy sacrificed Lamb,
In severed signs I white and liquid see,
As in thy body slain I think on Thee,
Which pale by shedding of Thy blood became.
And when again I do behold the same
Veiled in white to be received of me,
Thou seemest in thy sindon wrapt to be
Like to a corse, whose monument I am.
Buried in me, unto my soul appear,
Prison'd in earth, and banished from Thy sight,
Like our forefathers who in Limbo were,
Clear thou my thoughts, as thou didst give them light,
And as thou others freed from purging fire
Quench in my heart the flames of bad desire.

TO OUR BLESSED LADY

In that, O Queen of Queens, thy birth was free
From guilt, which others do of grace bereave,
When in their mothers' womb they life receive
God as his sole-borne daughter loved thee.
To match thee like thy birth's nobility,
He thee His Spirit for thy spouse did leave
Of whom thou didst His only Son conceive,
And so wast linked to all the Trinity.
Cease then, O Queens who earthly crowns do wear,
To glory in the pomp of worldly things;
If men such high respect unto you bear
Which daughters, wives, and mothers are of Kings,
What honor should unto that Queen be done
Who had your God for Father, Spouse and Son!

EDMUND BOLTON

c. 1575—*c.* 1633

Edmund Bolton, critic, historian, and poet, was born in Leicestershire about 1575. He studied at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, later going to London to study law.

While engaged in this study, he became associated with Raleigh, Constable, Spenser, Sidney, and other poets of his day, in the publication of the miscellany, *England's Helicon.* Such was his poetic talent as indicated by his contributions to this work that several influential courtiers, among them the Duke of Buckingham, tried to advance his fortunes, but because of his faith, to which he firmly adhered, nothing ever came of their efforts.

The last years of his life seem to have been spent in a vain struggle with poverty. He was repeatedly confined in debtors' prisons, his liability to confinement being increased by official prejudice against his religious belief. His death is generally understood to have occurred about 1633.

Besides his early poems, he wrote *The Elements of Armories,* translated the *Histories* of Florus, and composed his famous *Hypercritica,* one of the best of the early critical essays.

A PALINODE

As WITHERETH the primrose by the river,
As fadeth the summer's sun from the gliding fountains,
As vanisheth the light-blown bubble ever,
As melteth snow upon the mossy mountains:
So melts, so vanisheth, so fades, so withers,
The rose, the shine, the bubble, and the snow,
Of praise, pomp, glory, joy, which short life gathers,
Fair praise, vain pomp, sweet glory, brittle joy.
The withered primrose by the mourning river,
The faded summer's sun from weeping fountains,
The light-blown bubble vanishèd for ever,
The molten snow upon the naked mountains,
Are emblems that the treasures we uplay,
Soon wither, vanish, fade, and melt away.

For as the snow, whose lawn did overspread
Th' ambitious hills, which giant-like did threat
To pierce the heaven with their aspiring head,
Naked and bare doth leave their craggy seat;
Whenas the bubble, which did empty fly,
The dalliance of the undiscerned wind,
On whose calm rolling waves it did rely,
Hath shipwrack made, where it did dalliance find;
And when the sunshine which dissolved the snow,
Colored the bubble with a pleasant vary,
And made the rathe and timely primrose grow,
Swarth clouds withdrawn, which longer time do tarry:
O what is praise, pomp, glory, joy, but so
As shine by fountains, bubbles, flowers, or snow?

PHILIP MASSINGER

1584–1639

Philip Massinger, convert, poet, and dramatist, was born in Salisbury in 1584. He matriculated at St. Alban Hall, Oxford, but left in 1606 without a degree. It was about this time that he entered the Catholic Church.

Leaving Oxford he went to London. At first he worked with a number of the established dramatists of the time as collaborator. Among them were Dekkar, Beaumont, and Fletcher. Later he set out for himself and by 1623 had begun to produce plays of his own unaided composition.

Among his first plays, written alone, the most noteworthy are *The Parliament of Love, The Bondman,* and *The Renegado.* Of his later works, probably the best are *The Great Duke of Florence, The Maid of Honour, The Guardian,* and *A New Way to Pay Old Debts.* The best play during the days of his collaboration was written in conjunction with Thomas Dekkar. This is *The Virgin-Martyr,* a brief selection from which is given below.

Massinger's plays are all of an obvious morality. In tradition he is a follower of Shakespeare, but, while he is by no means undistinguished, his poetical range is small and his style is not entirely free from bombast.

From THE VIRGIN-MARTYR

ACT I. SCENE I

Dorothea. My book and taper.
Angelo. Here, most holy mistress.
Dor. Thy voice sends forth such music, that I never
Was ravished with a more celestial sound.
Were every servant in the world like thee,
So full of goodness, angels would come down
To dwell with us: thy name is Angelo
And like that name thou art; get thee to rest,
Thy youth with too much watching is opprest.
Ang. No, my dear lady, I could weary stars,
And force the wakeful moon to lose her eyes,
By my late watching, but to wait on you.
When at your prayers you kneel before the altar,
Methinks I'm singing with some quire in heaven,
So blest I hold me in your company:
Therefore, my most loved mistress, do not bid
Your boy, so serviceable, to get hence;
For then you break his heart.
Dor. Be nigh me still, then:
In golden letters down I'll set that day,
Which gave thee to me. Little did I hope
To meet such worlds of comfort in thyself,
This little, pretty body; when I, coming
Forth of the temple, heard my beggar-boy
My sweet-faced, godly beggar-boy, crave an alms,
Which with glad hand I gave, with lucky hand!—
And, when I took thee home, my most chaste bosom,
Methought, was fill'd with no hot wanton fire,
But with a holy flame, mounting since higher,
On wings of cherubims, than it did before.
Ang. Proud am I, that my lady's modest eye
So likes so poor a servant.
Dor. I have offer'd
Handfuls of gold but to behold thy parents.
I would leave kingdoms, were I queen of some,

To dwell with thy good father; for, the son
Bewitching me so deeply with his presence,
He that begot him must do't ten times more.
I pray thee, my sweet boy, shew me thy parents;
Be not ashamed.

Ang. I am not: I did never
Know who my mother was; but, by yon palace,
Fill'd with bright heavenly courtiers, I dare assure you,
And pawn these eyes upon it, and this hand,
My father is in heaven: and, pretty mistress,
If your illustrious hourglass spend his sand,
No worse than yet it does; upon my life
You and I both shall meet my father there,
And he shall bid you welcome.

Dor. A blessed day!
We all long to be there, but lose the way.

JAMES SHIRLEY

1596—1666

James Shirley, convert, poet, and dramatist, was born in London in 1596. He attended the Merchant Taylors' School and later entered St. John's College, Oxford. He took his degree, however, at Catherine Hall, Cambridge, about 1618. He finally proceeded M.A. and took orders, becoming for a time a minister in Hertfordshire. Between 1623 and 1625 he acted as Master of St. Alban's Grammar School, having at some time previous entered the Catholic Church. About 1625 he went to London, where he began his career as a dramatist. Between 1626 and the closing of the theater in 1642 there appeared a succession of plays by him, the most representative of them being, perhaps, *The Maid's Revenge, The Gamester, Imposture, The Cardinal, The Sisters, The Traitor,* and *The Constant Maid.*

Shirley's plays, although written during one of the corrupt periods of the theater, are singularly chaste. They reflect, naturally, the ideas uppermost in the English consciousness at the time, but in a manner decidedly at variance with that of his contemporaries. In structure Shirley was a follower of the best tradition, and his style is at once highly sustained and of a lofty cadence.

He died in 1666, probably during the London fire.

SONG

O FLY, my soul! what hangs upon
  Thy drooping wings,
  And weighs them down
With love of gaudy mortal things?

The sun is now i' the east; each shade,
  As he doth rise,
  Is shorter made,
That earth may lessen to our eyes.

O, be not careless then and play
  Until the star of peace
  Hides all his beams in dark recess.
Poor pilgrims needs must lose their way
  When all the shadows do increase.

VICTOR–VICTIM

THE glories of our blood and state
  Are shadows, not substantial things;
Their is no armor against fate;
  Death lays his icy hand on kings:
    Scepter and crown
    Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
  And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
  They tame but one anothef still:
    Early or late
    They stoop to fate
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
  Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now
  See where the victor-victim bleeds:
    Your heads must come
    To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

WILLIAM HABINGTON

1605—1654

William Habington, historian and poet, was born of a noble family of Worcestershire in 1605. At a suitable age he was sent to study at St. Omer's Jesuit College in France. Later he pursued his studies in Paris. For a time he thought of entering the Society of Jesus, but not being able quite to make up his mind he finally returned to England, there to study with his father and to prepare himself for the position of landed proprietor that was naturally his.

Not long after his return he met Lucy Herbert, daughter of Lord Powis, a gentleman related to the Herbert and Percy families. From this time on Habington's life is but the story of his work. A marriage with Lucy Herbert was not immediately possible, partly owing to disparity in rank, and partly, we may believe, because of insufficiency of fortune. Hence Habington sought to console himself in verse. The result was *Castara,* a series of poems in which is traced the whole story of the lovers' relationship. The marriage was finally solemnized, however, sometime between 1630 and 1633, and the latter part of the poem *Castara* extols marriage.

By 1640 the poet had turned to the study of history, begun under the tutelage of his father, publishing in that year the *History of Edward IV, King of England* at the instigation of King Charles. The same year saw the appearance of the *Queene of Arragon,* a drama of no little poetic power. The next year brought out his *Observations Upon History,* his last literary work. He died in 1654.

There can be little doubt that *Castara* is one of the most exquisite of seventeenth-century poems. It has a high seriousness of tone, a purity of concept, and a grace of expression that make it memorable.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN HOPE AND FEAR

Fear. Check thy forward thoughts! and know
Hymen only joins their hands,
Who, with even paces go,
She, in gold; He, rich in lands!

Hope. But Castara's purer fire,
When it meets a noble flame,
Shuns the smoke of such desire!
Joins with love, and burns the same.

Fear. Yet, obedience must prevail!
They who o'er her actions sway,
Would have her in th' Ocean sail;
And contemn thy Narrow Sea!

Hope. Parents' laws must bear no weight
When they happiness prevent,
But our sea is not so strait;
But it room hath for Content!

Fear. Thousands hearts, as victims, stand
At the altar of her eyes!
And will partial She command
Only thine for sacrifice?

Hope. Thousand victims must return!
She, the purest will design.
Choose, Castara! which shall burn?
Choose the purest, that is, mine!

TO CUPID

UPON A DIMPLE IN CASTARA'S CHEEK

Nimble boy! in thy warm flight,
What cold tyrant dimmed thy sight?
Hadst thou eyes, to see my Fair,
Thou wouldst sigh thyself to air!
Fearing to create this one,
Nature had herself undone!
But if you, when this you hear,
Fall down, murdered through your ear,
Beg of Jove, that you may have,
In her cheek, a dimpled grave!
Lily, rose, and violet,
Shall the perfumed hearse beset;
While a beauteous sheet of lawn,
O'er the wanton corpse is drawn:
And all Lovers use this breath,
"Here lies Cupid, blest in death!"

UPON CUPID'S DEATH AND BURIAL IN CASTARA'S CHEEK

Cupid's dead! Who would not die
To b' interred so near her eye!
Who would fear the sword, to have
Such an alabaster grave!
O'er which two bright tapers burn,
To give light to the beauteous urn.
At the first, Castara smiled,
Thinking Cupid her beguiled,
Only counterfeiting death:
But when she perceived his breath
Quite expired, the mournful Girl,
To entomb the Boy in pearl,
Wept so long, till piteous Jove,
From the ashes of his Love,

Made ten thousand Cupids rise;
But confined them to her eyes:
Where they yet, to show they lack
No due sorrow, still wear black!
But the blacks so glorious are,
Which they mourn in, that the fair
Quire of stars look pale and fret;
Seeing themselves outshined by jet.

THE DESCRIPTION OF CASTARA

Like the violet, which alone
Prospers in some happy shade,
My Castara lives unknown!
To no looser eye betrayed.
For she 's to herself untrue,
Who delights i' th' public view.

Such her beauty, as no arts
Have enriched with borrowed grace;
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For she blushes in her place.
Folly boasts a glorious blood!
She is noblest, being good!

Cautious, she knew never yet
What a wanton courtship meant!
Nor speaks loud, to boast her wit:
In her silence, eloquent!
Of herself survey she takes;
But 'tween men no difference makes!

She obeys, with speedy will,
Her grave parents' wise commands.
And so innocent! that ill
She nor acts, nor understands!
Women's feet run still astray,
If once to ill they know the way.

She sails by that rock, the Court;
  Where, oft, Honor splits her mast:
And Retiredness thinks the port,
  Where her frame may anchor cast.
    Virtue safely cannot sit,
    Where Vice is enthroned for Wit.

She holds that day's pleasure best,
  Where Sin waits not on Delight.
Without Mask, or Ball, or Feast;
  Sweetly spends a winter's night.
    O'er that darkness, whence is thrust,
    Prayer and Sleep oft govern Lust.

She, her throne makes Reason climb;
  While wild Passions captive lie;
And, each article of time,
  Her pure thoughts to Heaven fly!
    All her vows religious be;
    And her love, she vows to me!

TO CASTARA PRAYING

I saw Castara pray, and from the sky
A winged legion of bright angels fly
To catch her vows, for fear her virgin prayer
Might chance to mingle with impurer air.
To vulgar eyes, the sacred truth I write,
May seem a fancy. But the eagles sight
Of saints and poets, miracles oft view,
Which to dull heretics appear untrue.
Fair zeal begets such wonders. O divine
And purest beauty; let me thee enshrine
In my devoted soul, and from thy praise,
T'enrich my garland, pluck religious bays.
  Shine thou the star by which my thought shall move,
  Best subject of my pen, queen of my love.

NON NOBIS DOMINE

No MARBLE statue nor high
Aspiring pyramid be raised
To lose its head within the sky!
What claim have I to memory?
God, be Thou only praised!

Thou in a moment canst defeat
The mighty conquests of the proud,
And blast the laurels of the great.
Thou canst make brightest glory set
Oth' sudden in a cloud.

How can the feeble works of art
Hold out 'gainst the assaults of storms?
Or how can brass to him impart
Sense of surviving fame, whose heart
Is now resolv'd to worms?

Blind folly of triumphing pride!
Eternity, why buildst thou here?
Dost thou not see the highest tide
Its humbled stream in the ocean hide,
And ne'er the same appear?

That tide which did its banks o'erflow,
As sent abroad by the angry sea
To level vastest buildings low,
And all our trophies overthrow,
Ebbs like a thief away.

And thou, who to preserve thy name,
Leav'st statues in some conquered land!
How will posterity scorn fame,
When the idol shall receive a maim,
And lose a foot or hand?

How wilt thou hate thy wars when he
Who only for his hire did raise
Thy counterfeit in stone; and be
Perhaps thought worthier praise?

No laurel wreath about my brow!
To Thee, my God, all praise, whose law
The conquer'd doth and conqueror bow!
For both dissolve to air if Thou
Thy influence but withdraw.

NOX NOCTI INDICAT SCIENTIAM

When I survey the bright
Celestial sphere,
So rich with jewels hung that night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appear,

My soul her wings doth spread
And heavenward flies,
The Almighty's mysteries to read
In the large volume of the skies.

For the bright firmament
Shoots forth no flame
So silent, but is eloquent
In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star
Contracts its light
Into so small a character,
Removed far from our human sight,

But if we steadfast look
We shall discern
In it, as in some holy book,
How man may heavenly knowledge learn.

It tells the conqueror
That far-stretched power
Which his proud dangers traffic for
Is but the triumph of an hour;

That from the farthest North,
Some nation may,
Yet undiscovered, issue forth,
And o'er his new-got conquest sway;

Some nation yet shut in
With hills of ice
May be let out to scourge his sin,
Till they shall equal him in vice.

And then they likewise shall
Their ruin have;
For as yourselves your empires fall,
And every kingdom hath a grave.

Thus those celestial fires,
Though seeming mute,
The fallacy of our desires
And all the pride of life confute:—

For they have watched since first
The world had birth;
And found sin in itself accursed,
And nothing permanent on earth.

WILLIAM DAVENANT

1606—1668

Sir William Davenant, convert, dramatist, and poet laureate, was born in Oxford about 1606. He attended school at All Saints, Oxford, and afterwards entered Lincoln College.

In 1628 he commenced his career as a playwright, and during the next eight years he remained in constant attendance upon the court,

where he seems to have been in special favor. In 1638 (following the death of Ben Jonson) he was appointed poet laureate.

His position at court continued unbroken until the defeat of Charles I, when Davenant was forced to take refuge in France. It was during his residence there that he was received into the Catholic Church, some time during 1646.

After the Restoration he was patronized by Charles II and continued his writing. Although his principal work was done in the drama, not only as playwright, but also as manager—thirty plays having been produced by his pen and two improvements having been made by him as theater-manager, the introduction of women players and the innovation of moveable scenery,—yet he composed a considerable body of poetry. And it is the poetry, particularly *Gondibert* and *Madagascar,* upon which his value as a man of letters rests for us, because in this work, written for the most part in heroic stanzas, he shadows forth something of the tendencies that were to culminate in Dryden and Pope.

PRAISE

Praise is devotion fit for mighty minds
The diff'ring world's agreeing sacrifice;
Where Heaven divided faiths united finds:
But prayer in various discord upward flies.

For Prayer the ocean is where diversely
Men steer their course, each to a sev'ral coast;
Where all our interests so discordant be
That half beg winds by which the rest are lost.

By Penitence when we ourselves forsake,
'Tis but in wise design on piteous Heaven;
In praise we nobly give what God may take,
And are, without a beggar's blush, forgiven.

Its utmost force, like powder's is unknown;
And though weak kings excess of praise may fear,
Yet when 'tis here, like powder dangerous grown,
Heaven's vault receives what would the palace tear.

SONG

Why dost thou seem to boast, vainglorious sun?
Why should thy bright complexion make thee proud?
Think but how often since thy race begun
Thou wert eclipsed, then blush behind a cloud.

Or why look you, fair Empress of the night,
So big upon't, when you at full appear?
Remember yours is but a borrowed light,
Then shrink with paleness in your giddy sphere.

If neither sun nor moon can justify
Their pride, how ill it women then befits
That are on earth but *ignes fatui*
That lead poor men to wander from their wits.

RICHARD CRASHAW

c. 1612—1649

Richard Crashaw, student, convert, exile, and poet, was born in London of Puritan parents in 1612. His early education was obtained at the famous Charterhouse School. He entered Cambridge in 1631.

His first publication occurred in 1634 when the University brought out his *Epigrammatum Sacrorum Liber,* a collection of some two hundred Latin epigrams. Not long afterward appeared his *Wishes to His Mistress.* In 1636 Crashaw became a member of Peterhouse, where he composed many of his poems.

The writing of St. Teresa coming to his notice, he turned to that mystical source for help during the powerful increase of Puritan domination over the English universities. There can be but small doubt that St. Teresa's writing was one of the most powerful agencies in his final adoption of Catholicism, although the exact time of his conversion is in question.

In 1643 Parliament presented the Solemn League and Covenant to all fellows in the universities. Naturally Crashaw, entertaining the ideas that had come to him, could not in conscience sign it. So he

was obliged, after a residence of some twelve years, to leave the only home he knew. It is said that he lived for a while at Oxford, but we know that he must have gone up to London later, for his first volume of poems, *Steps to the Temple with Other Delights to the Muses*, was issued there in 1646. At all events, we can be certain, from the nature of this book, that he had become Catholic, a step which was, perforce, the end of his career as a student in England.

He proceeded to Paris, where he was discovered in poverty by the poet Abraham Cowley, whom he had known at Cambridge. Cowley introduced him into the service of the exiled English Queen, Henrietta Maria. He remained in Paris several years, during which time he wrote a number of his religious poems, particularly the *Carmen Deo Nostro.*

It was not long, however, before the sort of thing that was expected of him in the circle of which he had become an inmate, palled upon him, and he journeyed to Rome, there to become the secretary of Cardinal Palotta, then Governor of Rome. Finally, because he was not fit for the life of political activity that of necessity went on about him, he was appointed by the governor as sub-canon of the basilica church at Loretto. While making the journey to his new appointment in the summer of 1649, he contracted a fever and was shortly dead.

His place is an honored one in English literature. Mystical, intense, learned in the scholarship of his day, destined to a life of suffering, it was inevitable that when he turned to poetry for surcease he should achieve distinction.

TO THE NAME ABOVE EVERY NAME, THE NAME OF JESUS

A HYMN

I SING the Name which none can say
But touched with interior ray:
The name of our new peace: our good:
Our bliss: and supernatural blood:
The name of all our lives and loves.
Hearken, and help, ye holy doves!
The high-born brood of Day; you bright
Candidates of blissful light,
The heirs elect of Love, whose names belong
Unto the everlasting life of song;
All ye wise souls, who in the wealthy breast
Of this unbounded name, build your warm nest.

Awake, my glory, Soul (if such thou be,
And that fair word at all refer to thee),
Awake and sing,
And be all wing;
Bring hither thy whole self; and let me see
What of thy parent Heaven yet speaks in thee.
O thou art poor
Of noble powers, I see,
And full of nothing else but empty me:
Narrow, and low, and infinitely less
Than this great morning's mighty business.
One little world or two
(Alas!) will never do;
We must have store.
Go, Soul, out of thyself, and seek for more.
Go and request
Great Nature for the key of her huge chest
Of Heavens, the self-involving set of spheres
(Which dull mortality more feels than hears).
Then rouse the nest
Of nimble Art, and traverse round
The airy shop of soul-appeasing sound:
And beat a summons in the same
All-sovereign name,
To warn each several kind
And shape of sweetness, be they such
As sigh with supple wind
Or answer artful touch;
That they convene and come away
To wait at the love-crowned doors of this illustrious day.
Shall we dare this, my Soul? we'll do't and bring
No other note for 't, but the name we sing.
Wake lute and harp, and every sweet-lipped thing
That talks with tuneful string;
Start into life and leap with me
Into a hasty fit-tuned harmony.
Nor must you think it much
T'obey my bolder touch:

I have authority in Love's name to take you,
And to the work of Love this morning wake you.
Wake, in the name
Of Him Who never sleeps, all things that are,
Or, what's the same,
Are musical;
Answer my call
And come along;
Help me to meditate mine immortal song.
Come, ye soft ministers of sweet sad mirth,
Bring all your household-stuff of Heaven on earth;
O you, my Soul's most certain wings,
Complaining pipes, and prattling strings,
Bring all the store
Of sweets you have; and murmur that you have no more.
Come, ne'er to part,
Nature and Art!
Come; and come strong,
To the conspiracy of our spacious song.
Bring all the powers of praise,
Your provinces of well-united worlds can raise;
Bring all your lutes and harps of Heaven and Earth;
Whate'er co-operates to the common mirth:
Vessels of vocal joys,
Or you, more noble architects of intellectual noise,
Cymbals of Heaven, or human spheres,
Solicitors of souls or ears;
And when you are come, with all
That you can bring or we can call:
O may you fix
For ever here, and mix
Yourselves into the long
And everlasting series of a deathless song;
Mix all your many worlds above,
And loose them into one of love.
Cheer thee my heart!
For thou too hast thy part
And place in the great throng
Of this unbounded all-embracing song.

Powers of my soul, be proud!
And speak loud
To all the dear-bought Nations this redeeming Name,
And in the wealth of one rich word, proclaim
New similes to Nature. May it be no wrong,
Blest Heavens, to you and your superior song,
That we, dark sons of dust and sorrow,
A while dare borrow
The name of your delights, and our desires,
And fit it to so far inferior lyres.
Our murmurs have their music too,
Ye mighty Orbs, as well as you;
Nor yields the noblest nest
Of warbling Seraphim to the ears of Love,
A choicer lesson than the joyful breast
Of a poor panting turtle-dove.
And we, low worms, have leave to do
The same bright business (ye Third Heavens) with you.
Gentle spirits, do not complain!
We will have care
To keep it fair,
And send it back to you again.
Come, lovely Name! Appear from forth the bright
Regions of peaceful light;
Look from Thine Own illustrious home,
Fair King of names, and come:
Leave all Thy native glories in their gorgeous nest,
And give Thy Self a while the gracious Guest
Of humble souls, that seek to find
The hidden sweets
Which man's heart meets
When Thou art Master of the mind.
Come lovely Name; Life of our hope!
Lo, we hold our hearts wide ope!
Unlock Thy cabinet of Day,
Dearest Sweet, and come away.
Lo, how the thirsty lands
Gasp for Thy golden showers! with long-stretch'd hands.

Lo, how the laboring Earth
That hopes to be
All Heaven by Thee,
Leaps at Thy birth!
The attending World, to wait Thy rise,
First turn'd to eyes;
And then, not knowing what to do,
Turn'd them to tears, and spent them too.
Come royal Name; and pay the expense
Of all this precious patience;
O come away
And kill the death of this delay!
O see so many worlds of barren years
Melted and measured out in seas of tears:
O see the weary lids of wakeful Hope
(Love's eastern windows) all wide ope
With curtains drawn,
To catch the day-break of Thy dawn.
O dawn at last, long-look'd for Day!
Take Thine own wings and come away.
Lo, where aloft it comes! It comes, among
The conduct of adoring spirits, that throng
Like diligent bees, and swarm about it.
O they are wise,
And know what sweets are suck'd from out it:
It is the hive,
By which they thrive,
Where all their hoard of honey lies.
Lo, where it comes, upon the snowy Dove's
Soft back; and brings a bosom big with loves;
Welcome to our dark world, Thou womb of Day!
Unfold thy fair conceptions, and display
The birth of our bright joys, O Thou compacted
Body of blessings: Spirit of souls extracted!
O dissipate Thy spicy powers,
(Cloud of condensèd sweets) and break upon us
In balmy showers!
O fill our senses, and take from us
All force of so profane a fallacy,

To think ought sweet but that which smells of Thee!
Fair, flowery Name, in none but Thee
And Thy nectareal fragrancy,
Hourly there meets
An universal synod of all sweets;
By whom it is definèd thus,
That no perfume
For ever shall presume
To pass for odoriferous,
But such alone whose sacred pedigree
Can prove itself some kin (sweet Name!) to Thee.
Sweet Name, in Thy each syllable
A thousand Blest Arabias dwell;
A thousand hills of frankincense;
Mountains of myrrh, and beds of spices
And ten thousand Paradises,
The soul that tastes Thee takes from thence.
How many unknown worlds there are
Of comforts, which Thou hast in keeping!
How many thousand mercies there
In Pity's soft lap lie a-sleeping!
Happy he who has the art
To awake them,
And to take them
Home, and lodge them in his heart.
O that it were as it was wont to be!
When Thy old friends of fire, all full of Thee,
Fought against frowns with smiles; gave glorious chase
To persecutions; and against the face
Of Death and fiercest dangers, durst with brave
And sober pace, march on to meet A GRAVE.
On their bold breasts, about the world they bore Thee,
And to the teeth of Hell stood up to teach Thee,
In center of their inmost souls, they wore Thee;
Where racks and torments strived, in vain, to reach Thee.
Little, alas thought they
Who tore the fair breasts of Thy friends,
Their fury but made way
For Thee, and served them in Thy glorious ends.

What did their weapons but with wider pores
Enlarge Thy flaming-breasted lovers,
More freely to transpire
That impatient fire,
The heart that hides Thee hardly covers?
What did their weapons but set wide the doors
For Thee? fair, purple doors, of Love's devising;
The ruby windows which enrich'd the East
Of Thy so oft-repeated rising!
Each wound of theirs was Thy new morning,
And re-enthroned Thee in Thy rosy nest,
With blush of Thine Own blood Thy day adorning:
It was the wit of Love o'erflowed the bounds
Of Wrath, and made Thee way through all those wounds.
Welcome, dear, all-adorèd Name!
For sure there is no knee
That knows not Thee:
Or, if there be such sons of shame,
Alas! what will they do
When stubborn rocks shall bow
And hills hang down their heaven-saluting heads
To seek for humble beds
Of dust, where in the bashful shades of Night
Next to their own low Nothing, they may lie,
And couch before the dazzling light of Thy dread majesty.
They that by Love's mild dictate now
Will not adore Thee,
Shall then, with just confusion bow
And break before Thee.

NEW YEAR'S DAY

Rise, thou best and brightest morning!
Rosy with a double red;
With thine own blush thy cheeks adorning,
And the dear drops this day were shed.

All the purple pride that laces
The crimson curtains of thy bed,

Gilds thee not with so sweet graces,
  Nor sets thee in so rich a red.

Of all the fair cheek'd flowers that fill thee,
  None so fair thy bosom strows,
As this modest maiden lily
  Our sins have shamed into a rose.

Bid thy golden god, the sun,
  Burnish'd in his best beams rise,
Put all his red-eyed rubies on;
  These rubies shall put out their eyes.

Let him make poor the purple East,
  Search what the world's close cabinets keep,
Rob the rich births of each bright nest
  That flaming in their fair beds sleep

Let him embrave his own bright tresses
  With a new morning made of gems;
And wear, in those his wealthy dresses,
  Another day of diadems.

When he hath done all he may,
  To make himself rich in his rise,
All will be darkness to the day
  That breaks from one of these bright eyes.

And soon this sweet truth shall appear,
  Dear Babe, ere many days be done:
The Morn shall come to meet Thee here,
  And leave her own neglected sun.

Here are beauties shall bereave him
  Of all his eastern paramours:
His Persian lovers all shall leave him,
  And swear faith to Thy sweeter powers.

[Nor while they leave him shall they lose the sun,
But in thy fairest eyes find two for one.]

DIES IRÆ, DIES ILLA

THE HYMN OF THE CHURCH, IN MEDITATION OF THE DAY OF JUDGMENT

I

HEAR'ST thou, my soul, what serious things
Both the Psalm and Sybil sings
Of a sure Judge, from Whose sharp ray
The World in flames shall fly away?

II

O that fire! before whose face
Heaven and Earth shall find no place.
O those eyes! whose angry light
Must be the day of that dread night.

III

O that trump! whose blast shall run
An even round with the circling sun,
And urge the murmuring graves to bring
Pale mankind forth to meet his King.

IV

Horror of Nature, Hell, and Death!
When a deep groan from beneath
Shall cry, "We come, we come," and all
The caves of Night answer one call.

V

O that Book! whose leaves so bright
Will set the World in severe light.
O that Judge! Whose hand, whose eye
None can endure; yet none can fly.

VI

Ah then, poor soul, what wilt thou say?
And to what patron choose to pray?
When stars themselves shall stagger, and
The most firm foot no more then stand.

VII

But Thou givest leave (dread Lord!) that we
Take shelter from Thyself in Thee;
And with the wings of Thine Own dove
Fly to Thy scepter of soft love.

VIII

Dear, remember in that Day
Who was the cause Thou cam'st this way.
Thy sheep was stray'd; and Thou would'st be
Even lost Thyself in seeking me.

IX

Shall all that labor, all that cost
Of love, and even that loss, be lost?
And this loved soul judged worth no less
Than all that way and weariness?

X

Just mercy, then, Thy reck'ning be
With my Price, and not with me;
'Twas paid at first with too much pain,
To be paid twice; or once, in vain.

XI

Mercy (my Judge), mercy ꝯ cry
With blushing cheek and bleeding eye:
The conscious colors of my sin
Are red without and pale within.

XII

O let Thine own soft bowels pay
Thyself, and so discharge that day.
If Sin can sigh, Love can forgive:
O say the word, my soul shall live!

XIII

Those mercies which Thy Mary found,
Or who Thy cross confess'd and crown'd,
Hope tells my heart, the same loves be
Still alive, and still for me.

XIV

Though both my prayers and tears combine,
Both worthless are; for they are mine.
But Thou Thy bounteous Self still be;
And show Thou art, by saving me.

XV

O when Thy last frown shall proclaim
The flocks of goats to folds of flame,
And all Thy lost sheep found shall be;
Let, "Come, ye blessed," then call me.

XVI

When the dread *"Ite"* shall divide
Those limbs of death from Thy left side;
Let those life-speaking lips command
That I inherit Thy right hand.

XVII

O hear a suppliant heart, all crusht
And crumbled into contrite dust.
My Hope, my Fear, my Judge, my Friend!
Take charge of me, and of my end.

SAINT MARY MAGDALENE, OR THE WEEPER

Lo! where a wounded heart with bleeding eyes conspire,
Is she a flaming fountain, or a weeping fire?

THE WEEPER

I

Hail, sister springs!
Parents of silver-footed rills!
Ever-bubbling things!
Thawing crystal! snowy hills!
Still spending, never spent! I mean
Thy fair eyes, sweet Magdalene!

II

Heavens thy fair eyes be;
Heavens of ever-falling stars.
'Tis seed-time still with thee;
And stars thou sow'st, whose harvest dares
Promise the Earth to countershine
Whatever makes heaven's forehead fine.

III

But we are deceivèd all:
Stars indeed they are too true:
For they but seem to fall,
As Heaven's other spangles do;
It is not for our Earth and us,
To shine in things so precious.

IV

Upwards thou dost weep,
Heaven's bosom drinks the gentle stream.
Where th' milky rivers creep,
Thine floats above, and is the cream.
Waters above th' heavens, what they be
We are taught best by thy tears and thee.

V

Every morn from hence,
A brisk cherub something sips,
Whose sacred influence
Adds sweetness to his sweetest lips;
Then to his music; and his song
Tastes of this breakfast all day long.

VI

Not in the Evening's eyes,
When they red with weeping are
For the Sun that dies;
Sits Sorrow with a face so fair.
Nowhere but here did ever meet
Sweetness so sad, sadness so sweet.

VII

When Sorrow would be seen
In her brightest majesty:
(For she is a Queen):
Then is she dress'd by none but thee.
Then, and only then, she wears
Her proudest pearls; I mean, thy tears.

VIII

The dew no more will weep
The primrose's pale cheek to deck:
The dew no more will sleep
Nuzel'd in the lily's neck;
Much rather would it be thy tear,
And leave them both to tremble here.

IX

There's no need at all,
That the balsam-sweating bough
So coyly should let fall
His med'cinable tears; for now
Nature hath learnt to extract a dew
More sovereign and sweet from you.

X

Yet let the poor drops weep,
(Weeping is the ease of Woe):
Softly let them creep,
Sad that they are vanquish'd so.
They, though to others no relief,
Balsam may be for their own grief.

XI

Such the maiden gem
By the purpling vine put on,
Peeps from her parent stem,
And blushes at the bridegroom sun.
This wat'ry blossom of thy eyne,
Ripe, will make the richer wine.

XII

When some new bright guest
Takes up among the stars a room,
And Heaven will make a feast:
Angels with crystal phials come
And draw from these full eyes of thine,
Their Master's water, their own wine.

XIII

Golden though he be,
Golden Tagus murmurs though.
Were his way by thee,
Content and quiet he would go;
So much more rich would he esteem
Thy silver, than his golden stream.

XIV

Well does the May that lies
Smiling in thy cheeks, confess
The April in thine eyes;
Mutual sweetness they express.
No April e'er lent kinder showers,
Nor May returned more faithful flowers.

XV

O cheeks! Beds of chaste loves,
By your own showers seasonably dashed.
Eyes! Nests of milky doves,
In your own wells decently washed.
O wit of Love! that thus could place
Fountain and garden in one face.

XVI

O sweet contest! of woes
With loves; of tears with smiles disputing!
O fair and friendly foes,
Each other kissing and confuting!
While rain and sunshine, cheeks and eyes,
Close in kind contrarieties.

XVII

But can these fair Floods be
Friends with the bosom-fires that fill thee?
Can so great flames agree
Eternal tears should thus distil thee?
O floods! O fires! O suns! O showers!
Mixed and made friends by Love's sweet powers.

XVIII

'Twas his well-pointed dart
That digged these wells, and dressed this wine;
And taught the wounded heart
The way into these weeping eyne.
Vain loves avaunt! bold hands forbear!
The Lamb hath dipped His white foot here.

XIX

And now where'er He strays,
Among the Galilean mountains,
Or more unwelcome ways;
He's followed by two faithful fountains;
Two walking baths, two weeping motions,
Portable, and compendious oceans.

XX

O thou, thy Lord's fair store!
In thy so rich and rare expenses,
Even when He showed most poor
He might provoke the wealth of princes.
What Prince's wanton'st pride e'er could
Wash with silver, wipe with gold?

XXI

Who is that King, but He
Who call'st His crown, to be called thine,
That thus can boast to be
Waited on by a wandering mine,
A voluntary mint, that strews
Warm, silver showers where'er He goes?

XXII

O precious Prodigal!
Fair spend-thrift of thyself! thy measure
(Merciless love!) is all.
Even to the last pearl in thy treasure:
All places, times, and objects be
Thy tears' sweet opportunity.

XXIII

Does the day-star rise?
Still thy tears do fall and fall.
Does Day close his eyes?
Still the fountain weeps for all.
Let Night or Day do what they will,
Thou hast thy task. thou weepest still.

XXIV

Does thy song lull the air?
Thy falling tears keep faithful time.
Does thy sweet-breathed prayer
Up in clouds of incense climb?
Still at each sigh, that is, each stop,
A bead, that is, a tear, does drop.

XXV

At these thy weeping gates
(Watching their watery motion),
Each wingèd moment waits:
Takes his tear, and gets him gone.
By thine eyes' tinct ennobled thus,
Time lays him up; he's precious.

XXVI

Not, "so long she livèd,"
Shall thy tomb report of thee;
But, "so long she grievèd":
Thus must we date thy memory.
Others by moments, months, and years
Measure their ages; thou, by tears.

XXVII

So do perfumes expire,
So sigh tormented sweets, opprest
With proud unpitying fire,
Such tears the suffering rose, that's vext
With ungentle flames, does shed,
Sweating in a too warm bed.

XXVIII

Say, ye bright brothers,
The fugitive sons of those fair eyes,
Your fruitful mothers!
What make you here? what hopes can 'tice
You to be born? what cause can borrow
You from those nests of noble sorrow?

XXIX

Whither away so fast?
For sure the sordid earth
Your sweetness cannot taste,
Nor does the dust deserve your birth.
Sweet, whither haste you then? O say
Why you trip so fast away?

XXX

We go not to seek
The darlings of Aurora's bed,
The rose's modest cheek,
Nor the violet's humble head.
Though the field's eyes too Weepers be,
Because they want such tears as we.

XXXI

Much less mean we to trace
The fortune of inferior gems,
Preferr'd to some proud face,
Or perched upon fear'd diadems:
Crown'd heads are toys. We go to meet
A worthy object, our Lord's feet.

A HYMN TO THE NAME AND HONOR OF THE ADMIRABLE SAINT TERESA

Foundress of the Reformation of the Discalced Carmelites, both men and women; a woman for angelical height of speculation, for masculine courage of performance, more than a woman, who yet a child outran maturity, and durst plot a martyrdom.

Love, thou art absolute sole lord
Of life and death. To prove the word
We'll now appeal to none of all
Those thy old soldiers, great and tall,
Ripe men of martyrdom, that could reach down
With strong arms their triumphant crown;
Such as could with lusty breath,
Speak loud into the face of Death
Their great Lord's glorious name, to none
Of those whose spacious bosoms spread a throne
For Love at large to fill; spare blood and sweat:
And see him take a private seat,

Making his mansion in the mild
And milky soul of a soft child.
  Scarce has she learnt to lisp the name
Of martyr; yet she thinks it shame
Life should so long play with that breath
Which spent can buy so brave a death.
She never undertook to know
What Death with Love should have to do;
Nor has she e'er yet understood
Why to show love, she should shed blood,
Yet though she cannot tell you why,
She can love, and she can die.
  Scarce has she blood enough to make
A guilty sword blush for her sake;
Yet has she a heart dares hope to prove
How much less strong is Death than Love.
  Be Love but there; let poor six years
Be posed with maturest fears
Man trembles at, you straight shall find
Love knows no nonage, nor the mind;
'Tis love, not years or limbs that can
Make the martyr, or the man.
  Love touched her heart, and lo it beats
High, and burns with such brave heats;
Such thirsts to die, as dares drink up
A thousand cold deaths in one cup.
Good reason; for she breathes all fire;
Her white breast heaves with strong desire
Of what she may, with fruitless wishes,
Seek for amongst her mother's kisses.
  Since 'tis not to be had at home
She'll travel to a martyrdom.
No home for her's confesses she
But where she may a martyr be.
  She'll to the Moors; and trade with them
For this unvalued diadem:
She'll offer them her dearest breath,
With Christ's name in't, in change for death:

She'll bargain with them, and will give
Them God; teach them how to live
In Him: or, if they this deny,
For Him she'll teach them how to die.
So shall she leave amongst them sown
Her Lord's blood; or at least her own.
  Farewell then, all the World adieu!
Teresa is no more for you.
Farewell, all pleasures, sports, and joys
(Never till now esteemèd toys)
[Farewell, whatever dear may be,]
Mother's arms, or father's knee:
Farewell house, and farewell home!
She's for the Moors, and martyrdom.
  Sweet, not so fast! lo, thy fair Spouse,
Whom thou seek'st with so swift vows;
Calls thee back, and bids thee come
T'embrace a milder martyrdom.
  Blest powers forbid, thy tender life
Should bleed upon a barbarous knife:
Or some base hand have power to rase
Thy breast's chaste cabinet, and uncase
A soul kept there so sweet: O no,
Wise Heaven will never have it so.
Thou art Love's victim; and must die
A death more mystical and high:
Into Love's arms thou shalt let fall
A still-surviving funeral.
His is the dart must make the death
Whose stroke shall taste thy hallowed breath:
A dart thrice dipp'd in that rich flame
Which writes thy Spouse's radiant name
Upon the roof of Heaven, where aye
It shines; and with a sovereign ray
Beats bright upon the burning faces
Of souls which in that Name's sweet graces
Find everlasting smiles: so rare,
So spiritual, pure, and fair
Must be th' immortal instrument

Upon whose choice point shall be sent
A life so loved: and that there be
Fit executioners for thee,
The fairest and first-born sons of fire,
Blest seraphim, shall leave their quire,
And turn Love's soldiers, upon thee
To exercise their archery.
O how oft shalt thou complain
Of a sweet and subtle pain:
Of intolerable joys;
Of a death, in which who dies
Loves his death, and dies again,
And would for ever so be slain.
And lives, and dies; and knows not why
To live, but that he thus may never leave to die.
How kindly will thy gentle heart
Kiss the sweetly-killing dart,
And close in his embraces keep
Those delicious wounds, that weep
Balsam to heal themselves with; thus
When these thy deaths, so numerous,
Shall all at last die into one,
And melt thy soul's sweet mansion;
Like a soft lump of incense, hasted
By too hot a fire, and wasted
Into perfuming clouds, so fast
Shalt thou exhale to Heaven at last
In a resolving sigh, and then
O what? Ask not the tongues of men;
Angels cannot tell; suffice
Thyself shalt feel thine own full joys,
And hold them fast for ever there,
So soon as thou shalt first appear,
The moon of maiden stars, thy white
Mistress, attended by such bright
Souls as thy shining self, shall come,
And in her first ranks make thee room;
Where 'mongst her snowy family
Immortal welcomes wait for thee.

O what delight, when revealed Life shall stand,
And teach thy lips Heaven with His hand;
On which thou now may'st to thy wishes
Heap up thy consecrated kisses.
What joys shall seize thy soul, when she,
Bending her blessed eyes on Thee,
(Those second smiles of Heaven,) shall dart
Her mild rays through Thy melting heart.
Angels, thy old friends, there shall greet thee,
Glad at their own home now to meet thee.
All thy good works which went before
And waited for thee, at the door,
Shall own thee there; and all in one
Weave a constellation
Of crowns, with which the King thy Spouse
Shall build up thy triumphant brows.
All thy old woes shall now smile on thee,
And thy pains sit bright upon thee,
[All thy sorrows here shall shine,]
All thy sufferings be divine:
Tears shall take comfort, and turn gems,
And wrongs repent to diadems.
Even thy deaths shall live; and new-
Dress the soul, that erst they slew.
Thy wounds shall blush to such bright scars
As keep account of the Lamb's wars.
Those rare works where thou shalt leave writ
Love's noble history, with wit
Taught thee by none but Him, while here
They feed our souls, shall clothe thine there.
Each heavenly word, by whose hid flame
Our hard hearts shall strike fire, the same
Shall flourish on thy brows, and be
Both fire to us and flame to thee;
Whose light shall live bright in thy face
By glory, in our hearts by grace.
Thou shalt look round about, and see
Thousands of crown'd souls throng to be

Themselves thy crown: sons of thy vows,
The virgin-births with which thy sovereign Spouse
Made fruitful thy fair soul. Go now
And with them all about thee, bow
To Him; put on (He'll say,) put on
(My rosy love) that thy rich zone
Sparkling with the sacred flames
Of thousand souls, whose happy names
Heaven keep upon thy score: (Thy bright
Life brought them first to kiss the light,
That kindled them to stars,) and so
Thou with the Lamb, thy Lord, shalt go,
And whereso'er He sets His white
Steps, walk with Him those ways of light,
Which who in death would live to see,
Must learn in life to die like thee.

THE FLAMING HEART

UPON THE BOOK AND PICTURE OF THE SERAPHICAL SAINT TERESA, AS SHE IS USUALLY EXPRESSED WITH A SERAPHIM BESIDE HER

Well-meaning readers! you that come as friends,
And catch the precious name this piece pretends;
Make not too much haste to admire
That fair-cheek'd fallacy of fire.
That is a seraphim, they say,
And this the great Teresia.
Readers, be ruled by me; and make
Here a well-placed and wise mistake;
You must transpose the picture quite,
And spell it wrong to read it right;
Read him for her, and her for him,
And call the saint the seraphim.
Painter, what didst thou understand
To put her dart into his hand?
See, even the years and size of him
Shows this the mother-seraphim.

This is the mistress-flame; and duteous he
Her happy fire-works, here, comes down to see.
O most poor-spirited of men!
Had thy cold pencil kiss'd her pen,
Thou couldst not so unkindly err
To show us this faint shade for her.
Why, man, this speaks pure mortal frame;
And mocks with female frost Love's manly flame.
One would suspect thou meant'st to paint
Some weak, inferior, woman-saint.
But had thy pale-faced purple took
Fire from the burning cheeks of that bright book,
Thou wouldst on her have heap'd up all
That could be form'd seraphical;
Whate'er this youth of fire wears fair,
Rosy fingers, radiant hair,
Glowing cheeks, and glist'ring wings,
All those fair and fragrant things,
But before all, that fiery dart
Had fill'd the hand of this great heart.
  Do then, as equal right requires;
Since his the blushes be, and her's the fires,
Resume and rectify thy rude design;
Undress thy seraphim into mine;
Redeem this injury of thy art,
Give him the veil, give her the dart.
  Give him the veil, that he may cover
The red cheeks of a rivall'd lover;
Ashamed that our world now can show
Nests of new seraphims here below.
  Give her the dart, for it is she
(Fair youth) shoots both thy shaft and thee;
Say, all ye wise and well-pierced hearts
That live and die amidst her darts,
What is't your tasteful spirits do prove
In that rare life of her, and Love?
Say, and bear witness. Sends she not
A seraphim at every shot?
What magazines of immortal arms there shine!

Heaven's great artillery in each love-spun line.
Give then the dart to her who gives the flame;
Give him the veil, who gives the shame.
  But if it be the frequent fate
Of worse faults to be fortunate;
If all's prescription; and proud wrong
Harkens not to an humble song;
For all the gallantry of him,
Give me the suffering seraphim.
His be the bravery of all those bright things,
The glowing cheeks, the glistering wings;
The rosy hand, the radiant dart;
Leave her alone the flaming heart,
  Leave her that; and thou shalt leave her
Not one loose shaft, but Love's whole quiver;
For in Love's field was never found
A nobler weapon than a wound.
Love's passives are his activ'st part:
The wounded is the wounding heart.
O heart! equal poise of Love's both parts,
Big alike with wound and darts.
Live in these conquering leaves; live all the same;
And walk through all tongues one triumphant flame.
Live here great heart; and love, and die, and kill;
And bleed, and wound; and yield and conquer still.
Let this immortal life where'er it comes
Walk in a crowd of loves and martyrdoms.
Let mystic deaths wait on't; and wise souls be
The love-slain witnesses of this life of thee.
O sweet incendiary! show here thy art,
Upon this carcass of a hard cold heart;
Let all thy scatter'd shafts of light that play
Among the leaves of thy large books of day,
Combined against this breast at once break in
And take away from me myself and sin;
This gracious robbery shall thy bounty be,
And my best fortunes such fair spoils of me.
O thou undaunted daughter of desires!
By all thy dower of lights and fires;

By all the eagle in thee, all the dove;
By all thy lives and deaths of love;
By thy large draughts of intellectual day,
And by thy thirsts of love more large than they;
By all thy brim-filled bowls of fierce desire,
By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire;
By the full kingdom of that final kiss
That seized thy parting soul, and seal'd thee His;
By all the heav'ns thou hast in Him
(Fair sister of the seraphim!)
By all of Him we have in thee;
Leave nothing of myself in me.
Let me so read thy life, that I
Unto all life of mine may die.

From STEPS TO THE TEMPLE

UPON EASTER DAY

I

Rise, Heir of fresh Eternity,
From thy virgin tomb!
Rise, mighty Man of Wonders, and Thy World with Thee,
Thy tomb the universal East,
Nature's new womb,
Thy tomb, fair Immortality's perfumèd nest.

II

Of all the glories make Noon gay,
This is the Morn;
This Rock buds forth the fountain of the streams of Day:
In Joy's white annals lives this hour
When Life was born;
No cloud scowl on His radiant lids, no tempest lour.

III

Life, by this Light's nativity,
All creatures have;
Death only by this Day's just doom is forced to die,
Nor is Death forced; for may he lie
Throned in Thy grave,
Death will on this condition be content to die.

JOHN DRYDEN

1631—1700

John Dryden, dramatist, critic, and poet laureate, was born in 1631. Beginning his education at Westminster, he finally entered Trinity College, Cambridge, being graduated Bachelor of Arts in 1654.

His first important writing was *Heroic Stanzas,* composed upon the death of Oliver Cromwell. From this beginning he continued a career as a professional man of letters. The years from 1660 to 1663 brought forth some of his best occasional verse, including *Astræ Redux, Coronation, To Lord Clarendon,* and *To Dr. Charleton.*

The year 160 began his dramatic composition with the production of *The Wild Gallant.* Then followed in quick succession *The Rival Ladies,* prefaced by his essay on the principles of dramatic criticism, *The Indian Emperor, The Maiden Queen, Sir Martin Mar-all, The Mock Astrologer, Tyrannic Love,* and *Almanzor and Almahide.*

He became poet laureate in 1670, but continued to write for the stage as well as to voice the spirit of his age in verse. During the next ten years appeared *Marriage à la Mode, Amboyna, The State of Innocence, Aurengzebe,* and *All for Love,* which last is generally thought of as his masterpiece.

In 1681 he began the first of his series of satires with the first part of *Absalom and Achitophel.* There soon followed *The Medal* and the second part of *Absalom and Achitophel.* These poems together with *The Hind and the Panther,* which appeared in 1687, placed him for all time in the front rank of English satirists.

He became a convert to Catholicism in 1686, having begun to study religion five years before in preparation for his *Religio Laici,* an argument for the faith of the Church of England. The investigation thus launched culminated in his conversion to Catholicism and his composition of *The Hind and the Panther.* There has been a great deal of controversy concerning his reason for a change of faith. Perhaps the best statement in his defense is that left by Sir Walter Scott, who, as everyone knows, was not in sympathy with the Catholic Church. He says, "We find that Dryden's conversion was not of that sordid kind which is the consequence of a strong temporal interest; for he had expressed intelligibly the imagined *desiderata* which the Church of Rome alone pretends to supply, long before that temporal interest had an existence."

During the last years of his life he turned to translation, bringing out in all some 25,000 lines representing the work of Ovid, Horace,

Homer, Theocritus, Virgil, Lucretius, and Juvenal. Besides translating from the classical languages, he made several adaptations from Chaucer and Boccaccio. He did not, however, give over entirely the writing of verse; hence in 1697 appeared his *Alexander's Feast,* perhaps among the finest lyrics in the language.

He died in 1700 and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

There can be no doubt that Dryden is one of the most distinguished writers England has produced. He brought the rhymed couplet as a vehicle for satire to a state of perfection. He attained supreme heights as a dramatic writer in *All for Love.* He left us some of the finest lyrics in the literature. He became one of the first great English critics. And he clarified English prose style, making further development a mere matter of evolution.

From THE HIND AND THE PANTHER

Much malice, mingled with a little wit,
Perhaps may censure this mysterious writ;
Because the muse has peopled Caledon
With panthers, bears, and wolves, and beasts unknown,
As if we were not stocked with monsters of our own.
Let Æsop answer, who has set to view
Such kinds as Greece and Phrygia never knew;
And Mother Hubbard, in her homely dress,
Has sharply blamed a British lioness;
That queen, whose feast the factious rabble keep,
Exposed obscenely naked, and asleep.
Led by those great examples, may not I
The wonted organs of their words supply?
If men transact like brutes, 'tis equal then
For brutes to claim the privilege of men.
  Others our Hind of folly will indite,
To entertain a dangerous guest by night.
Let those remember, that she cannot die,
Till rolling time is lost in round eternity;
Nor need she fear the Panther, though untamed,
Because the Lion's peace was now proclaimed;
The wary savage would not give offence,
To forfeit the protection of her prince;
But watched the time her vengeance to complete,

When all her furry sons in frequent senate met;
Meanwhile she quenched her fury at the flood,
And with a lenten salad cooled her blood.
Their commons, though but coarse, were nothing scant,
Nor did their minds an equal banquet want.
  For now the Hind, whose noble nature strove
To express her plain simplicity of love,
Did all the honors of her house so well,
No sharp debates disturbed the friendly meal.
She turned the talk, avoiding that extreme,
To common dangers past, a sadly-pleasing theme;
Remembering every storm which tosses the state,
When both were objects of the public hate.
And dropt a tear betwixt for her own children's fate.
  Nor failed she then a full review to make
Of what the Panther suffered for her sake;
Her lost esteem, her truth, her loyal care,
Her faith unshaken to an exiled heir,
Her strength to endure, her courage to defy,
Her choice of honorable infamy.
On these, prolixly thankful, she enlarged;
Then with acknowledgments herself she charged;
For friendship, of itself an holy tie,
Is made more sacred by adversity.
Now should they part, malicious tongues would say,
They met like chance companions on the way,
Whom mutual fear of robbers had possessed;
While danger lasted, kindness was professed;
But, that once o'er, the short-lived union ends,
The road divides, and there divide the friends.
  The Panther nodded, when her speech was done,
But said, her gratitude had gone too far
For common offices of Christian care.
If to the lawful heir she had been true,
She paid but Cæsar what was Cæsar's due.
"I might," she added, "with like praise describe
Your suffering sons, and so return your bribe;
But incense from my hands is poorly prized;
For gifts are scorned where givers are despised.

I served a turn, and then was cast away;
You, like the gaudy fly, your wings display,
And sip the sweets, and bask in your great patron's day."
  This heard, the matron was not slow to find
What sort of malady had seized her mind;
Disdain, with gnawing envy, fell despite,
And cankered malice, stood in open sight;
Ambition, interest, pride without control,
And jealousy, the jaundice of the soul;
Revenge, the bloody minister of ill,
With all the lean tormentors of the will.
'Twas easy now to guess from whence arose
Her new-made union with her ancient foes;
Her forced civilities, her faint embrace,
Affected kindness, with an altered face;
Yet durst she not too deeply probe the wound,
As hoping still the nobler parts were sound;
But strove with anodynes to assuage the smart,
And mildly thus her medicine did impart.
  "Complaints of lovers help to ease their pain;
It shows a rest of kindness to complain;
A friendship loath to quit its former hold,
And conscious merit, may be justly bold;
But much more just your jealousy would show,
If others' good were injury to you:
Witness, ye heavens, how I rejoice to see
Rewarded worth and rising loyalty!
Your warrior offspring, that upheld the crown,
The scarlet honor of your peaceful gown,
Are the most pleasing objects I can find,
Charms to my sight, and cordials to my mind:
When virtue spooms before a prosperous gale,
My heaving wishes help to fill the sail;
And if my prayers for all the brave were heard,
Cæsar should still have such, and such should still reward.
  "The labored earth your pains have sowed and filled,
'Tis just you reap the product of the field:
Yours be the harvest; 'tis the beggar's gain,
To glean the fallings of the loaded wain.

Such scattered ears as are not worth your care,
Your charity, for alms, may safely spare,
For alms are but the vehicles of prayer.
My daily bread is literally implored;
I have no barns nor granaries to hoard.
If Cæsar to his own his hand extends,
Say which of yours his charity offends;
You know, he largely gives to more than are his friends.
Are you defrauded, when he feeds the poor?
Our mite decreases nothing of your store.
I am but few, and by your fare you see
My crying sins are not of luxury.
Some juster motive sure your mind withdraws,
And makes you break our friendship's holy laws;
For barefaced envy is too base a cause.
Show more occasion for your discontent;
Your love, the Wolf, would help you to invent:
Some German quarrel, or, as times go now,
Some French, where force is uppermost, will do.
When at the fountain's head, as merit ought
To claim the place, you take a swilling draught,
How easy 'tis an envious eye to throw,
And tax the sheep for troubling streams below;
Or call her, when no further cause you find,
An enemy professed of all your kind!
But, then, perhaps, the wicked world would think,
The Wolf designed to eat as well as drink."
  This last allusion galled the Panther more,
Because, indeed, it rubbed upon the sore;
Yet seemed she not to winch, though shrewdly pained,
But thus her passive character maintained.
  "I never grudged, whate'er my foes report,
Your flaunting fortune in the Lion's court.
You have your day, or you are much belied,
But I am always on the suffering side;
You know my doctrine, and I need not say,
I will not, but I cannot disobey.
On this firm principle I ever stood;
He of my sons who fails to make it good,

By one rebellious act renounces to my blood."
"Ah," said the Hind, "how many sons have you,
Who call you mother, whom you never knew!
But most of them, who that relation plead,
Are such ungracious youths as wish you dead.
They gape at rich revenues which you hold,
And fain would nibble at your grandame gold;
Enquire into your years, and laugh to find
Your crazy temper shows you much declined.
Were you not dim and doted, you might see
A pack of cheats that claim a pedigree,
No more of kin to you, than you to me.
Do you not know, that, for a little coin,
Heralds can foist a name into the line?
They ask you blessing but for what you have,
But, once possessed of what with care you save,
The wanton boys would vent upon your grave.
Your sons of latitude, that count your grace,
Though most resembling you in form and face,
Are far the worst of your pretended race;
And, but I blush your honesty to blot,
Pray God you prove them lawfully begot!
For, in some Popish libels I have read,
The Wolf has been too busy in your bed;
At least their hinder parts, the belly-piece,
The paunch, and all that Scorpio claims, are his.
Their malice too a sore suspicion brings,
For, though they dare not bark, they snarl at kings.
Nor blame them for intruding in your line;
Fat bishoprics are still of right divine.
Think you, your new French proselytes are come,
To starve abroad, because they starved at home?
Your benefices twinkled from afar,
They found the new Messiah by the star;
Those Swisses fight on any side for pay,
And 'tis the living that conforms, not they.
Mark with what management their tribes divide;
Some stick to you, and some to t' other side,
That many churches may for many mouths provide.

More vacant pulpits would more converts make;
All would have latitude enough to take:
The rest unbeneficed your sects maintain;
For ordinations, without cures, are vain,
And chamber practice is a silent gain.
Your sons of breadth at home are much like these;
Their soft and yielding metals run with ease;
They melt, and take the figure of the mould,
But harden and preserve it best in gold."
"Your Delphic sword," the Panther then replied,
"Is double-edged, and cuts on either side.
Some sons of mine, who bear upon their shield
Three steeples argent in a sable field,
Have sharply taxed your converts, who, unfed,
Have followed you for miracles of bread;
Such, who themselves of no religion are,
Allured with gain, for any will declare.
Bare lies, with bold assertions, they can face;
But dint of argument is out of place.
The grim logician puts them in a fright;
'Tis easier far to flourish than to fight.
Thus, our eighth Henry's marriage they defame;
They say, the schism of beds began the game,
Divorcing from the Church to wed the dame;
Though largely proved, and by himself professed,
That conscience, conscience would not let him rest,—
I mean, not till possessed of her he loved,
And old, uncharming Catherine was removed.
For sundry years before he did complain,
And told his ghostly confessor his pain.
With the same impudence, without a ground,
They say, that, look the reformation round,
No treatise of humility is found.
But if none were, the gospel does not want;
Our Saviour preached it, and I hope you grant,
The sermon on the mount was Protestant."
"No doubt," replied the Hind, "as sure as all
The writings of Saint Peter and Saint Paul;
On that decision let it stand, or fall.

Now for my converts, who, you say, unfed,
Have followed me for miracles of bread.
Judge not by hearsay, but observe at least,
If since their change their loaves have been increased.
The Lion buys no converts; if he did,
Beasts would be sold as fast as he could bid.
Tax those of interest, who conform for gain,
Or stay the market of another reign:
Your broad-way sons would never be too nice
To close with Calvin, if he paid their price;
But, raised three steeples higher, would change their note,
And quit the cassock for the canting-coat.
Now, if you damn this censure, as too bold,
Judge by yourselves, and think not others sold.
  Meantime, my sons accused, by fame's report,
Pay small attendance at the Lion's court,
Nor rise with early crowds, nor flatter late;
For silently they beg, who daily wait.
Preferment is bestowed, that comes unsought;
Attendance is a bribe, and then 'tis bought.
How they should speed, their fortune is untried;
For not to ask, is not to be denied.
For what they have, their God and king they bless,
And hope they should not murmur, had they less.
But if reduced subsistence to implore,
In common prudence they would pass your door;
Unpities Hudibras, your champion friend,
Has shown how far your charities extend.
This lasting verse shall on his tomb be read,
'He shamed you living, and upbraids you dead.'
  With odious atheist names you load your foes;
Your liberal clergy why did I expose?
It never fails in charities like those.
In climes where true religion is professed,
That imputation were no laughing jest;
But *imprimatur,* with a chaplain's name,
Is here sufficient license to defame.
What wonder is't that black detraction thrives?

The homicide of names is less than lives;
And yet the perjured murderer survives."
  This said, she paused a little, and suppressed
The boiling indignation of her breast.
She knew the virtue of her blade, nor would
Pollute her satire with ignoble blood;
Her panting foe she saw before her eye,
And back she drew the shining weapon dry.
So when the generous Lion has in sight
His equal match, he rouses for the fight;
But when his foe lies prostrate on the plain,
He sheathes his paws, uncurls his angry mane.
And, pleased with bloodless honors of the day,
Walks over, and disdains the inglorious prey.

BRITANNIA REDIVIVA

A POEM ON THE BIRTH OF JAMES PRINCE OF WALES (THE PRETENDER)

Our vows are heard betimes! and Heaven takes care
To grant, before we can conclude the prayer:
Preventing angels met it half the way,
And sent us back to praise, who came to pray.
  Just on the day, when the high-mounted sun
Did farthest in his northern progress run,
He bended forward, and ev'n stretch'd the sphere
Beyond the limits of the lengthened year,
To view a brighter sun in Britain born;
That was the business of his longest morn;
The glorious object seen, 'twas time to turn.
  Departing Spring could only stay to shed
Her bloomy beauties on the genial bed,
But left the manly Summer in her stead,
With timely fruit the longing land to cheer,
And to fulfil the promise of the year.
Betwixt two seasons comes the auspicious heir,
This age to blossom, and the next to bear.

Last solemn sabbath saw the Church attend;
The Paraclete in fiery pomp descend;
But when his wondrous octave roll'd again,
He brought a royal infant in his train.
So great a blessing to so good a king,
None but the Eternal Comforter could bring.
Or did the mighty Trinity conspire,
As once, in council to create our sire?
It seems as if they sent the new-born guest
To wait on the procession of their feast;
And on their sacred anniverse decreed
To stamp their image on the promised seed.
Three realms united, and on one bestow'd,
An emblem of their mystic union show'd:
The Mighty Trine the triple empire shared,
As every person would have one to guard.
Hail, son of prayers! by holy violence
Drawn down from Heaven; but long be banish'd thence,
And late to thy paternal skies retire:
To mend our crimes whole ages would require;
To change the inveterate habit of our sins,
And finish what thy godlike sire begins.
Kind Heaven, to make us Englishmen again,
No less can give us than a patriarch's reign.
The sacred cradle to your charge receive,
Ye seraphs, and by turns the guard relieve;
Thy father's angel, and thy father join,
To keep possession, and secure the line;
But long defer the honors of thy fate:
Great may they be like his, like his be late;
That James this running century may view,
And give his son an auspice to the new.
Our wants exact at least that moderate stay:
For see the Dragon winged on his way,
To watch the travail, and devour the prey.
Or, if allusions may not rise so high,
Thus, when Alcides raised his infantry-cry,
The snakes besieged his young divinity:
But vainly with their forked tongues they threat;

For opposition makes a hero great.
To needful succour all the good will run,
And Jove assert the godhead of his son.
  Oh still repining at your present state,
Grudging yourselves the benefits of fate,
Look up, and read in characters of light
A blessing sent you in your own despite.
The manna falls, yet that celestial bread
Like Jews, you munch, and murmur while you feed.
May not your fortune be like their's, exiled,
Yet forty years to wander in the wild:
Or if it be may Moses live at least,
To lead you to the verge of promised rest.
  Though poets are not prophets, to foreknow
What plants will take the blight, and what will grow
By tracing Heaven his footsteps may be found:
Behold! how awfully he walks the round!
God is abroad, and, wondrous in his ways,
The rise of empires, and their fall surveys;
More (might I say) than with an usual eye,
He sees his bleeding Church in ruin lie,
And hears the souls of saints beneath his altar cry.
Already has he lifted high the sign,
Which crown'd the conquering arms of Constantine:
The moon grows pale at that presaging sight,
And half her train of stars have lost their light.
  Behold another Sylvester, to bless
The sacred standard, and secure success;
Large of his treasures, of a soul so great,
As fills and crowds his universal seat.
Now view at home a second Constantine;
(The former too was of the British line)
Has not his healing balm your breaches closed
Whose exile many sought, and few opposed?
Or, did not Heaven by its eternal doom
Permit those evils, that this good might come?
So manifest, that e'en the moon-eyed sects
See whom and what this Providence protects.
Methinks, had we within our minds no more

Than that one shipwreck on the fatal shore,
That only thought may make us think again,
What wonders God reserves for such a reign.
To dream that chance his preservation wrought,
Were to think Noah was preserved for nought:
Or the surviving eight were not design'd
To people earth, and to restore their kind.
  When humbly on the royal babe we gaze,
The manly lines of a majestic face
Give awful joy: 'tis paradise to look
On the fair frontispiece of Nature's book:
If the first opening page so charms the sight,
Think how the unfolded volume will delight!
See how the venerated infant lies
In early pomp; how through the mother's eyes
The father's soul, with an undaunted view,
Looks out, and takes our homage as his due.
See on his future subjects how he smiles,
Nor meanly flatters, nor with craft beguiles;
But with an open face, as on his throne,
Assures our birthrights, and assumes his own.
  Born in broad day-light, that the ungrateful rout
May find no room for a remaining doubt;
Truth, which itself is light, does darkness shun,
And the true eaglet safely dares the sun.
  Fain would the fiends have made a dubious birth
Loth to confess the godhead clothed in earth:
But sicken'd, after all their baffled lies,
To find an heir-apparent of the skies:
Abandon'd to despair, still may they grudge,
And, owning not the Saviour, prove the judge.
  Not great Æneas stood in plainer day,
When, the dark mantling mist dissolved away,
He to the Tyrians show'd his sudden face,
Shining with all his goddess-mother's grace:
For she herself had made his countenance bright,
Breathed honor on his eyes, and her own purple light.
  If our victorious Edward, as they say,
Gave Wales a prince on that propitious day,

Why may not years revolving with his fate
Produce his like, but with a longer date?
One, who may carry to a distant shore
The terror that his famed forefather bore.
But why should James or his young hero stay
For slight presages of a name or day?
We need no Edward's fortune to adorn
That happy moment when our prince was born:
Our prince adorns his day, and ages hence
Shall wish his birth-day for some future prince.
  Great Michael, prince of all the ethereal hosts,
And whate'er inborn saints our Britain boasts;
And thou, the adopted patron of our isle,
With cheerful aspects on this infant smile:
The pledge of Heaven, which, dropping from above,
Secures our bliss, and reconciles his love.
  Enough of ills our dire rebellion wrought,
When, to the dregs, we drank the bitter draught;
Then airy atoms did in plagues conspire,
Nor did the avenging angel yet retire,
But purged our still increasing crimes with fire.
Then perjured Plots, the still impending Test,
And worse—but charity conceals the rest:
Here stop the current of the sanguine flood;
Require not, gracious God, thy martyrs' blood;
But let their dying pangs, their living toil,
Spread a rich harvest through their native soil:
A harvest ripening for another reign,
Of which this royal babe may reap the grain.
  Enough of early saints one womb has given;
Enough increased the family of heaven:
Let them for his and our atonement go;
And reigning blest above, leave him to rule below.
  Enough already has the year foreslow'd
His wonted course, the sea has overflow'd,
The meads were floated with a weeping spring,
And frighten'd birds in woods forgot to sing:
The strong-limb'd steed beneath his harness faints,
And the same shivering sweat his lord attaints.

When will the minister of wrath give o'er?
Behold him, at Araunah's threshing-floor:
He stops, and seems to sheathe his flaming brand,
Pleased with burnt incense from our David's hand.
David has bought the Jebusite's abode,
And raised an altar to the living God.
  Heaven, to reward him, makes his joys sincere;
No future ills nor accidents appear,
To sully and pollute the sacred infant's year.
Five months to discord and debate were given:
He sanctifies the yet remaining seven.
Sabbath of months! henceforth in him be blest,
And prelude to the realms perpetual rest!
  Let his baptismal drops for us atone;
Lustrations for offences not his own.
Let Conscience, which is Interest ill disguised,
In the same font be cleansed, and all the land baptized.
  Unnamed as yet; at least unknown to fame:
Is there a strife in heaven about his name?
Where every famous predecessor vies,
And makes a faction for it in the skies?
Or must it be reserved to thought alone?
Such was the sacred Tetragrammaton.
Things worthy silence must not be reveal'd:
Thus the true name of Rome was kept conceal'd,
To shun the spells and sorceries of those
Who durst her infant Majesty oppose.
But when his tender strength in time shall rise
To dare ill tongues, and fascinating eyes;
This isle, which hides the little thunderer's fame,
Shall be too narrow to contain his name:
The artillery of heaven shall make him known;
Crete could not hold the god, when Jove was grown.
  As Jove's increase, who from his brain was born,
Whom arms and arts did equally adorn,
Free of the breast was bred, whose milky taste
Minerva's name to Venus had debased;
So this imperial babe rejects the food
That mixes monarch's with plebeian blood:

Food that his inborn courage might control,
Extinguish all the father in his soul,
And, for his Estian race, and Saxon strain,
Might reproduce some second Richard's reign.
Mildness he shares from both his parents' blood:
But kings too tame are despicably good:
Be this the mixture of this regal child,
By nature manly, but by virtue mild.
  Thus far the furious transport of the news
Had to prophetic madness fired the Muse;
Madness ungovernable, uninspired,
Swift to foretell whatever she desired.
Was it for me the dark abyss to tread,
And read the book which angels cannot read?
How was I punish'd, when the sudden blast,
The face of heaven, and our young sun o'ercast!
Fame, the swift ill, increasing as she roll'd,
Disease, despair, and death, at three reprises told;
At three insulting strides she stalk'd the town,
And, like contagion, struck the loyal down.
Down fell the winnow'd wheat; but mounted high,
The whirlwind bore the chaff, and hid the sky.
Here black rebellion shooting from below,
(As earth's gigantic brood by moments grow)
And here the sons of God are petrified with woe:
An apoplex of grief: so low were driven
The saints, as hardly to defend their heaven.
  As, when pent vapors run their hollow round,
Earthquakes, which are convulsions of the ground,
Break bellowing forth, and no confinement brook,
Till the third settles what the former shook;
Such heavings had our souls; till, slow and late,
Our life with his return'd, and faith prevail'd on fate.
By prayers the mighty blessing was implored,
To prayers was granted, and by prayers restored.
  So ere the Shunamite a son conceived,
The prophet promised, and the wife believed.
A son was sent, the son so much desired;
But soon upon the mother's knees expired.

The troubled seer approach'd the mournful door,
Ran, pray'd, and sent his pastoral staff before,
Then stretch'd his limbs upon the child, and mourn'd,
'Till warmth, and breath, and a new soul return'd.
  Thus Mercy stretches out her hand, and saves
Desponding Peter sinking in the waves.
  As when a sudden storm of hail and rain
Beats to the ground the yet unbearded grain,
Think not the hopes of harvest are destroy'd
On the flat field, and on the naked void;
The light, unloaded stem, from tempest freed,
Will raise the youthful honors of his head;
And, soon restored by native vigor, bear
The timely product of the bounteous year.
  Nor yet conclude all fiery trials past:
For Heaven will exercise us to the last;
Sometimes will check us in our full career,
With doubtful blessings, and with mingled fear;
That, still depending on his daily grace,
His every mercy for an alms may pass;
With sparing hands will diet us to good,
Preventing surfeits of our pamper'd blood.
So feeds the mother-bird her craving young
With little morsels, and delays them long.
  True, this last blessing was a royal feast;
But, where's the wedding-garment on the guest?
Our manners, as religion were a dream,
Are such as teach the nations to blaspheme.
In lusts we wallow, and with pride we swell,
And injuries with injuries repel;
Prompt to revenge, not daring to forgive,
C lives unteach the doctrine we believe.
Thus Israel sinn'd, impenitently hard,
And vainly thought the present ark their guard;
But when the haughty Philistines appear,
They fled, abandon'd to their foes and fear;
Their God was absent, though his ark was there.
Ah! lest our crimes should snatch this pledge away,
And make our joys the blessings of a day!

For we have sinn'd him hence, and that he lives,
God to his promise, not our practice gives.
Our crimes would soon weigh down the guilty scale,
But James, and Mary, and the Church prevail.
Nor Amalek can rout the chosen bands,
While Hur and Aaron hold up Moses' hands.
  By living well, let us secure his days,
Moderate in hopes, and humble in our ways.
No force the free-born spirit can constrain,
But charity, and great examples gain.
Forgiveness is our thanks for such a day,
'Tis god-like, God in his own coin to pay.
  But you, propitious queen, translated here,
From your mild heaven, to rule our rugged sphere,
Beyond the sunny walks, and circling year:
You, who your native climate have bereft
Of all the virtues, and the vices left;
Whom piety and beauty make their boast,
Though beautiful is well in pious lost;
So lost, as star-light is dissolved away,
And melts into the brightness of the day;
Or gold about the regal diadem,
Lost to improve the luster of the gem.
What can we add to your triumphant day?
Let the great gift the beauteous giver pay.
For should our thanks awake the rising sun,
And lengthen, as his latest shadows run,
That, tho' the longest day, would soon, too soon be done.
Let angels' voices with their harps conspire,
But keep the auspicious infant from the choir;
Late let him sing above, and let us know
No sweeter music than his cries below.
  Nor can I wish to you, great monarch, more
Than such an annual income to your store;
The day which gave this Unit, did not shine
For less omen, than to fill the Trine.
After a Prince, an Admiral beget;
The Royal Sovereign wants an anchor yet.
Our isle has younger titles still in store,

And when the exhausted land can yield no more,
Your line can force them from a foreign shore.
  The name of Great your martial mind will suit;
But justice is your darling attribute:
Of all the Greeks, 'twas but one hero's due,
And, in him, Plutarch prophesied of you.
A prince's favor but on few can fall,
But justice is a virtue shared by all.
  Some kings the name of conquerors have assumed,
Some to be great, some to be gods presumed;
But boundless power, and arbitrary lust,
Made tyrants still abhor the name of just;
They shunn'd the praise this god-like virtue gives,
And fear'd a title that reproach'd their lives.
  The power, from which all kings derive their state,
Whom they pretend, at least, to imitate,
Is equal both to punish and reward;
For few would love their God, unless they fear'd.
  Resistless force and immortality
Make but a lame, imperfect, deity;
Tempests have force unbounded to destroy,
And deathless being even the damn'd enjoy;
And yet Heaven's attributes, both last and first,
One without life, and one with life accurst:
But justice is Heaven's self, so strictly he,
That, could it fail, the Godhead could not be.
This virtue is your own; but life and state
Are one to fortune subject, one to fate:
Equal to all, you justly frown or smile;
Nor hopes nor fears your steady hand beguile;
Yourself our balance hold, the world's our isle.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1687

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
  This universal frame began:
When nature underneath a heap
  Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,

The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead.
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony,
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger,
And mortal alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair, disdainful, dame.

But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race;
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre:
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher;
When to her organ vocal breath was given.
An angel heard, and straight appear'd
Mistaking earth for heaven.

GRAND CHORUS

As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the bless'd above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

ALEXANDER POPE

1688—1744

Alexander Pope, poet and satirist, the most distinguished man of letters of his age, was born in London in 1688. His parents were of the Catholic faith, a matter which at this time was conducive of great hardship. The efforts of James II to restore England to the ancient belief had ended in disaster, the king himself being forced to flee to France, and the throne being tendered to William of Orange, one of the strictest of Protestant princes. Naturally, the result was a state

of affairs adverse to Catholics. In fact, during the whole of Pope's lifetime Catholics were oppressed. They were not allowed to attend the schools and universities. Their taxes were multiplied, and they were forbidden to hold real estate. No single public career was open to them. And as a climax, during the last year of Pope's life, a proclamation was read which prohibited Catholics from approaching nearer than ten miles to the city of London. In spite of such conditions, and notwithstanding pressure after pressure that was brought to bear upon him, Alexander Pope continued all his life the practise of his faith.

His early education was carried on by the family priest, who grounded him rather thoroughly in Latin and Greek. For a short time he attended a makeshift school in London, but at the age of twelve gave up formal study entirely.

His first publication consisted of a modernized version of one of *The Canterbury Tales,* a short translation from Homer, and some original verses, *Pastorals,* all which appeared in *Tonson's Miscellany* in 1709.

From this time he directed all his efforts toward becoming a writer. In 1711 appeared his *Essay on Criticism,* which marked the beginnings of his fame. *Messiah* was published in 1712, and the first draft of *The Rape of the Lock* appeared in the same year.

These writings brought him the acquaintance of most of the prominent men of his day, and had it not been for the fact of his religion he might have held one of the sinecure offices that so frequently were bestowed upon men of letters at that time. Lacking this sort of opportunity he began a translation of Homer. As a result of the wide friendships he had made and of his reputation as a poet, he received from this undertaking the, in his age, unprecedented sum of $30,000. Not only was the work a financial success, but the world has ever since accepted it as the standard translation of the works of Homer.

The *Homer* appeared between 1715 and 1720, and immediately afterward Pope undertook to edit the plays of Shakespeare. His edition made its appearance in 1724, and while it has been largely superseded, it holds a special interest for Shakespearean scholars by reason of its being the first attempt to restore the original text.

In 1728 he published the *Dunciad,* a satire in which he declared war upon his enemies. Unfortunately, because of his religion, because of his badly mis-shapen body, but chiefly perhaps because he had made for himself in spite of his handicaps a distinguished place in the world of letters, he had from the first been the target for all sorts of abuse. The *Dunciad* was his answer, and has become no slight contributing cause for the reputation for ill-nature that succeeding generations have given him.

Following the *Dunciad* came the *Moral Essays* in 1731, the *Essay*

on Man in 1733, *Satires and Epistles* in 1738, and the collected *Works* in 1735.

The last years of his life were spent at Twickenham, where he died in 1744.

As a poet Pope represents the highest achievement in one of the great literary movements; he reflected exactly the ideals of his age in art, thought, and politics; and he achieved a conscious unity, an exactitude of phrase, and a degree of finish like nothing any previous writer had attempted.

MESSIAH

A SACRED ECLOGUE, IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S "POLLIO"

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O Thou my voice inspire,
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root beheld a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
Th' ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove.
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storm a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail:
Returning justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See, Nature hastes her earliest wreathes to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring;
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance:

See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfume the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! A God, a God appears!
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply;
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains; and ye valleys, rise!
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way.
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:
Hear him, ye deaf; and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear;
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting, like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear;
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamantine chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air;
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms:
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promised father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more:
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plough-share end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,

And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste, sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:
To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed,
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead.
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased, the green luster of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars, throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabean springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!

The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away:
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend, and sing;
The breathing instruments inspire;
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly-pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet sound,
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound:
While, in more lengthen'd notes and slow,
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers soft and clear
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies;
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air trembling, the wild music floats:
Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

By music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;
Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds:
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds;
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,

Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Listening Envy drops her snakes;
Intestine wars no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions bear away their rage.

But when our country's cause provoke to arms,
How martial music every bosom warms!
So when the first bold vessel dared the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian raised his strain,
While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main.
Transported demi-gods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Inflamed with glory's charms:
Each chief his sevenfold shield display'd,
And half unsheathed the shining blade;
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound
To arms, to arms, to arms!

But when through all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,
Love, strong as death, the poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appear'd,
O'er all the coasts!
Dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortured ghosts!
But, hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
And see! the tortur'd ghosts respire,
See, shady forms advance!
Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale specters dance!

The furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurl'd hang listening round their heads.

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er th' Elysian flowers;
By those happy souls, who dwell
In yellow meads of asphodel,
Or amaranthine bowers;
By the hero's armed shades,
Glitt'ring through the gloomy glades;
By the youths that died for love,
Wandering in the myrtle grove,
Restore, restore Eurydice to life:
Oh take the husband, or return the wife!
He sung, and hell consented
To hear the poet's prayer;
Stern Prosperine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus song could prevail
O'er death, and o'er hell;
A conquest how hard and how glorious!
Though fate had fast bound her
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet music and love were victorious.

But soon, too soon the lover turns his eyes:
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beside the fall of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in meanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghost,
For ever, ever, ever lost!

Now with furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidst Rhodope's snows:
See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;
Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals' cries—
Ah, see, he dies!
Yet e'en in death Eurydice he sung;
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue;
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm;
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confined the sound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
The immortal powers incline their ear:
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
And angels lean from heaven to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell;
To bright Cecilia greater power is given:
His numbers raised a shade from hell,
Hers lift the soul to heaven.

ODE

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL

Vital spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
Oh grave! where is thy victory?
Oh death! where is thy sting?

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER

FATHER of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, our Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood;
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, That thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And, binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the human will:

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives;
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
  Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
  When thousand worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
  Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
  On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart
  Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
  To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
  Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
  Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
  To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others shew,
  That mercy shew to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
  Since quicken'd by thy breath;
O lead me, wheresoe'er I go,
  Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
  All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
  And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
  Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all being raise!
  All nature's incense rise!

From AN ESSAY ON MAN

Awake, my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings.
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan:
A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot;
Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights explore
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
Eye nature's walk, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise:
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man.
I. Say first, of God above, or man below,
What can we reason but from what we know?
Of man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Through worlds unnumber'd though the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who through vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What varied being peoples every star,
May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.
But of this frame the bearings and the ties,
The strong connexions, nice dependencies.
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Look'd through? or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God or thee?
II. Presumptuous man! the reason wouldst thou find
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?

First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?
Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade?
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove?
  Of systems possible, if 'tis confess'd,
That wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where all must full or not coherent be,
And all that rises, rise in due degree;
Then, in the scale of reasoning life, 'tis plain,
There must be somewhere, such a rank as man:
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has placed him wrong?
  Respecting man, whatever wrong we call
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works though labor'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain:
In God's, one single can its end produce;
Yet serves to second too some other use.
So man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal:
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.
  When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god:
Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's, use and end;
Why doing, suffering, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.
  Then say not man's imperfect, Heaven in fault;
Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought:
His knowledge measured to his state and place;
His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here, or there?

The bless'd to-day is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago.

III. Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescribed, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
O blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heaven:
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher, Death; and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be bless'd;
The soul, uneasy, and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates on a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, an humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fanciest such;
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet say, if man's unhappy, God's unjust:
If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the god of God.
In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the bless'd abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel:
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of order, sins against th' Eternal Cause.

V. Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, ''Tis for mine:
For me kind nature wakes her genial power;
Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower;
Annual for me, the grape, the rose, renew
The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
My foot-stool earth, my canopy the skies.'

But errs not nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
'No,' 'tis replied, 'the first Almighty Cause
Acts not by partial, but by general laws;
Th' exceptions few; some change since all began:
And what created perfect?'—Why then man?
If the great end be human happiness,
Then nature deviates; and can man do less?
As much that end a constant course requires

Of showers and sunshine, as of man's desires;
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As men for ever temperate, calm, and wise.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's design,
Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?
Who knows, but he whose hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms:
Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind?
From pride, from pride, our very reasoning springs;
Account for moral as for natural things:
Why charge we Heaven in those, in these acquit?
In both, to reason right, is to submit.
Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind,
That never passion discomposed the mind.
But all subsists by elemental strife;
And passions are the elements of life.
The general order, since the whole began,
Is kept in nature, and is kept in man.
VI. What would this man? Now upward will he soar,
And little less than angel, would be more;
Now looking downwards, just as grieved appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the powers of all?
Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
The proper organs, proper powers assign'd;
Each seeming want compensated of course
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;
All is exact proportion to the state;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own:
Is Heaven unkind to man and man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleased with nothing, if not blessed with all?
The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;

No powers of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
Say what the use, were finer optics given,
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at every pore?
Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
If Nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that Heaven had left him still
The whispering zephyr, and the purling rill!
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII. Far as creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental, powers ascends:
Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam;
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
And hound sagacious on the tainted green;
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood!
The spiders touch how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true,
From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew!
How instinct varies in the grovelling swine,
Compared, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that and reason what a nice barrier;
For ever separate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and reflection how allied;
What thin partitions sense from thought divide!
And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass the insuperable line!
Without this just gradation, could they be

Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
The powers of all subdued by thee alone,
Is not thy reason all these powers in one?
VIII. See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from infinite to thee,
From thee to nothing.—On superior powers
Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd:
From nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.
And, if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to the amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall.
Let earth unbalanced from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heaven's whole foundations to their center nod,
And nature trembles to the throne of God.
All this dread order break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—oh madness! pride! impiety!
IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspired to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear, repined
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another in this general frame:
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains
The great directing Mind of all ordains.
All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;

That, changed through all, and yet in all the same;
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

X. Cease then, nor order imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as bless'd as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good.
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

JOHN LINGARD

1771—1851

John Lingard, priest, scholar, and historian, was born in Winchester in 1771. Leaning early toward the priesthood, he entered Douai in 1782, where he so distinguished himself as to be retained as professor upon the completion of his studies.

During the French Revolution he returned to England and was given charge of the studies of the Douai refugees at Crook Hall in Durham, acting as professor of church history. While thus engaged he began his researches into English history, which later were to develop into his life work.

Retiring to a small mission at Hornby in 1811, he devoted himself to the composition of his *History of England,* seldom leaving the place of his retirement, except for short journeys to the continent in order to consult manuscripts, until the time of his death in 1851.

Lingard's *History of England* is remarkable for two characteristics: first, its close adherence to the documents upon which it is based—hence its authority; and second, its calm, unimpassioned presentation of fact in a style at once clear and yet colorful—hence its widespread influence.

From HISTORY OF ENGLAND

MARY

THE declining health of Edward had attracted the notice of the neighboring courts: to the two rival sovereigns, Charles V. of Germany, and Henry II. of France, it offered a new subject of political intrigue. The presumptive heir to the sick king was his sister Mary, a princess who, ever since the death of her father, had been guided by the advice, and under persecution had been protected by the remonstrances, of the emperor. Gratitude, as well as consanguinity, must attach her to the interests of her benefactor and relative; probably she would, in the event of her succession, throw the power of England into the scale against the pretensions of France: it was even possible that partiality to the father might induce her to accept the son for her husband. On these accounts both princes looked forward with considerable solicitude to the approaching death of Edward, and to the result of the plot contrived by the ambition of Northumberland.

Charles had despatched from Brussels, Montmorency, Marnix, and Renard, as ambassadors extraordinary to the English court. They came under the pretence of visiting the infirm monarch; but the real object was to watch the proceedings of the council, to study the resources of the different parties, to make friends for the lady Mary, and, as far as prudence would allow, to promote her succession to the throne.

The same reasons which induced the emperor to favor, urged the king of France to oppose, the interest of Mary. Aware of the design of his rival, Henry despatched to London the bishop of Orleans, and the Chevalier de Gye, with instructions to coun-

teract the attempts of the imperial envoys; but the slow progress of these ministers was anticipated by the industry and address of Noailles, the resident ambassador, who, though he would not commit his sovereign by too explicit an avowal of his sentiments, readily offered to the council the aid of France, if foreigners should attempt to disturb the tranquillity of the realm. The hint was sufficient. Northumberland saw that he had nothing to fear, but everything to hope, from the policy of the French monarch.

It was on the evening of the sixth of July that Edward expired at Greenwich. With the view of concealing his death for some days from the knowledge of the public, the guards had been previously doubled in the palace, and all communication intercepted between his chamber and the other apartments. Yet that very night, while the lords sat in deliberation, the secret was communicated to Mary by a note, probably from the earl of Arundel, unfolding the design of the conspirators. She was then at Hoddesdon, in the neighborhood of London, and, had she hesitated, would by the next morning have been a prisoner in the Tower. Without losing a moment she mounted her horse, and rode with the servants of her household to Kenninghall, in Norfolk.

The council broke up after midnight; and Clinton, the lord admiral, took possession of the Tower, with the royal treasures, the munitions of war, and the prisoners of state. The three next days were employed in making such previous arrangements as were thought necessary for the success of the enterprise. While the death of Edward was yet unknown, the officers of the guards and of the household, the lord mayor, six aldermen, and twelve of the principal citizens, were summoned before the council. All were informed of the recent settlement of the crown, and required to take an oath of allegiance to the new sovereign; the latter were dismissed with an injunction not to betray the secret, and to watch over the tranquillity of the city. On the fourth morning it was determined to publish the important intelligence; and the chief of lords, attended by a numerous escort, rode to Sion House to announce to the lady Jane her succession to the throne of her royal cousin.

Jane has been described to us as a young woman of gentle manners, and superior talents, addicted to the study of the scriptures

and the classics, but fonder of dress than suited the austere notions of the reformed preachers. Of the designs of the duke of Northumberland in her favor, and of the arts by which he had deceived the simplicity of Edward, she knew nothing; nor had she suffered the dark and mysterious predictions of the duchess to make any impression on her mind. Her love of privacy had induced her to solicit, what in the uncertain state of the king's health was readily granted, permission to leave London, and to spend a few days at Chelsea; she was indulging herself in this retirement, when she received by the lady Sydney, her husband's sister, an order from the council to return immediately to Sion House, and to await there the commands of the king. She obeyed; and the next morning was visited by the duke of Northumberland, the marquess of Northampton, and the earls of Arundel, Huntingdon, and Pembroke. At first, the conversation turned on indifferent subjects, but there was in their manner an air of respect, which awakened some uneasiness in her mind, and seemed to explain the hints already given to her by her mother-in-law. Soon afterward that lady entered, accompanied by the duchess of Suffolk and the marchioness of Northampton; and the duke, addressing the lady Jane, informed her that the king her cousin was dead; that before he expired, he had prayed to God to preserve the realm from the infection of papistry, and the misrule of his sisters Mary and Elizabeth; that, on account of their being illegitimate, and by the act of parliament incapable of the succession, he had resolved to pass them by, and to leave the crown in the right line; and that he had therefore commanded the council to proclaim her, the lady Jane, his lawful heir, and in default of her and her issue, her two sisters, Catherine and Mary. At the words the lords fell on their knees, declared that they took her for their sovereign, and swore that they were ready to shed their blood in support of her right. The reader may easily conceive the agitation of spirits which a communication so important and unlooked for was likely to create in a young woman of timid habits and delicate health. She trembled, uttered a shriek, and sank to the ground. On her recovery she observed to those around her, that she seemed to herself a very unfit person to be a queen; but that, if the right were hers, she trusted God would give her strength to wield the scepter to his honor and the benefit of the nation.

Such is the account of this transaction given, about a month afterwards, by Jane herself, in a letter from the Tower to Queen Mary. The feelings which she describes are such as one might expect: surprise at the annunciation, grief for the death of her royal cousin, and regret to quit a station in which she had been happy. But modern writers have attributed to her much of which she seems to have been ignorant herself. The beautiful language which they put into her mouth, her forcible reasoning in favor of the claim of Mary, her philosophic contempt of the splendor of royalty, her refusal to accept a crown which was not her right, and her reluctant submission to the commands of her parents, must be considered as the fictions of historians, who, in their zeal to exalt the character of the heroine, seem to have forgotten that she was only sixteen years of age.

About three in the afternoon, the young queen was conducted by water to the Tower, the usual residence of our kings preparatory to their coronation. She made her entry in state. Her train was borne by her mother, the duchess of Suffolk; the lord treasurer presented her with the crown; and her relations saluted her on their knees. At six the same evening, the heralds proclaimed the death of Edward and the succession of Jane; and a printed instrument with her signature was circulated, to acquaint the people with the grounds of her claim. It alleged: 1. That though the succession, by the thirty-fifth of Henry VIII., stood limited to the ladies Mary and Elizabeth, yet neither of them could take any thing under that act, because, by a previous statute of the twenty-eighth of the same reign, which still remained in force, both daughters had been pronounced illegitimate, and incapable of inheriting the crown; 2. That even, had they been born in lawful wedlock, they could have no claim to the succession after Edward, because being his sisters only by the half-blood, they could not inherit from him according to the ancient laws and customs of the realm; 3. That the fact of their being single women ought to be a bar to their claim, as by their subsequent marriages they might place the sovereign power in the hands of a foreign despot, who would be able to subvert the liberties of the people, and to restore the jurisdiction of the bishop of Rome; 4. That these considerations had moved the late king to limit, by his letters patent, the inheritance of the crown in the first place to the lawful issue of the duchess of

Suffolk, her male issue, if any were born to her during his life, otherwise to her daughters and their issue in succession, and after them to the daughter of the late countess of Cumberland, sister to the said duchess, and to her issue, inasmuch as the said ladies were nigh to him of blood, and "naturally born within the realm"; 5. And that therefore the lady Jane, the eldest daughter of the duchess of Suffolk, had now taken upon herself, as belonging to her of right, the government of the kingdom of England and Ireland, and of all their dependencies. To the arguments contained in this labored proclamation the people listened in ominous silence. They had so long considered Mary the presumptive heir, that they did not comprehend how her claim could be defeated by any pretensions of a daughter of the house of Suffolk. Not a single voice was heard in approbation; a vintner's boy had the temerity to express his dissent, and the next day paid the forfeit of his folly with the loss of his ears.

The following morning arrived at the Tower a messenger from Mary, the bearer of a letter to the lords, in which, assuming the style and tone of their sovereign, she upbraided them with their neglect to inform her of the death of her brother, hinted her knowledge of their disloyal intention to oppose her right, and commanded them, as they hoped for favor, to proclaim her accession immediately in the metropolis, and as soon as possible, in all other parts of the kingdom.

This communication caused no change in their counsels, awakened no apprehension in their minds. Mary was a single and defenceless female, unprepared to vindicate her right, without money, and without followers. *They* had taken every precaution to insure success. The exercise of the royal authority was in their hands; the royal treasures were at their disposal; the guards had sworn obedience; a fleet of twenty armed vessels lay in the river; and a body of troops had been assembled in the Isle of Wight, ready at any moment to execute orders. Depending on their own resources, contrasted with the apparent helplessness of their adversary, they affected to dread her flight more than her resistance, and returned an answer under the signatures of the archbishop, the chancellor, and twenty-one councillors, requiring her to abandon her false claim, and to submit as a dutiful subject to her lawful and undoubted sovereign.

In a few hours the illusion vanished. The mass of people knew little of the lady Jane, but all had heard of the ambition of Northumberland. His real object, it was said, was now unmasked. To deprive the late king of his nearest relatives and protectors, he had persuaded Somerset to take the life of the lord admiral, and Edward to take that of Somerset. The royal youth was the next victim. He had been removed by poison to make room for the lady Jane, who, in her turn, would be compelled to yield the crown to Northumberland himself. These reports were circulated and believed, and the public voice, wherever it might be expressed with impunity, was unanimous in favor of Mary. The very day on which the answer to her letter had been despatched brought the alarming intelligence that she was already joined by the earls of Bath and Sussex, and by the eldest sons of the lords Wharton and Mordant; that the gentlemen of the neighboring counties were hastening to her aid with their tenants and dependants; and that in a short time a numerous and formidable army would be embattled under her banners. Northumberland saw the necessity of despatch: but how could he venture to leave the capital, where his presence awed the disaffected and secured the coöperation of his colleagues? He proposed to give the command of the forces to the duke of Suffolk, whose affection for his daughter was a pledge of his fidelity, and whose want of military experience might be supplied by the knowledge of his associates. But he could not deceive the secret partisans of Mary, who saw his perplexity, and to liberate themselves from his control, urged him to take the command upon himself. They praised his skill, his valor, and his good fortune; they exaggerated the insufficiency of Suffolk, and the consequences to be apprehended from a defeat; and they prevailed upon Jane, through anxiety for her father, to unite with them in their entreaties to Northumberland. He gave a tardy and reluctant consent. When he took leave of his colleagues he exhorted them to fidelity with an earnestness which betrayed his apprehensions; and, as he rode through the city at the head of the troops, he remarked, in a tone of despondency, to Sir John Gates, "The people crowd to look upon us, but not one exclaims, 'God speed ye.' "

From the beginning the duke mistrusted the fidelity of the citi

zens: before his departure he requested the aid of the preachers, and exhorted them to appeal from the pulpit to the religious feelings of their hearers. By no one was the task performed with greater zeal than by Ridley, Bishop of London, who, on the following Sunday, preached at St. Paul's Cross before the lord mayor, the aldermen, and a numerous assemblage of the people. He maintained that the daughters of Henry VIII. were, by the illegitimacy of their birth, excluded from the succession. He contrasted the opposite characters of the present competitors, the gentleness, the piety, the orthodoxy of the one, with the haughtiness, the foreign connections, and the popish creed of the other. As a proof of Mary's bigotry, he narrated a chivalrous but unsuccessful attempt, which he had made within the last year, to withdraw her from the errors of popery; and in conclusion, he conjured the audience, as they prized the pure light of the gospel, to support the cause of the lady Jane, and to oppose the claim of her idolatrous rival. But the torrent of his eloquence was poured in vain. Among his hearers there were many indifferent to either form of worship. Of the rest, the Protestants had not yet learned that religious belief could affect hereditary right: and the Catholics were confirmed by the bishop's arguments in their adhesion to the interests of Mary.

That princess, to open a communication with the emperor in Flanders, had unexpectedly left Kenninghall; and, riding forty miles without rest, had reached, on the same evening, the castle of Framlingham. There her hopes were hourly cheered with the most gratifying intelligence. The earl of Essex, the lord Thomas Howard, the Jerninghams, Bedingfelds, Sulyards, Pastons, and most of the neighboring gentlemen, successively arrived, with their tenants, to fight under her standard. Sir Edward Hastings, Sir Edmund Peckham, and Sir Robert Drury, had levied ten thousand men in the counties of Oxford, Buckingham, Berks, and Middlesex, and purposed to march from Drayton for Westminster and the palace; her more distant friends continued to send her presents of money, and offers of service; Henry Jerningham prevailed on a hostile squadron, of six sail, to acknowledge her authority; and a timely supply of arms and ammunition from the ships relieved the more urgent wants of her adherents. In a few

days Mary was surrounded by more than thirty thousand men, all volunteers in her cause, who refused to receive pay, and served through the sole motive of loyalty.

In this emergency, doubt and distrust seem to have unnerved the mind of Northumberland, who had marched from Cambridge, in the direction of Framlingham, accompanied by his son the earl of Warwick, by the marquess of Northampton, the earl of Huntingdon, and the lord Grey. With an army of eight thousand infantry, and two thousand cavalry, inferior, indeed, in number to his opponents, but infinitely superior in military appointments and discipline, he might, by a bold and immediate attack, have dispersed the tumultuary force of the royalists, and have driven Mary across the sea, to the court of her imperial cousin. But he saw, as he advanced, the enthusiasm of the people in her cause; he heard that he had been proclaimed a rebel, and that a price had been fixed on his head; and he feared that Sir Edward Hastings would, in a few days, cut off his communication with the capital. At Bury his heart failed him. He ordered a retreat to Cambridge, and wrote to the council for numerous and immediate reinforcement. The men perceived the irresolution of their leader; their ignorance of his motives gave birth to the most disheartening reports; and their ranks were hourly thinned by desertion.

In the council there appeared no diminution of zeal, no want of unanimity. It was resolved to send for a body of mercenaries, which had been raised in Picardy, to issue commissions for the levying of troops in the vicinity of the metropolis, and to offer eight crowns per month, besides provisions, to volunteers. But, as such tardy expedients did not met the urgency of the case, the lords proposed to separate, and hasten to the army, at the head of their respective friends and dependants. Though Suffolk had been instructed to detain them within the walls of the Tower, he either saw not their object, or dared not oppose their pleasure. The next morning the lord treasurer and lord privy seal, the earls of Arundel, Shrewsbury, and Pembroke, Sir Thomas Cheney, and Sir John Mason, left the fortress under the pretence of receiving the French ambassador at Baynard's Castle, a fitter place, it was said, for that purpose than the Tower.

There they were joined by the lord mayor, the recorder, and a deputation of aldermen, who had been summoned by a trusty

messenger; and the discussion was opened by the earl of Arundel, who, in a set speech, declaimed against the ambition of Northumberland, and asserted the right of the two daughters of Henry VIII. The moment he had finished, the earl of Pembroke drew his sword, exclaiming, "If the arguments of my lord of Arundel do not persuade you, this sword shall make Mary queen, or I will die in her quarrel." He was answered with shouts of approbation, and Suffolk, who had been sent for, signed with the others the proclamation of Mary. The whole body then rode in procession through the city. At St. Paul's Cross the earl of Pembroke proclaimed the new queen amidst the deafening acclamations of the populace. Te Deum was sung in the cathedral; beer, wine, and money were distributed among the people; and the night was ushered in with bonfires, illuminations, and the accustomed demonstrations of public joy.

While the earl of Arundel and the lord Paget carried the intelligence of this revolution to Framlingham, the earl of Pembroke, with his company of the guard, took possession of the Tower. The next morning the lady Jane departed to Sion House. Her reign had lasted but nine days; and they had been days of anxiety and distress. She had suffered much from her own apprehensions of an unfortunate result, more from the displeasure of her husband, and the imperious humor of his mother. The moment she was gone, the lords, without any distinction of party, united in sending an order to Northumberland to disband his forces, and to acknowledge Mary for his sovereign. But he had already taken the only part which prudence suggested. Sending for the vice-chancellor, Doctor Sands, who, on the preceding Sunday, had preached against the daughters of Henry, he proceeded to the market-place, where, with tears of grief running down his cheeks, he proclaimed the lady Mary, and threw his cap into the air, in token of joy. During the night he was prevented from making his escape by the vigilance of his own men; and on the following morning he was arrested on a charge of high treason, by the earl of Arundel, and conducted, with several of his associates, to the Tower. It required a strong guard to protect the prisoners from the vengeance of the populace.

The lady Elizabeth had taken no part in this contest. To a messenger, indeed, from Northumberland, who offered her a large

sum of money, and a valuable grant of lands, as the price of her voluntary renunciation of all right to the succession, she replied, that she had no right to renounce, as long as her elder sister was living. But, if she did not join the lady Jane, she did nothing in aid of the lady Mary. Under the excuse of a real or feigned indisposition, she confined herself to her chamber, that, whichever party proved victorious, she might claim the negative merit of non-resistance. Now, however, the contest was at an end: the new queen approached her capital; and Elizabeth deemed it prudent to court the favor of the conqueror. At the head of a hundred and fifty horse, she met her at Aldgate. They rode together in triumphal procession through the streets, which were lined with different crafts in their gayest attire. Every eye was directed toward the royal sisters. Those who had seen Henry VIII. and Catherine could discover little in the queen to remind them of the majestic port of her father, or of the beautiful features and graceful carriage of her mother. Her figure was short and small; the lines of care were deeply impressed on her countenance; and her dark piercing eyes struck with awe all those on whom they were fixed. In personal appearance Elizabeth had the advantage. She was in the bloom of youth, about half the age of the queen. Without much pretension to beauty, she could boast of agreeable features, large blue eyes, a tall and portly figure, and of hands, the elegant symmetry of which she was proud to display on every occasion. As they passed, their ears were stunned with the acclamations of the people; when they entered the Tower, they found kneeling on the green, the state prisoners, the duchess of Somerset, the duke of Norfolk, the son of the late marquess of Exeter, and Tunstall and Gardiner, the deprived bishops of Durham and Winchester. The latter pronounced a short congratulatory address. Mary burst into tears, called them *her* prisoners, bade them rise, and having kissed them, gave them their liberty. The same day she ordered a dole to be distributed, of eight pence, to every poor householder in the city.

In the appointment of her official advisers, the new queen was directed by necessity as much as choice. If the lords who, escaping from the Tower, had proclaimed her in the city, expected to retain their former situations, the noblemen and gentlemen who had adhered to her fortunes, when every probability was against her, had

still more powerful claims on her gratitude. She sought to satisfy both classes, by admitting them into her council; and to these she successively added a few others, among whom the chief were the bishops Gardiner and Tunstall, who, under her father, had been employed in offices of trust, and had discharged them with fidelity and success. The acknowledged abilities of the former soon raised him to the post of prime minister. He first received the custody of the seals, and was soon afterwards appointed chancellor. The next to him, in ability and influence in the council, was the lord Paget.

Though the queen found herself unexpectedly in debt from the policy of Northumberland, who had kept the officers and servants of the crown three years in arrears of their salaries, she issued two proclamations, which drew upon her the blessings of the whole nation. By the first she restored a depreciated currency to its original value, ordered a new coinage of sovereigns and half-sovereigns, angels and half-angels, of fine gold, and of silver groats, half-groats, and pennies of the standard purity; and charged the whole loss and expense to the treasury. By the other she remitted to her people, in gratitude for their attachment to her right, the subsidy of four shillings in the pound on land, and two shillings and eight pence on goods, which had been granted to the crown by the late parliament. As the time of her coronation approached, the queen introduced, within the palace an innovation highly gratifying to the younger branches of the female nobility, though it foreboded little good to the reformed preachers. Under Edward, their fanaticism had given to the court a somber and funereal appearance. That they might exclude from it the pomps of the devil, they had strictly forbidden all richness of apparel, and every fashionable amusement. But Mary, who recollected with pleasure the splendid gaieties of her father's reign, appeared publicly in jewels and colored silks; the ladies, emancipated from restraint, copied her example; and the courtiers, encouraged by the approbation of their sovereign, presumed to dress with a splendor that became their rank in the state. A new impulse was thus communicated to all classes of persons; and considerable sums were expended by the citizens in public and private decorations, preparatory to the coronation. That ceremony was performed after the ancient rite, by Gardiner bishop of Winchester, and was

concluded in the usual manner, with a magnificent banquet in Westminster Hall. The same day a general pardon was proclaimed, with the exception, by name, of sixty individuals who had been committed to prison, or confined to their own houses, by order of the council, for treasonable or seditious offences committed since the queen's accession.

But though Mary was now firmly seated on the throne, she found herself without a friend to whom she could open her mind with freedom and safety. Among the leading members of her council there was not one who had not, in the reigns of her father or her brother, professed himself her enemy; nor did she now dare to trust them with her confidence, till she had assured herself of their fidelity. In this distress she had recourse to the prince who had always proved himself her friend, and who, she had persuaded herself, could have no interest in deceiving her. She solicited the advice of the emperor on three very important questions: the punishment of those who had conspired to deprive her of the crown, the choice of her future husband, and restoration of the ancient worship. It was agreed between them that the correspondence on these subjects should pass through the hands of the imperial ambassador, Simon de Renard, and that he, to elude suspicion, should live in comparative privacy, and very seldom make his appearance at court.

1. To the first question Charles replied, that it was the common interest of sovereigns that rebellion should not go unpunished; but that she ought to blend mercy with justice; and, having inflicted speedy vengeance on the chief of the conspirators, to grant a free and unsolicited pardon to the remainder. In compliance with this advice, Mary had selected out of the list of prisoners seven only for immediate trial: the duke of Northumberland, the contriver and executor of the plot, his son, the earl of Warwick, the marquess of Northampton, Sir John Gates, Sir Henry Gates, Sir Andrew Dudley, and Sir Thomas Palmer, his principal counsellors and constant associates. It was in vain that the imperial ministers urged her to include the lady Jane in the number. Were she spared, the queen, they alleged, could never reign in security. The first faction that dared would again set her up as a rival. She had usurped the crown, and policy required that she should pay the forfeit of her presumption. But Mary undertook her defence.

She could not, she said, find it in her heart or in her conscience to put her unfortunate cousin to death. Jane was not so guilty as the emperor believed. She had not been the accomplice of Northumberland, but merely a puppet in his hands. Neither was she his daughter-in-law; for she had been validly contracted to another person, before she was compelled to marry Guilford Dudley. As for the danger arising from her pretensions, it was but imaginary. Every requisite precaution might be taken, before she was restored to liberty.

For the trial of the three noblemen, the duke of Norfolk had been appointed high steward. When they were brought before their peers, Northumberland submitted to the consideration of the court the following questions: Could that man be guilty of treason who had acted by the authority of the prince and council, and under the warrant of the great seal; or could those persons sit in judgment upon him, who, during the whole proceedings, had been his advisers and accomplices? It was replied, that the great seal of which he spoke was not that of the sovereign, but of an usurper, and that the lords to whom he alluded were able in law to sit as judges, so long as there was no record of attainder against them. In these answers he acquiesced, pleaded guilty, together with his companions, and petitioned the queen that she would commute his punishment into decapitation; that mercy might be extended to his children, who had acted under his direction; that he might have the aid of an able divine to prepare himself for death; and might be allowed to confer with two lords of the council on certain secrets of state which had come to his knowledge while he was prime minister. To these requests Mary assented.

THOMAS MOORE

1779—1852

Thomas Moore, poet, and writer of songs, was born in Dublin in 1779. Beginning his education in a private school kept by the famous Samuel Whyte, he completed his studies at Dublin University, becoming highly skilled in the languages and in music.

In 1799 he went to London, taking with him his *Odes to Anacreon,* and entered the Middle Temple for the purpose of studying law.

Obtaining the patronage, however, of the Prince Regent and achieving a considerable success in the publication of his *Odes,* he turned from the law to literature, devoting himself to the writing of verse.

In 1803 he became Registrar to the Court of Admiralty in Bermuda. Proceeding there, he found the post uncongenial and appointed a deputy to fill it for him. For a time, then, he traveled in America and returned to England, where, in 1806, he published his *Odes and Epistles.* This volume, which contained political satires upon America and many poems relating to it, was abused by the *Edinburgh Review* with such severity that Moore challenged its editor, Jeffrey, to a duel. The duel was prevented and Moore and Jeffrey became the best of friends. In like manner the poet became intimate with Byron, who ridiculed him in his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* in such fashion as to provoke a challenge from Moore.

Gradually building up a circle of powerful acquaintances, Moore found himself eventually a fashionable figure in London. The success of his writing was assured and his subsequent volumes established firmly his position in the literature.

His principal volumes are, besides those mentioned: *Irish Melodies,* 1811; *Lalla Rookh,* 1817; *Sacred and National Melodies,* 1819-1823; *Loves of the Angels,* 1823; and *Rhymes of the Road,* 1823.

OH, TEACH ME TO LOVE THEE

Oh, teach me to love Thee, to feel what Thou art,
Till, fill'd with the one sacred image, my heart
  Shall all other passions disown;
Like some pure temple, that shines apart,
  Reserv'd for Thy worship alone.

In joy and in sorrow, through praise and through blame,
Thus still let me, living and dying the same,
  In Thy service bloom and decay—
Like some lone altar, whose votive flame
  In holiness wasteth away.

Though born in this desert, and doom'd by my birth
To pain and affliction, to darkness and dearth,
  On Thee let my spirit rely—
Like some rude dial, that, fix'd on earth,
  Still looks for its light from the sky.

A CANADIAN BOAT SONG

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time,
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh, sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Utawas' tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

THE TURF SHALL BE MY FRAGRANT SHRINE

THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine;
My temple, Lord! that Arch of thine;
My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

My choice shall be the moonlight waves,
When murm'ring homeward to their caves,
Or when the stillness of the sea,
Even more than music, breathes of Thee!

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
All light and silence, like thy Throne;
And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy Heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

I'll read thy anger in the rack
That clouds awhile the day-beam's track;
Thy mercy in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness, breaking through.

There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of thy Deity.

There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy Love,
And meekly wait that moment, when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again!

THE BIRD, LET LOOSE

The bird, let loose in eastern skies,
When hast'ning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through Virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to Thee!
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My Soul, as home she springs;—
Thy Sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy Freedom in her wings!

THOSE EVENING BELLS

THOSE evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are pass'd away;
And many a heart, that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells!

MICHAEL BANIM

1796—1874

JOHN BANIM

1798—1842

Michael and John Banim, novelists, were born in Ireland, Michael in 1796, and John in 1798. After the usual elementary training, Michael began the study of law but soon had to give it up in order to help his father, whose business was failing, but John entered Kilkenny College in 1810 and proceeded in 1813 to Dublin to study art.

The brothers, after some literary experience on the part of John, collaborated in 1822 in the writing of the *Tales of the O'Hara Family*. The work was eminently successful, so successful, in fact, that John, who had no fixed occupation, resolved to devote himself to writing, and in time became widely distinguished. Michael, however, because of his business, was not so independent. He did, nevertheless, continue to write, and to such extent that of a total of twenty-four volumes written by both, he contributed ten.

The Banims can justly be called the first national novelists of Ireland. It was their purpose to represent Ireland as Sir Walter Scott

represented Scotland. How well they succeeded critics as yet disagree. In their own day, however, they were immensely popular. So highly were they esteemed, indeed, that John was awarded an annual pension by the Government and Michael, after his retirement from business, was given the postmastership of Kilkenny for life.

John died in 1842, but Michael not until 1874.

THE STOLEN SHEEP

AN IRISH SKETCH

THE faults of the lower orders of the Irish are sufficiently well known; perhaps their virtues have not been proportionately observed or recorded for observation. At all events, it is but justice to them, and it cannot conflict with any established policy, or do any one any harm to exhibit them in a favorable light to their British fellow-subjects, as often as strict truth will permit. In this view the following story is written—the following facts, indeed; for we have a newspaper report before us, which shall be very slightly departed from while we make our copy of it.

The Irish plague, called typhus fever, raged in its terrors. In almost every third cabin there was a corpse daily. In every one, without an exception, there was what had made the corpse—hunger. It need not be added that there was poverty, too. The poor could not bury their dead. From mixed motives of self-protection, terror, and benevolence, those in easier circumstances exerted themselves to administer relief, in different ways. Money was subscribed (then came England's munificent donation—God prosper her for it!)—wholesome food, or food as wholesome as a bad season permitted, was provided; and men of respectability, bracing their minds to avert the danger that threatened themselves by boldly facing it, entered the infected house, where death reigned almost alone, and took measures to cleanse and purify the close-cribbed air, and the rough bare walls. Before proceeding to our story, let us be permitted to mention some general marks of Irish virtue, which, under those circumstances, we personally noticed. In poverty, in abject misery, and at a short and fearful notice, the poor man died like a Christian. He gave vent to none of the poor man's complaints or invectives against the rich man who had

neglected him, or who he might have supposed had done so till it was too late. Except for a glance—and, doubtless, a little inward pang while he glanced—at the starving and perhaps infected wife, or child, or old parent as helpless as the child—he blessed God and died. The appearance of a comforter at his wretched bedside, even when he knew comfort to be useless, made his heart grateful and his spasmed lips eloquent in thanks. In cases of indescribable misery—some members of his family lying lifeless before his eyes, or else some dying—stretched upon damp and unclean straw on an earthen floor, without cordial for his lips, or potatoes to point out to a crying infant—often we have heard him whisper to himself (and to another who heard him): "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord." Such men need not always make bad neighbors.

In the early progress of the fever, before the more affluent roused themselves to avert its career, let us cross the threshold of an individual peasant. His young wife lies dead; his second child is dying at her side; he has just sunk into the corner himself, under the first stun of disease, long resisted. The only persons of his family who have escaped contagion, and are likely to escape it, are his old father, who sits weeping feebly upon the hob, and his first-born, a boy of three or four years, who, standing between the old man's knees, cries also for food.

We visit the young peasant's abode some time after. He has not sunk under "the sickness." He is fast regaining his strength, even without proper nourishment; he can creep out-of-doors, and sit in the sun. But in the expression of his sallow and emaciated face there is no joy for his escape from the grave, as he sits there alone silent and brooding. His father and his surviving child are still hungry—more hungry, indeed, and more helpless than ever; for the neighbors who had relieved the family with a potato and a mug of sour milk are now stricken down themselves, and want assistance to a much greater extent than they can give it.

"I wish Mr. Evans was in the place," cogitated Michaul Carroll, "a body could spake forn'ent him, and not spake for nothin', for all that he's an Englishman; and I don't like the thoughts o' goin' up to the house to the steward's face; it wouldn't turn kind to a body. May be he'd soon come home to us, the masther himself."

Another fortnight elapsed. Michaul's hope proved vain. Mr. Evans was still in London; though a regular resident on a small Irish estate, since it had come into his possession, business unfortunately—and he would have said so himself—now kept him an unusually long time absent. Thus disappointed, Michaul overcame his repugnance to appear before the "hard" steward. He only asked for work, however. There was none to be had. He turned his slow and still feeble feet into the adjacent town. It was market-day, and he took up his place among a crowd of other claimants for agricultural employment, shouldering a spade, as did each of his companions. Many farmers came to the well known "stannin," and hired men at his right and at his left, but no one addressed Michaul. Once or twice, indeed, touched by his sidelong looks of beseeching misery, a farmer stopt a moment before him, and glanced over his figure; but his worn and almost shaking limbs giving little promise of present vigor in the working field, worldly prudence soon conquered the humane feeling which started up towards him in the man's heart, and, with a choking in his throat, poor Michaul saw the arbiter of his fate pass on.

He walked homeward without having broken his fast that day. "Bud, *musha,* what's the harm o' that," he said to himself, "only here's the ould father, an' *her* pet boy, the weenock[1], without a pyatee[2] either. Well, *asthore,* if they can't have the pyatees, they must have betther food, that's all; aye—" he muttered, clenching his hands at his side, and imprecating fearfully in Irish—"an' so they must."

He left his house again, and walked a good way to beg a few potatoes. He did not come back quite empty-handed. His father and his child had a meal. He ate but a few himself, and when he was about to lie down in his corner for the night, he said to the old man, across the room, "Don't be a-crying to-night father, you and the child there; but sleep well, and ye'll have the good break'ast afore ye in the mornin'."

"The good break'ast, *ma bouchal?*[3] a then, an' where'll id come from?"

"A body promised it to me, father."

"*A vich!* Michaul, an' sure it's fun you're makin' of us, now at

[1]Child. [2]Potato. [3]My boy.

any rate; but the good-night, *a chorra,*[4] an' my blessin' on your head, Michaul; an' if we keep trust in the good God, an' ax his blessin', too, mornin' an' evenin', gettin' up and lyin' down, He'll be a friend to us at last; that was always an' ever my word to you, poor boy, since you was at the years o' your weenock, now fast asleep at my side; and it's my word to you now, *ma bouchal,* an' you won't forget id; an' there's one sayin' the same to you, out o' heaven, this night—herself, an' her little angel in glory by the hand, Michaul, *a vourneen.*"[4]

Having thus spoken in the fervent and rather exaggerated, though every-day, words of pious allusion of the Irish poor man, old Carroll soon dropped asleep, with his arms round his little grandson, both overcome by an unusually abundant meal. In the middle of the night he was awakened by a stealthy noise. Without moving, he cast his eyes round the cabin. A small window, through which the moon broke brilliantly, was open. He called to his son, but received no answer. He called again and again; all remained silent. He arose, and crept to the corner where Michaul had lain down. It was empty. He looked out through the window into the moonlight. The figure of a man appeared at a distance, just about to enter a pasture-field belonging to Mr. Evans.

The old man leaned his back against the wall of the cabin, trembling with sudden and terrible misgivings. With him, the language of virtue, which we have heard him utter, was not cant. In early prosperity, in subsequent misfortunes, and in his late and present excess of wretchedness, he had never swerved in practice from the spirit of his own exhortations to honesty before men, and love for and dependence upon God, which, as he has truly said, he had constantly addressed to his son since his earliest childhood. And hitherto that son had indeed walked by his precepts, further assisted by a regular observance of the duties of his religion. Was he now about to turn into another path? to bring shame on his father in his old age? to put a stain on their family and their name? "the name that a rogue or a bowld woman never bore," continued old Carroll, indulging in some of the pride and egotism for which an Irish peasant is, under his circumstances, remarkable. And

[4]Term of endearment.

then came the thought of the personal peril incurred by Michaul; and his agitation, incurred by the feebleness of age, overpowered him.

He was sitting on the floor, shivering like one in an ague fit, when he heard steps outside the house. He listened, and they ceased; but the familiar noise of an old barn-door creaking on its crazy hinges came on his ear. It was now day-dawn. He dressed himself, stole out cautiously, peeped into the barn through a chink of the door, and all he had feared met full confirmation. There, indeed, sat Michaul, busily and earnestly engaged, with a frowning brow and a haggard face, in quartering the animal he had stolen from Mr. Evans' field.

The sight sickened the father; the blood on his son's hands and all. He was barely able to keep himself from falling. A fear, if not a dislike, of the unhappy culprit also came upon him. His unconscious impulse was to re-enter their cabin unperceived, without speaking a word; he succeeded in doing so; and then he fastened the door again, and undressed, and resumed his place beside his innocent grandson.

About an hour afterwards, Michaul came in cautiously through the still open window, and also undressed and reclined on his straw, after glancing towards his father's bed, who pretended to be asleep. At the usual time for arising, old Carroll saw him suddenly jump up and prepare to go abroad. He spoke to him, leaning on his elbow:

"And what *hollg* is on you[5], *ma bouchal?*"

"Going for the good break'ast I promised you, father dear."

"An' who's the good Christhin'll give id to us, Michaul?"

"Oh, you'll know that soon, father; now, a good-bye"—he hurried to the door.

"A good-bye, then, Michaul; but tell me, what's that on your hand?"

"No—nothin'," stammered Michaul, changing color, as he hastily examined the hand himself; "nothin' is on it; what could there be?" (nor was there, for he had very carefully removed all evidence of guilt from his person, and the father's question was asked upon grounds distinct from any thing he then saw.)

"Well, *avich,* an' sure I didn't say any thing was on it wrong,

[5]What are you about?

or any thing to make you look so quare, an' spake so sthrange to your father, this mornin'; only I'll ax you, Michaul, over again, who has took such a sudd'n likin' to us, to send us the good break-'ast? an' answer me sthraight, Michaul, what is id to be that you call it so *good?"*

"The good mate, father"—he was again passing the threshold.

"Stop!" cried his father, "stop, an' turn fornent me. Mate?—the good mate? What ud bring mate into our poor house, Michaul? Tell me, I bid you again an' again, who is to give id to you?"

"Why, as I said afore, father, a body that——"

"A body that thieved id, Michaul Carroll!" added the old man, as his son hesitated, walking close up to the culprit; "a body that thieved id, an' no other body. Don't think to blind me, Michaul. I am ould, to be sure, but sense enough is left in me to look round among the neighbors, in my own mind, an' know that none of 'em that has the will has the power to send us the mate for our break-'ast in an honest way. An' I don't say outright that you had the same thought wid me when you consented to take it from a thief; I don't mean to say that you'd go to turn a thief's recaiver at this hour o' your life, an' afther growin' up from a boy to a man without bringin' a spot o' shame on yourself, or on your *weenock,* or on one of us. No, I won't say that. Your heart was scalded, Michaul, an' your mind was darkened, for a start; an' the thought o' gettin' comfort for the ould father, an' for the little son, made you consent in a hurry, widout lookin' well afore you, or widout lookin' up to your good God."

"Father, father, let me alone! don't spake them words to me," interrupted Michaul, sitting on a stool, and spreading his large and hard hands over his face.

"Well, thin, an' I won't, *avich;* I won't; nothing to trouble you, sure; I didn't mean it—only this, *a vourneen,* don't bring a mouthful o' the bad, unlucky victuals into this cabin; the payatees, the wild berries o' the bush, the wild roots o' the earth will be sweeter to us, Michaul; the hunger itself will be sweeter; an' when we give God thanks afther our poor meal, or afther no meal at all, our hearts will be lighter and our hopes for to-morrow sthronger, *avich, ma chree,* than if we faisted on the fat o' the land, but couldn't ax a blessing on our faist."

"Well, thin, I won't either, father—I won't; an' sure you have your way now. I'll only go out a little while from you to beg, or else, as you say, to root down in the ground, with my nails like a baste brute, for our break'ast."

"My *vourneen* you are, Michaul, an' my blessin' on your head; yes, to be sure, *avich,* beg, an' I'll beg wid you; sorrow a shame is in that—no, but a good deed, Michaul, when it's done to keep us honest. So come, we'll go among the Christhins together; only, before we go, Michaul, my own dear son, tell me—tell one thing."

"What, father?" Michaul began to suspect.

"Never be afraid to tell me, Michaul Carroll, *ma bouchal,* I won't—I can't be angry wid you now. You are sorry, an' your Father in heaven forgives you, and so do I. But you know, *avich,* there would be danger in quittin' the place widout hidin' every scrap of any thing that could tell on us."

"Tell on us! what can tell on us?" demanded Michaul; "what's in the place to tell on us?"

"Nothin' in the cabin, I know, Michaul; but——"

"But what, father?"

"Have you left nothin' in the way out there?" whispered the old man, pointing towards the barn.

"Out there? Where? What? What do you mean at all, now, father? Sure you know it's your own self has kept me from as much as laying a hand on it."

"Ay, to-day mornin'; bud you laid a hand on it last night, *avich,* an' so——"

"Curp an duoul!" imprecated Michaul, "this is too bad at any rate, no, I didn't—last night—let me alone, I bid you, father."

"Come back again, Michaul," commanded old Carroll, as the son once more hurried to the door, and his words were instantly obeyed.

Michaul, after a glance abroad, and a start, which the old man did not notice, paced to the middle of the floor, hanging his head, and saying in a low voice: "Hushth, now, father—it's time."

"No, Michaul, I will not hushth, an' it's not time; come out with me to the barn."

"Hushth!" repeated Michaul, whispering sharply; he had glanced sideways to the square patch of strong morning sunlight on the ground of the cabin, defined there by the shape of the open

door, and saw it intruded upon the shadow of a man's bust leaning forward in an earnest posture.

"Is it in your mind to go back into your sin, Michaul, an' tell me you were not in the barn at daybreak the mornin'?" asked the father, still unconscious of a reason for silence.

"Arrah, hushth, old man!" Michaul made a hasty sign towards the door, but was disregarded.

"I saw you in id," pursued old Carroll, sternly, "ay, and at your work in id too."

"What's that you're sayin', ould Peery Carroll?" demanded a well-known voice.

"Enough to hang his son!" whispered Michaul to his father, as Mr. Evans' land steward, followed by his herdsman and two policemen, entered the cabin. In a few minutes afterwards the policemen had in charge the dismembered carcass of the sheep, dug up out of the floor of the barn, and were escorting Michaul, handcuffed, to the county gaol, in the vicinity of the next town. They could find no trace of the animal's skin, though they sought attentively for it; this seemed to disappoint them and the steward a good deal.

From the moment that they entered the cabin, till their departure, old Carroll did not speak a word. Without knowing it, as it seemed, he sat down on his straw bed, and remained staring stupidly around him, or at one or another of his visitors. When Michaul was about to leave his wretched abode, he paced quickly towards his father, and holding out his ironed hands, and turning his cheek for a kiss, said, smiling miserably: "God be wid you, father, dear." Still the old man was silent, and the prisoner and all his attendants passed out on the road. But it was then the agony of old Carroll assumed a distinctness. Uttering a fearful cry, he snatched up his still sleeping grandson, ran with the boy in his arms till he overtook Michaul; and, kneeling down before him in the dust, said: "I ax pardon o' you, *avich;* won't you tell me I have id afore you go? an' here, I've brought little Peery for you to kiss; you forgot *him, a vourneen.*"

"No, father, I didn't," answered Michaul, as he stooped to kiss the child; "an' get up, father, get up; my hands are not my own, or I wouldn't let you do that afore your son. Get up, there's nothin' for you to throuble yourself about; that is, I mean,

I have nothin' to forgive you; no, but every thing to be thankful for, an' to love you for; you were always an' ever the good father to me; an'—" The many strong and bitter feelings, which till now he had almost perfectly kept in, found full vent, and poor Michaul could not go on. The parting from his father, however, so different from what it had promised to be, comforted him. The old man held him in his arms, and wept on his neck. They were separated with difficulty.

Peery Carroll, sitting on the roadside after he lost sight of the prisoner, and holding his screaming grandson on his knees, thought the cup of his trials was full. By his imprudence he had fixed the proof of guilt on his own child; that reflection was enough for him, and he could indulge in it only generally. But he was yet to conceive distinctly in what dilemma he had involved himself, as well as Michaul. The policemen came back to compel his appearance before the magistrate; then, when the little child had been disposed of in a neighboring cabin, he understood, to his consternation and horror, that he was to be the chief witness against the sheep stealer. Mr. Evans' steward knew well the meaning of the words he had overheard him say in the cabin, and that if compelled to swear all he was aware of, no doubt would exist of the criminality of Michaul, in the eyes of a jury. "'Tis a sthrange thing to ax a father to do," muttered Peery, more than once, as he proceeded to the magistrate's, "it's a very sthrange thing."

The magistrate proved to be a humane man. Notwithstanding the zeal of the steward and the policemen, he committed Michaul for trial, without continuing to press the hesitating and bewildered old Peery into any detailed evidence; his nature seemed to rise against the task, and he said to the steward: "I have enough of the facts for making out a committal; if you think the father will be necessary on the trial, subpoena him."

The steward objected that Peery would abscond, and demanded to have him bound over to prosecute, on two sureties, solvent and respectable. The magistrate assented; Peery could name no bail; and consequently he also was marched to prison, though prohibited from holding the least intercourse with Michaul.

The assizes soon came on. Michaul was arraigned; and, during his plea of "not guilty" his father appeared, unseen by him, in

the gaoler's custody, at the back of the dock, or rather in an inner dock. The trial excited a keen and painful interest in the court, the bar, the jury box, and the crowds of spectators. It was universally known that a son had stolen a sheep, partly to feed a starving father; and that out of the mouth of that father it was now sought to condemn him. "What will the old man do?" was the general question which ran through the assembly; and while few of the lower orders could contemplate the possibility of his swearing to the truth, many of their betters scarcely hesitated to make out for him a case of natural necessity to swear falsely.

The trial began. The first witness, the herdsman, proved the loss of the sheep, and the finding of the dismembered carcass in the old barn. The policemen and the steward followed to the same effect, and the latter added the allusions which he had heard the father make to the son, upon the morning of the arrest of the latter. The steward went down from the table. There was a pause, and complete silence, which the attorney for the prosecution broke by saying to the crier: "Call Peery Carroll."

"Here, sir," immediately answered Peery, as the gaoler led him, by a side door, out of the back dock to the table. The prisoner started round; but the new witness against him had passed for an instant into the crowd.

The next instant, old Peery was seen ascending the table, assisted by the gaoler and by many other commiserating hands, near him. Every glance fixed upon his face. The barristers looked wistfully up from their seats round the table; the judge put a glass to his eye, and seemed to study his features attentively. Among the audience there ran a low but expressive murmur of pity and interest.

Though much emaciated by confinement, anguish, and suspense, Peery's cheeks had a flush, and his weak blue eyes glittered. The half-gaping expression of his parched and haggard lips was miserable to see. And yet he did not tremble much, nor appear so confounded as upon the day of his visit to the magistrate.

The moment he stood upright on the table, he turned himself fully to the judge, without a glance towards the dock. "Sit down, sit down, poor man," said the judge.

"Thanks to you, my lord, I will," answered Peery, "only, first, I'd ax you to let me kneel, for a little start"; and he accordingly

did kneel, and after bowing his head, and forming the sign of the cross on his forehead, he looked up, and said: "My Judge in heaven above, 'tis you I pray to keep me to my duty, afore my earthly judge, this day—amen"; and then, repeating the sign of the cross, he seated himself.

The examination of the witness commenced, and humanely proceeded as follows—(the counsel for the prosecution taking no notice of the superfluity of Peery's answers)—"Do you know Michaul, or Michael, Carroll, the prisoner at the bar?"

"Afore that night, sir, I believed I knew him well; every thought of his mind; every bit of the heart in his body; afore that night, no living creature could throw a word at Michaul Carroll, or say he ever forgot his father's renown, or his love of his good God; an' sure the people are afther telling you, by this time, how it come about that night; an' you, my lord—an' ye, gintlemen—an' all good Christians that hear me; here I am to help to hang him—my own boy, and my only one—but for all that, gintlemen, ye ought to think of it; 't was for the *weenock* and the ould father that he done it; indeed, an' deed, we hadn't a pyatee in the place, an' the sickness was among us, a start afore; it took the wife from him, an' another babby; an' id had himself down, a week or so beforehand; an' all that day he was looking for work, but couldn't get a hand's turn to do; an' that's the way it was; not a mouthful for me an' little Peery an' more betoken, he grew sorry for id, in the mornin', an' promised me not to touch a scrap of what was in the barn—ay, long afore the steward and the peelers came on us—but was willin' to go among the neighbors an' beg our break-'ast, along wid myself, from door to door, sooner than touch it."

"It is my painful duty," resumed the barrister, when Peery would at length cease, "to ask you for closer information. You saw Michaul Carroll in the barn, that night?"

"*Musha*—the Lord pity him and me—I did, sir."

"Doing what?"

"The sheep between his hands," answered Peery, dropping his head, and speaking almost inaudibly.

"I must still give you pain, I fear; stand up, take the crier's rod, and if you see Michael Carroll in court, lay it on his head."

"*Och, musha, musha,* sir, don't ax me to do that!" pleaded Peery, rising, wringing his hands, and for the first time weeping,

"Och, don't, my lord, don't and may your own judgment be favorable the last day."

"I am sorry to command you to do it, witness, but you must take the rod," answered the judge, bending his head close to his notes, to hide his own tears, and, at the same time, many a veteran barrister rested his forehead on the edge of the table. In the body of the court were heard sobs.

"Michaul, *avich!* Michaul, *a chorra ma chree!*" exclaimed Peery, when at length he took the rod, and faced round to his son, "is id your father they make to do it, *ma bouchal?*"

"My father does what is right," answered Michaul, in Irish. The judge immediately asked to have his words translated; and, when he learned their import, regarded the prisoner with satisfaction.

"We rest here, my lord," said the counsel, with the air of a man freed from a painful task.

The judge instantly turned to the jury box.

"Gentlemen of the jury. That the prisoner at the bar stole the sheep in question, there can be no shade of moral doubt. But you have a very peculiar case to consider. A son steals a sheep that his own famishing father and his own famishing son may have food. His aged parent is compelled to give evidence against him here for the act. The old man virtuously tells the truth, and the whole truth, before you and me. He sacrifices his natural feelings—and we have seen that they are lively—to his honesty, and to his religious sense of the sacred obligations of an oath. Gentlemen, I will pause to observe that the old man's conduct is strikingly exemplary, and even noble. It teaches all of us a lesson. Gentlemen, it is not within the province of a judge to censure the rigor of the proceedings which have sent him before us. But I venture to anticipate your pleasure that, notwithstanding all the evidence given, you will be able to acquit the old man's son, the prisoner at the bar. I have said there cannot be the shade of a moral doubt that he has stolen the sheep, and I repeat the words. But, gentlemen, there is a legal doubt, to the full benefit of which he is entitled. The sheep has not been identified. The herdsman could not venture to identify it (and it would have been strange if he could) from the dismembered limbs found in the barn. To his mark on its skin, indeed, he might have positively spoken; but

no skin was discovered. Therefore, according to the evidence, and you have sworn to decide by that alone, the prisoner is entitled to your acquittal. Possibly now that the prosecutor sees the case in its full bearing, he may be pleased with this result."

While the jury, in evident satisfaction, prepared to return their verdict, Mr. Evans, who had but a moment before returned home, entered the court, and becoming aware of the concluding words of the judge, expressed his sorrow aloud, that the prosecution had ever been undertaken; that circumstances had kept him uninformed of it, though it had gone on in his name; and he begged leave to assure his lordship that it would be his future effort to keep Michaul Carroll in his former path of honesty, by finding him honest and ample employment, and, as far as in him lay, to reward the virtue of the old father.

While Peery Carroll was laughing and crying in a breath, in the arms of his delivered son, a subscription, commenced by the bar, was mounting into a considerable sum for his advantage.

KENELM HENRY DIGBY

1797—1880

Kenelm Digby, convert, historian, and miscellaneous writer, was born in Ireland in 1797. He studied at Trinity College, Cambridge, graduating in 1819. At an early stage of his Cambridge residence he became interested in scholasticism and mediævalism and through them gradually turned toward the Catholic Church; hence, not long after the publication of the first part of his *Broad Stone of Honour,* in 1822, he was received into the Faith.

His second book, therefore, *Mores Catholici,* was written directly under the influence of his, now, crystallized belief. Numerous others of his works appeared from time to time, in both prose and verse, but nothing among them equalled in importance the two earlier books.

Digby is now, for the most part, forgotten, and yet without his work the literature would be the poorer. No one before him or since has managed to pack into his writing such immense erudition as has he. His books must stand as storehouses, to be consulted by anyone who touches upon the subjects of: first, "the origin, spirit, and institution of Christian chivalry"; and second, of "the ages of faith."

From THE BROAD STONE OF HONOUR

THE brilliant amusements of chivalry have been made so familiar to this age by various admirable writers, that I shall endeavour rather to shew the spirit which in general directed them, than to imitate descriptions which are so easily found in the pages of Ste. Palaye, Busching, La Colombiere and Scott. The Homeric games resembled the tournaments of later chivalry; men of a certain rank only engaged in them, but a concourse of all orders attended as spectators. Sylla held a tournament of boys, or the game of Troy, said to have been invented by Ascanius, of which there is a description in Virgil. The French seem to have been the first to have instituted the regular tournament, and Geoffroi de Preuilli, who died in 1066, is considered as having first established the laws which were observed respecting them. René d'Anjou, Comte de Provence, and King of Naples, painted with his own hand various representations of these games, and described the rules which were to guide those who engaged in them. It was in the reign of Henry the Fowler that tournaments were first held in Germany. The emperor sent commissioners to England, to make a report of the tournaments there. It was King Stephen, in the first half of the twelfth century, who first introduced tournaments in England; then the Italians adopted them; and, after the crusades, the Greek emperors held them at Constantinople, and the Comneni distinguished themselves by their address. The clergy, however, lamented the prevalence of these dangerous diversions. The author of the Life of St. Bernard says, on one occasion, "A large company of noble warriors came to Clairvaux when the time of Lent was near beginning; they were almost all youths devoted to secular warfare, seeking those execrable vanities, which are commonly called tournaments." When the young Bayard addressed his cousin, the Abbot of Ainay, whom he met in the meadow near the Rhone, and requested that he would give him a little money to supply his expense for his first tournament—"On my faith," replied the good man, who loved him as a son, "you must seek elsewhere for some one to assist you in this affair; the goods of this abbey have been destined by its pious founders for the service of God, and not to be dissipated in jousts and tournaments."

The number of deaths at tournaments was very great. At

Cologne, on one occasion, the lists resembled a field of battle; moreover, it was said that they prevented the nobles from assisting Europe against the Turks in the East. On these accounts the church prohibited them, and at length ecclesiastical burial was refused to all who fell in tournaments. The hatred of the clergy against them may be instanced in the monk of St. Denis, who, describing the hanging of a certain proud knight, says that the executioner cried, "Laissez aller"; the expression of the heralds, to signify the commencement of these games. A scene from the chivalry of Spain must be sufficient for this place. During the rejoicings which took place in the city of Granada, on the coronation of the Moorish king Boabdil, Don Rodrigo Téllez Girón, master of the order of Calatrava, scouring the Vega with a body of horse, desired to know whether there were any knights in Granada who would venture to meet him, hand to hand; so he sent his squire with the following letter to the king:—"Illustrious Sire, may your Majesty enjoy the new crown your virtue has acquired, as long as your heart can wish! For my part I rejoice, though our faith is different; but I trust, ere long, that the Almighty will open your Majesty's eyes, and bring you and your house to the knowledge of his blessed Son Jesus, and to the friendship of the Christians. Hearing that there are fêtes, in honour of your coronation, it seems to be just that the knights of your court should try their valour in tilts and tournaments with the troops under my command. I have been scouring the Vega; and if there be any knight in Granada willing to meet me, hand to hand, with your Majesty's consent, I shall expect him on the morrow beneath the large oak, near the city, giving you my word of honour, that none of my people shall advance but myself, or an equal number only to those who may sally from Granada. The Master, Rodrigo Téllez Girón."

The king, having read the letter, looked round the court, and found every one equally disposed to accept the challenge. It was determined that twelve knights should be chosen, and each day one was to leave the city. The queen drew the lots, and it fell to Muza to be the first combatant. The king immediately sent an answer to the master, informing him of the event, and saying that the ladies of the court would view the battle from the towers of the Alhambra.

The next morning the grand master, after taking every precaution lest the Moors should break the truce, galloped forward to meet Muza. Meanwhile the expected combat had thrown the ladies of the court into great agitation; but the lovely Fatima, who secretly loved Muza, was more grieved than the rest, knowing Don Rodrigo's fame. During the night, as Muza was preparing for the combat, she sent him, by a page, a green and purple banner for his lance, embroidered with gold, which Muza received with good grace, although he paid his court to Daraxa, from whom he would rather have received it. The morning had scarce dawned, when Muza, completely armed, went to the king, who immediately arose, and ordered the trumpets to sound, whereupon a vast concourse of knights assembled. The king dressed himself very magnificently, in a garment of gold brocade, covered with pearls and precious stones, and he left the city just as the rays of the sun began to gild the towers of Granada. Muza rode by his side with two hundred cavaliers, and as they approached the master and his fifty attendants, the trumpets sounded. Muza rode forward, and the master advanced to meet him. The master wore a vest of blue velvet over his armour, embroidered with gold; his shield bore a red cross; a second cross he also wore upon his breast; his horse was a beautiful dapple gray. His lance was adorned with a banneret, and a cross upon it, with the motto, "For this and for my king." His whole air was so noble, that the king remarked, it was not without reason he enjoyed such glorious fame. The two knights, after a short but courteous salutation, retired to a short distance. The queen and the ladies had ascended the towers of the Alhambra to view the combat. The king ordered the clarionets to sound, and immediately the knights rushed upon each other with great fury, but neither was unhorsed. They continued skirmishing for some time, making frequent evolutions with their steeds. The master being badly mounted, flung his lance, and wounded by accident the horse of his opponent. Muza leaped from his back, and advanced to meet Don Rodrigo, who was leaping from his horse, drew his sword, and flew to meet Muza. The knights now fought on foot, and gave each other many dreadful blows, and at length the master clove away the crest from Muza's helmet, who was stunned, but soon recovering, raised his sabre, and with a dreadful stroke wounded the master on the

arm, who repaid him with a back stroke on the thigh. Fatima perceiving the wound of Muza, could no longer endure this cruel spectacle, but fell back on the ground, and was borne away. The combat was now very fierce, but the master had evidently the advantage, and Muza grew weaker and weaker every moment; which Don Rodrigo observing, wished to see him converted, and therefore resolved not to continue the battle any longer. Retiring, therefore, a few steps backward, he addressed him in the gentlest manner. "Noble Muza, it strikes me that combats so bloody little coincide with the hour of rejoicing, let us therefore, if you please, desist. You are so worthy a knight, that I cannot help soliciting your friendship, rather than the continuance of the combat." Muza replied, "Most evidently do I perceive, illustrious master, that your motive for desiring thus amicably to end the conflict, is because my wounds have thrown me into such a situation, that death alone can ensue from prosecuting it, and that you would fain grant me life. I certainly acknowledge it a great favour, nevertheless I am ready to continue the fight till death; but if, as you are kindly pleased to say, you indeed covet my friendship, with my whole heart I thank you." Both knights returned their swords to the scabbard, and then parted with lasting sentiments of esteem for each other.

The bull-fights were another exercise of courage and activity, which was most ardently pursued by the chivalry of Spain. The church, however, expressly condemned them as wicked and inhuman. Pope Pius V prohibited them on pain of excommunication; but Gregory XIII was induced to withdraw this sentence, provided they were not held on festival days; but all in orders were forbidden to be present at any time. Still the clergy strained every nerve to counteract this cruel passion, by extending indulgences to all who frequented the churches during the time of a combat. Not that the clergy were ever opposed to harmless recreations and useful exercise. Muratori relates that the holy fathers of the Company of Jesus used to sanction certain tournaments among their innocent and happy Indians, as a recreation and trial of skill.

It is important to remark the spirit with which even the most objectionable of these recreations were pursued. The Egyptians told the Elian ambassador, that the custom of allowing Elian and

foreign knights to engage in their games was most unjust; for that it was not possible that fair play should be the result, or that the strangers could meet with justice contending with Elians. How astonishing and disgraceful would such suspicions have appeared to our Christian chivalry, when men invited their bitterest enemies to enter the lists with them during the intervals of a truce?

Xerxes having asked what was the reward of the victor in the Olympic games, was told that it was a crown of olive. Tritantaechmes, the son of Artabanus, when he heard that it was an olive wreath, and not money, expressed his astonishment before the assembled host. Yet Pausanias relates how often the combatants in the Olympic games were bribed to suffer themselves to be vanquished, and that the fines paid by similar offenders had been sufficient to erect several statues: but the tournaments of chivalry were never made the instrument of a sordid passion. It is a great error to compare these brilliant games, which could furnish employment to the noblest artists, and a subject even for the muse, with the ferocious combats of greedy barbarians. What was the prize which excited those who engaged in the exercises of chivalry? Let us hear Froissart. "After dyner knyghtes and squyers were armed to just, and so they justed in the markette place, xi knyghtes of the one side; the yonge Kyng Charles justed with a knyght of Heynalt, called Sir Nycholas Espinoy; so these justes were nobly contynued, and a yonge knyght of Heynalt had the prise—this knyght justed greatly to the pleasure of the lordes and ladyes: he had for his prise, a gyrdell gyven by the Duchesse of Bourgoyne, from her own wast." The savage spectacles which pretend to no grace or refinement, but merely to exhibit the ferocity and cunning of a brute nature, may have attractions when a taste for blood has once entered into the heart. It was thus that St. Augustin describes Alipius, who beheld the combat of the circus against his will, but who could not afterwards turn away his eyes from it; having in a manner drunk blood and becoming intoxicated with the sanguinary pleasure. Such sports may indeed be traced to the amusement of the suitors of Penelope, when Antinous excited the two beggars to a pugilistic combat, proposing a prize for the conqueror, and exulting in the sight of blood; or to the shooting of the devoted dove over the grave of Patroclus, or to the gladiatorial

scenes, where the persons engaged were so despised, that when Cicero had exhausted all the terms of reproach, he concludes by calling Catiline a gladiator; but no shadow of likeness do they offer to the gay and generous contests which assembled the chivalry of Europe, in the courts of Windsor, or under the towers of the Alhambra. It is not strange that there were men who regretted the old amusements of the nobility, when they beheld it ruined by the extravagant expense of the carousals, or corrupted and debased by the introduction of games which were made the instruments of avarice, or the pretences for effeminate inactivity.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN[1]

1801—1890

John Henry Newman, convert, cardinal, one of the great English stylists, and one of the greatest religious thinkers, was born in London in 1801. His early education was obtained at Ealing. Subsequently he attended Trinity College, Oxford, taking his B. A. in 1820.

In 1824 he took orders in the Anglican Church and for a time settled into the routine of an Anglican clergyman. Possessed, however, of a degree of intellectual curiosity far beyond that vouchsafed to most men, he began researches into the early history of the Apostolic Church. These studies led to the publication of his *History of the Arians,* in 1832. With them also began his leaning toward the Catholic Church, a trend of thought which deepened during a trip abroad in search of health. It was at this time that he composed most of his verse, including the famous *Pillar of the Cloud,* which in no slight manner denotes the state of his mind.

Shortly after his return in 1833, he plunged into the Oxford Movement, which had been started by John Keble's sermon on the *National Apostasy.* This movement was developed by a series of ninety tracts, called *Tracts for the Times,* in which Newman endeavored to stress the Catholic beliefs held by the Anglican Church and to show that these beliefs were representative of the early Christianity. In the course of the work, moreover, Newman became aware of the fact that Anglicism was a schism; but he also discovered that no matter what he might say he was helpless to convince the great bulk of Anglicans. Hence, he published his famous *Tract 90,* in 1841, and the character of his position was established beyond doubt. Four

[1]Selections from the work of Cardinal Newman are reprinted by the permission of Longmans, Green and Company, owners of the copyright.

years later, during which time he was watched with something like fear because of the dominant position his force of mind and his powers of oratory had obtained for him, he was received into the Catholic Church and in the following year was ordained priest.

In 1850 he founded the Brompton Oratory, London, of which Father Faber became Rector. Then, the idea of a Catholic University to be erected in Dublin was no sooner conceived than Newman was selected as Rector. In 1854, therefore, he journeyed to Ireland to assume his new duties. The university did not become an accomplished fact, but the inception of the idea concerning it resulted in the *Idea for a University,* a work which is not only one of the finest pieces of prose in the language, but is also the classic interpretation of what is meant by a liberal education.

During the years that followed, Newman's career was one of disappointment; he was feared and disliked by the majority of Englishmen because of what he had wanted to do to the Established Church, and he was misunderstood by his own churchmen. In 1864 Charles Kingsley, the novelist, attacked him on the strength of a more or less conscious misinterpretation of one of his published statements. The result of the attack was the *Apologia Pro Vita Sua* in which Newman set forth an account of the development of his religious opinions, a work which, perhaps as much as any other single effort, has contributed toward the present position of the Catholic Church in English-speaking countries. Not only was Newman accorded something little less than a popular acclaim following it, but he was also held justified by his ecclesiastical superiors, so that in 1877 he was made Honorary Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford; and in 1879 he was created Cardinal by Pope Leo XIII.

VALENTINE TO A LITTLE GIRL

Little maiden, dost thou pine
For a faithful Valentine?
Art thou scanning timidly
Every face that meets thine eye?
Art thou fancying there may be
Fairer face than thou dost see?
Little maiden, scholar mine,
Wouldst thou have a Valentine?

Go and ask, my little child,
Ask the Mother undefiled:
Ask, for she will draw thee near,
And will whisper in thine ear:—

"Valentine! the name is good;
For it comes of lineage high,
And a famous family:
And it tells of gentle blood,
Noble blood,—and nobler still,
For its owner freely pour'd
Every drop there was to spill
In the quarrel of his Lord.
Valentine! I know the name,
Many martyrs bear the same;
And they stand in glittering ring
Round their warrior God and King,—
Who before and for them bled,—
With their robes of ruby red,
And their swords of cherub flame."

Yes! there is a plenty there,
Knights without reproach or fear,—
Such St. Denys, such St. George,
Martin, Maurice, Theodore,
And a hundred thousand more;
Guerdon gain'd and warfare o'er,
By that sea without a surge,
And beneath the eternal sky,
And the beatific Sun,
In Jerusalem above,
Valentine is every one;
Choose from out that company
Whom to serve, and whom to love.

MY LADY NATURE AND HER DAUGHTERS

Ladies, well I deem, delight
In comely tire to move;
Soft, and delicate, and bright,
Are the robes they love.
Silks, where hues alternate play,
Shawls, and scarfs, and mantles gay,

Gold, and gems, and crispèd hair,
Fling their light o'er lady fair.
'T is not waste, nor sinful pride,—
Name them not, nor fault beside,—
But her very cheerfulness
Prompts and weaves the curious dress
While her holy thoughts still roam
'Mid birth-friends and scenes of home.
Pleased to please whose praise is dear,
Glitters she? she glitters there;—
And she has a pattern found her
In Nature's glowing world around her.

Nature loves, as lady bright,
In gayest guise to shine,
All forms of grace, all tints of light,
Fringe her robe divine.
Sun-lit heaven, and rain-bow cloud,
Changeful main, and mountain proud,
Branching tree, and meadow green,
All are deck'd in broider'd sheen.
Not a bird on bough-propp'd tower,
Insect slim, nor tiny flower,
Stone, nor spar, nor shell of sea,
But is fair in its degree.
'T is not pride, this vaunt of beauty;
Well she 'quits her trust of duty;
And, amid her gorgeous state,
Bright, and bland, and delicate,
Ever beaming from her face
Praise of a Father's love we trace.

Ladies, shrinking from the view
Of the prying day,
In tranquil diligence pursue
Their heaven-appointed way.
Noiseless duties, silent cares,
Mercies lighting unawares,

Modest influence working good,
Gifts, by the keen heart understood,
Such as viewless spirits might give,
These they love, in these they live.—
Mighty Nature speeds her through
Her daily toils in silence too:
Calmly rolls her giant spheres,
Sheds by stealth her dew's kind tears;
Cheating sage's vex'd pursuit,
Churns the sap, matures the fruit,
And, her deft hand still congealing,
Kindles motion, life, and feeling.

Ladies love to laugh and sing,
To rouse the chord's full sound,
Or to join the festive ring
Where dancers gather round.
Not a sight so fair on earth,
As a lady's graceful mirth;
Not a sound so chasing pain,
As a lady's thrilling strain.—
Nor is Nature left behind
In her lighter moods of mind;
Calm her duties to fulfil,
In her glee a prattler still.
Bird and beast of every sort
Hath its antic and its sport;
Chattering brook, and dancing gnat,
Subtle cry of evening bat,
Moss uncouth, and twigs grotesque,
These are Nature's picturesque.

Where the birth of Poesy?
Its fancy and its fire?
Nature's earth, and sea, and sky,
Fervid thoughts inspire.
Where do wealth and power find rest,
When hopes have fail'd, or toil oppress'd?

Parks, and lawns, and deer, and trees,
Nature's work, restore them ease.—
Rare the rich, the gifted rare,—
Where shall work-day souls repair,
Unennobled, unrefined,
From the rude world and unkind?
Who shall friend their lowly lot?
High-born Nature answers not.
Leave her in her starry dome,
Seek we lady-lighted home.
Nature 'mid the spheres bears sway,
Ladies rule where hearts obey.

SENSITIVENESS

TIME was, I shrank from what was right
From fear of what was wrong;
I would not brave the sacred fight,
Because the foe was strong.

But now I cast that finer sense
And sorer shame aside;
Such dread of sin was indolence,
Such aim at Heaven was pride.

So, when my Saviour calls, I rise,
And calmly do my best;
Leaving to Him, with silent eyes
Of hope and fear, the rest.

I step, I mount where He has led,
Men count my haltings o'er,—
I know them; yet though self I dread,
I love His precept more.

HUMILIATION

I HAVE been honor'd and obey'd,
I have met scorn and slight;
And my heart loves earth's sober shade,
More than her laughing light.

For what is rule but a sad weight
  Of duty and a snare?
What meanness, but with happier fate
  The Saviour's Cross to share?

This my hid choice, if not from heaven,
  Moves on the heavenward line;
Cleanse it, good Lord, from earthly leaven,
  And make it simply Thine.

THE QUEEN OF SEASONS

All is divine
  which the Highest has made,
Through the days that He wrought,
  till the day when He stay'd;
Above and below,
  within and around,
From the center of space,
  to its uttermost bound.

In beauty surpassing
  the Universe smiled,
On the morn of its birth,
  like an innocent child.
Or like the rich bloom
  of some delicate flower;
And the Father rejoiced
  in the work of His power.

Yet worlds brighter still,
  and a brighter than those,
And a brighter again,
  He had made, had He chose;
And you never could name
  that conceivable best,
To exhaust the resources
  the Maker possess'd.

But I know of one work
of His Infinite Hand,
Which special and singular
ever must stand;
So perfect, so pure,
and of gifts such a store,
That even Omnipotence
ne'er shall do more.

The freshness of May,
and the sweetness of June,
And the fire of July
in its passionate noon,
Munificent August,
September serene,
Are together no match
for my glorious Queen.

O Mary, all months
and all days are thine own,
In thee lasts their joyousness,
when they are gone;
And we give to thee May,
not because it is best,
But because it comes first,
and is pledge of the rest.

HOME

WHERE'ER I roam in this fair, English land,
The vision of a temple meets my eyes:
Modest without: within all glorious rise
Its love-enclustered columns, and expand
Their slender arms. Like olive plants they stand
Each answering each in home's soft sympathies.
Sisters and brothers. At the altar sighs
Parental fondness, and with anxious hand

Tenders its offering of young vows and prayers,
The same and not the same. Go where I will
The vision beams! ten thousand shrines all one.
Dear, fertile soil! What foreign culture bears
Such fruit? That I through distant climes may run
My weary round, yet miss thy likeness still!

WAITING FOR THE MORNING

Quoddam quasi pratum, in quo animae nihil patiebantur, sed manebant, nondum idoneæ Visioni Beatæ.—*Bedæ Hist. v.*

They are at rest:
We may not stir the heaven of their repose
With loud-voiced grief, or passionate request,
Or selfish plaint for those
Who in the mountain grots of Eden lie,
And hear the fourfold river, as it hurries by.

They hear it sweep
In distance down the dark and savage vale;
But they at eddying pool or current deep
Shall nevermore grow pale;
They hear, and meekly muse, as fain to know
How long untired, unspent, that giant stream shall flow.

And soothing sounds
Blend with the neighboring waters as they glide;
Posted along the haunted garden's bounds
Angelic forms abide,
Echoing, as words of watch, o'er lawn and grove,
The verses of that hymn which Seraphs chant above.

HORA NOVISSIMA

Whene'er goes forth Thy dread command,
And my last hour is nigh,
Lord, grant me in a Christian land,
As I was born, to die.

I pray not, Lord, that friends may be,
  Or kindred, standing by,—
Choice blessing! which I leave to Thee
  To grant me or deny.

But let my failing limbs beneath
  My Mother's smile recline;
And prayers sustain my laboring breath
  From out her sacred shrine.

And let the cross beside my bed
  In its dread Presence rest:
And let the absolving words be said,
  To ease a laden breast.

Thou, Lord, where'er we lie, canst aid;
  But He who taught His own
To live as one, will not upbraid
  The dread to die alone.

LUCIS CREATOR OPTIME

(VESPERS—SUNDAY)

FATHER of Lights, by whom each day
  Is kindled out of night,
Who, when the heavens were made, didst lay
  Their rudiments in light;
Thou who didst bind and blend in one
  The glistening morn and evening pale,
Hear Thou our plaint, when light is gone,
  And lawlessness and strife prevail.

Hear, lest the whelming weight of crime
  Wreck us with life in view;
Lest thoughts and schemes of sense and time
  Earn us a sinner's due.
So may we knock at Heaven's door,
  And strive the immortal prize to win,
Continually and evermore
  Guarded without and pure within.

Grant this, O Father, Only Son,
And Spirit, God of grace,
To whom all worship shall be done
In every time and place.

THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD

Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

From APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA

I WAS brought up from a child to take great delight in reading the Bible; but I had no formed religious convictions till I was fifteen. Of course I had a perfect knowledge of my Catechism.

After I was grown up, I put on paper my recollections of the thoughts and feelings on religious subjects, which I had at the time that I was a child and a boy,—such as had remained on my mind with sufficient prominence to make me then consider them worth recording. Out of these, written in the Long Vacation of

1820, and transcribed with additions in 1823, I select two, which are at once the most definite among them, and also have a bearing on my later convictions.

1. "I used to wish the Arabian Tales were true: my imagination ran on unknown influences, on magical powers, and talismans. . . . I thought life might be a dream, or I an Angel, and all this world a deception, my fellow-angels by a playful device concealing themselves from me, and deceiving me with the semblance of a material world."

Again: "Reading in the Spring of 1816 a sentence from *Remnants of Time,* entitled 'the Saints unknown to the world,' to the effect, that 'there is nothing in their figure or countenance to distinguish them,' &c., &c., I supposed he spoke of Angels who lived in the world, as it were disguised."

2. The other remark is this: "I was very superstitious, and for some time previous to my conversion" [when I was fifteen] "used constantly to cross myself on going into the dark."

Of course I must have got this practice from some external source or other; but I can make no sort of conjecture whence; and certainly no one had ever spoken to me on the subject of the Catholic religion, which I only knew by name. The French master was an *émigré* Priest, but he was simply made a butt, as French masters too commonly were in that day, and spoke English very imperfectly. There was a Catholic family in the village, old maiden ladies we used to think; but I knew nothing about them. I have of late years heard that there were one or two Catholic boys in the school; but either we were carefully kept from knowing this, or the knowledge of it made simply no impression on our minds. My brother will bear witness how free the school was from Catholic ideas.

I had once been into Warwick Street Chapel, with my father, who, I believe, wanted to hear some piece of music; all that I bore away from it was the recollection of a pulpit and a preacher, and a boy swinging a censer.

When I was at Littlemore, I was looking over old copy-books of my school days, and I found among them my first Latin verse-book; and in the first page of it there was a device which almost took my breath away with surprise. I have the book before me now, and have just been showing it to others. I have written in

the first page, in my school-boy hand, "John H. Newman, February 11th, 1811, Verse Book"; then follow my first Verses. Between "Verse" and "Book" I have drawn the figure of a solid cross upright, and next to it is, what may indeed be meant for a necklace, but what I cannot make out to be anything else than a set of beads suspended, with a little cross attached. At this time I was not quite ten years old. I suppose I got these ideas from some romance, Mrs. Radcliffe's or Miss Porter's; or from some religious picture; but the strange thing is, how, among the thousand objects which meet a boy's eyes, these in particular should so have fixed themselves in my mind, that I made them thus practically my own. I am certain there was nothing in the churches I attended, or the prayer books I read, to suggest them. It must be recollected that Anglican churches and prayer books were not decorated in those days as I believe they are now.

When I was fourteen, I read Paine's *Tracts against the Old Testament,* and found pleasure in thinking of the objections which were contained in them. Also, I read some of Hume's *Essays;* and perhaps that on *Miracles.* So at least I gave my Father to understand; but perhaps it was a brag. Also, I recollect copying out some French verses, perhaps Voltaire's, in denial of the immortality of the soul, and saying to myself something like "How dreadful, but how plausible!"

When I was fifteen, (in the autumn of 1816,) a great change of thought took place in me. I fell under the influences of a definite Creed, and received into my intellect impressions of dogma, which, through God's mercy, have never been effaced or obscured. Above and beyond the conversations and sermons of the excellent man, long dead, the Rev. Walter Mayers, of Pembroke College, Oxford, who was the human means of this beginning of divine faith in me, was the effect of the books which he put into my hands, all of the school of Calvin. One of the first books I read was a work of Romaine's; I neither recollect the title nor the contents, except one doctrine, which of course I do not include among those which I believe to have come from a divine source, viz. the doctrine of final perseverance. I received it at once, and believed that the inward conversion of which I was conscious, (and of which I still am more certain than that I have hands and feet,) would last into the next life, and that I was

elected to eternal glory. I have no consciousness that this belief had any tendency whatever to lead me to be careless about pleasing God. I retained it till the age of twenty-one, when it gradually faded away; but I believe that it had some influence on my opinions, in the direction of those childish imaginations which I have already mentioned, viz. in isolating me from the objects which surrounded me, in confirming me in my mistrust of the reality of material phenomena, and making me rest in the thought of two and two only absolute and luminously self-evident beings, myself and my Creator;—for while I considered myself predestined to salvation, my mind did not dwell upon others, as fancying them simply passed over, not predestined to eternal death. I only thought of the mercy to myself.

The detestable doctrine last mentioned is simply denied and abjured, unless my memory strangely deceives me, by the writer who made a deeper impression on my mind than any other, and to whom (humanly speaking) I almost owe my soul,—Thomas Scott of Aston Sandford. I so admired and delighted in his writings, that, when I was an Under-graduate, I thought of making a visit to his Parsonage, in order to see a man whom I so deeply revered. I hardly think I could have given up the idea of this expedition, even after I had taken my degree; for the news of his death in 1821 came upon me as a disappointment as well as a sorrow. I hung upon the lips of Daniel Wilson, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, as in two sermons at St. John's Chapel he gave the history of Scott's life and death. I had been possessed of his *Force of Truth* and *Essays* from a boy; his *Commentary* I bought when I was an Under-graduate.

What, I suppose, will strike any reader of Scott's history and writings, is his bold unworldliness and vigorous independence of mind. He followed truth wherever it led him, beginning with Unitarianism, and ending in a zealous faith in the Holy Trinity. It was he who first planted deep in my mind that fundamental truth of religion. With the assistance of Scott's *Essays,* and the admirable work of Jones of Nayland, I made a collection of Scripture texts in proof of the doctrine, with remarks (I think) of my own upon them, before I was sixteen; and a few months later I drew up a series of texts in support of each verse of the Athanasian Creed. These papers I have still.

Besides his unworldliness, what I also admired in Scott was his resolute opposition to Antinomianism, and the minutely practical character of his writings. They show him to be a true Englishman, and I deeply felt his influence; and for years I used almost as proverbs what I considered to be the scope and issue of his doctrine, *Holiness rather than peace,* and *Growth the only evidence of life.*

Calvinists make a sharp separation between the elect and the world; there is much in this that is cognate or parallel to the Catholic doctrine; but they go on to say, as I understand them, very differently from Catholicism,—that the converted and the unconverted can be discriminated by man, that the justified are conscious of their state of justification, and that the regenerate cannot fall away. Catholics on the other hand shade and soften the awful antagonism between good and evil, which is one of their dogmas, by holding that there are different degrees of justification, that there is a great difference in point of gravity between sin and sin, that there is the possibility and the danger of falling away, and that there is no certain knowledge given to any one that he is simply in a state of grace, and much less that he is to persevere to the end:—of the Calvinistic tenets the only one which took root in my mind was the fact of heaven and hell, divine favor and divine wrath, of the justified and the unjustified. The notion that the regenerate and the justified were one and the same, and that the regenerate, as such, had the gift of perseverance, remained with me not many years, as I have said already.

This main Catholic doctrine of the warfare between the city of God and the powers of darkness was also deeply impressed upon my mind by a work of a character very opposite to Calvinism, Law's *Serious Call.*

From this time I have held with a full inward assent and belief the doctrine of eternal punishment, as delivered by our Lord Himself, in as true a sense as I hold that of eternal happiness; though I have tried in various ways to make that truth less terrible to the imagination.

Now I come to two other works, which produced a deep impression on me in the same Autumn of 1816, when I was fifteen years old, each contrary to each, and planting in me the seeds of an intellectual inconsistency which disabled me for a long course

of years. I read Joseph Milner's *Church History,* and was nothing short of enamored of the long extracts from St. Augustine, St. Ambrose, and the other Fathers which I found there. I read them as being the religion of the primitive Christians: but simultaneously with Milner I read Newton *On the Prophecies,* and in consequence became most firmly convinced that the Pope was the Antichrist predicted by Daniel, St. Paul, and St. John. My imagination was stained by the effects of this doctrine up to the year 1843; it had been obliterated from my reason and judgment at an earlier date; but the thought remained upon me as a sort of false conscience. Hence came that conflict of mind, which so many have felt besides myself;—leading some men to make a compromise between two ideas, so inconsistent with each other,—driving others to beat out the one idea or the other from their minds,—and ending in my own case, after many years of intellectual unrest, in the gradual decay and extinction of one of them,—I do not say in its violent death, for why should I not have murdered it sooner, if I murdered it at all?

I am obliged to mention, though I do it with great reluctance, another deep imagination, which at this time, the autumn of 1816, took possession of me,—there can be no mistake about the fact; viz. that it would be the will of God that I should lead a single life. This anticipation, which has held its ground almost continuously ever since,—with the break of a month now and a month then, up to 1829, and after that date, without any break at all,—was more or less connected in my mind with the notion, that my calling in life would require such a sacrifice as celibacy involved; as, for instance, missionary work among the heathen, to which I had a great drawing for some years. It also strengthened my feeling of separation from the visible world, of which I have spoken above.

In 1822 I came under very different influences from those to which I had hitherto been subjected. At that time, Mr. Whately, as he was then, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, for the few months he remained in Oxford, which he was leaving for good, showed great kindness to me. He renewed it in 1825, when he became Principal of Alban Hall, making me his Vice-Principal and Tutor. Of Doctor Whately I will speak presently: for from 1822 to 1825 I saw most of the present Provost of Oriel, Doctor

Hawkins, at that time Vicar of St. Mary's; and, when I took orders in 1824 and had a curacy in Oxford, then, during the Long Vacations, I was especially thrown into his company. I can say with a full heart that I love him, and have never ceased to love him; and I thus preface what otherwise might sound rude, that in the course of the many years in which we were together afterwards, he provoked me very much from time to time, though I am perfectly certain that I have provoked him a great deal more. Moreover, in me such provocation was unbecoming, both because he was the Head of my College, and because, in the first years that I knew him, he had been in many ways of great service to my mind.

He was the first who taught me to weigh my words, and to be cautious in my statements. He led me to that mode of limiting and clearing my sense in discussion and in controversy, and of distinguishing between cognate ideas, and of obviating mistakes by anticipation, which to my surprise has been since considered, even in quarters friendly to me, to savor of the polemics of Rome. He is a man of most exact mind himself, and he used to snub me severely, on reading, as he was kind enough to do, the first Sermons that I wrote, and other compositions which I was engaged upon.

Then as to doctrine, he was the means of great additions to my belief. As I have noticed elsewhere, he gave me the *Treatise on Apostolical Preaching,* by Sumner, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, from which I was led to give up my remaining Calvinism, and to receive the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration. In many other ways too he was of use to me, on subjects semi-religious and semi-scholastic.

It was Doctor Hawkins too who taught me to anticipate that, before many years were over, there would be an attack made upon the books and the canon of Scripture. I was brought to the same belief by the conversation of Mr. Blanco White, who also led me to have freer views on the subject of inspiration than were usual in the Church of England at the time.

There is one other principle, which I gained from Doctor Hawkins, more directly bearing upon Catholicism, than any that I have mentioned; and that is the doctrine of Tradition. When I was an Under-graduate, I heard him preach in the University Pulpit

his celebrated sermon on the subject, and recollect how long it appeared to me, though he was at that time a very striking preacher; but, when I read it and studied it as his gift, it made a most serious impression upon me. He does not go one step, I think, beyond the high Anglican doctrine, nay he does not reach it; but he does his work thoroughly, and his view was in him original, and his subject was a novel one at the time. He lays down a proposition, self-evident as soon as stated, to those who have at all examined the structure of Scripture, viz. that the sacred text was never intended to teach doctrine, but only to prove it, and that, if we would learn doctrine, we must have recourse to the formularies of the Church; for instance to the Catechism, and to the Creeds. He considers, that, after learning from them the doctrines of Christianity, the inquirer must verify them by Scripture. This view, most true in its outline, most fruitful in its consequences, opened upon me a large field of thought. Doctor Whately held it too. One of its effects was to strike at the root of the principle on which the Bible Society was set up. I belonged to its Oxford Association; it became a matter of time when I should withdraw my name from its subscription-list, though I did not do so at once.

It is with pleasure that I pay here a tribute to the memory of the Rev. William James, then Fellow of Oriel; who, about the year 1823, taught me the doctrine of Apostolical Succession, in the course of a walk, I think, round Christ Church meadow; I recollect being somewhat impatient of the subject at the time.

It was at about this date, I suppose, that I read Bishop Butler's *Analogy;* the study of which has been to so many, as it was to me, an era in their religious opinions. Its inculcation of a visible Church, the oracle of truth and a pattern of sanctity, of the duties of external religion, and of the historical character of Revelation, are characteristics of this great work which strike the reader at once; for myself, if I may attempt to determine what I most gained from it, it lay in two points, which I shall have an opportunity of dwelling on in the sequel; they are the underlying principles of a great portion of my teaching. First, the very idea of an analogy between the separate works of God leads to the conclusion that the system which is of less importance is economically or sacramentally connected with the more momentous system, and of

this conclusion the theory, to which I was inclined as a boy, viz. the unreality of material phenomena, is an ultimate resolution. At this time I did not make the distinction between matter itself and its phenomena, which is so necessary and so obvious in discussing the subject. Secondly Butler's doctrine that Probability is the guide of life, led me, at least under the teaching to which a few years later I was introduced, to the question of the logical cogency of Faith, on which I have written so much. Thus to Butler I trace those two principles of my teaching, which have led to a charge against me both of fancifulness and scepticism.

And now as to Doctor Whately. I owe him a great deal. He was a man of generous and warm heart. He was particularly loyal to his friends, and to use the common phrase, "all his geese were swans." While I was still awkward and timid in 1822, he took me by the hand, and acted towards me the part of a gentle and encouraging instructor. He, emphatically, opened my mind, and taught me to think and to use my reason. After being first noticed by him in 1822, I became very intimate with him in 1825, when I was his Vice-Principal at Alban Hall. I gave up that office in 1826, when I became Tutor of my College, and his hold upon me gradually relaxed. He had done his work towards me or nearly so, when he had taught me to see with my own eyes and to walk with my own feet. Not that I had not a good deal to learn from others still, but I influenced them as well as they me, and coöperated rather than merely concurred with them. As to Doctor Whately, his mind was too different from mine for us to remain long on one line. I recollect how dissatisfied he was with an Article of mine in the London Review, which Blanco White, good-humoredly, only called Platonic. When I was diverging from him in opinion, (which he did not like,) I thought of dedicating my first book to him, in words to the effect that he had not only taught me to think, but to think for myself. He left Oxford in 1831; after that, as far as I can recollect, I never saw him but twice,—when he visited the University; once in the street in 1834, once in a room in 1838. From the time that he left, I have always felt a real affection for what I must call his memory; for, at least from the year 1834, he made himself dead to me. He had practically indeed given me up from the time that he became Archbishop in 1831; but in 1834 a correspondence took

place between us, which, though conducted especially on his side in a friendly spirit, was the expression of differences of opinion which acted as a final close to our intercourse. My reason told me that it was impossible we could have got on together longer, had he stayed at Oxford; yet I loved him too much to bid him farewell without pain. After a few years had passed, I began to believe that his influence on me in a higher respect than intellectual advance, (I will not say through his fault,) had not been satisfactory. I believe that he has inserted sharp things in his later works about me. They have never come in my way, and I have not thought it necessary to seek out what would pain me so much in the reading.

What he did for me in point of religious opinion, was, first, to teach me the existence of the Church, as a substantive body or corporation; next, to fix in me those anti-Erastian views of Church polity, which were one of the most prominent features of the Tractarian movement. On this point, and, as far as I know, on this point alone, he and Hurrell Froude intimately sympathized, though Froude's development of opinion here was of a later date. In the year 1826, in the course of a walk, he said much to me about a work then just published, called *Letters on the Church by an Episcopalian*. He said that it would make my blood boil. It was certainly a most powerful composition. One of our common friends told me, that, after reading it, he could not keep still, but went on walking up and down his room. It was ascribed at once to Whately; I gave eager expression to the contrary opinion; but I found the belief of Oxford in the affirmative to be too strong for me; rightly or wrongly I yielded to the general voice; and I have never heard, then or since, of any disclaimer of authorship on the part of Doctor Whately.

The main positions of this able essay are these: first, that Church and State should be independent of each other:—he speaks of the duty of protesting "against the profanation of Christ's kingdom, by that *double usurpation*, the interference of the Church in temporals, of the State in spirituals," p. 191; and, secondly, that the Church may justly and by right retain its property, though separated from the State. "The clergy," he says, p. 133, "though they ought not to be the hired servants of the Civil Magistrate, may justly retain their revenues; and the State, though it has no

right of interference in spiritual concerns, not only is justly entitled to support from the ministers of religion, and from all other Christians, but would, under the system I am recommending, obtain it much more effectually." The author of this work, whoever he may be, argues out both these points with great force and ingenuity, and with a thoroughgoing vehemence, which perhaps we may refer to the circumstance, that he wrote, not *in propriâ personâ,* and as thereby answerable for every sentiment that he advanced, but in the professed character of a Scotch Episcopalian. His work had a gradual, but a deep effect on my mind.

I am not aware of any other religious opinion which I owe to Doctor Whately. In his special theological tenets I had no sympathy. In the next year, 1827, he told me he considered that I was Arianizing. The case was this: though at that time I had not read Bishop Bull's *Defensio* nor the Fathers, I was just then very strong for that ante-Nicene view of the Trinitarian doctrine, which some writers, both Catholic and non-Catholic, have accused of wearing a sort of Arian exterior. This is the meaning of a passage in Froude's *Remains,* in which he seems to accuse me of speaking against the Athanasian Creed. I had contrasted the two aspects of the Trinitarian doctrine, which are respectively presented by the Athanasian Creed and the Nicene. My criticisms were to the effect that some of the verses of the former Creed were unnecessarily scientific. This is a specimen of a certain disdain for Antiquity which had been growing on me now for several years. It showed itself in some flippant language against the Fathers in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana,* about whom I knew little at the time, except what I had learnt as a boy from Joseph Milner. In writing on the Scripture Miracles in 1825–6, I had read Middleton *On the Miracles of the Early Church* and had imbibed a portion of his spirit.

The truth is, I was beginning to prefer intellectual excellence to moral; I was drifting in the direction of the Liberalism of the day. I was rudely awakened from my dream at the end of 1827 by two great blows—illness and bereavement.

From HISTORICAL SKETCHES

ABELARD

And, as it happens in kings' cabinets, that surmises arise, and rumors spread, of what is said in council, and is in course of preparation, and secrets perhaps get wind, true in substance or in direction, though distorted in detail; so too, before the Church speaks, one or other of her forward children speaks for her, and, while he does anticipate to a certain point what she is about to say or enjoin, he states it incorrectly, makes it error instead of truth, and risks his own faith in the process. Indeed, this is actually one source, or rather concomitant, of heresy, the presence of some misshapen, huge, and grotesque foreshadow of true statements which are to come. Speaking under correction, I would apply this remark to the heresy of Tertullian or of Sabellius, which may be considered a reaction from existing errors, and an attempt, presumptuous, and therefore unsuccessful, to meet them with those divinely appointed correctives which the Church alone can apply, and which she will actually apply, when the proper moment comes. The Gnostics boasted of their intellectual proficiency before the time of St. Irenaeus, St. Athanasius, and St. Augustine; yet, when these doctors made their appearance, I suppose they were examples of that knowledge, true and deep, which the Gnostics professed. Apollinaris anticipated the work of St. Cyril and the Ephesine Council, and became an heresiarch in consequence; and, to come down to the present times, we may conceive that writers, who have impatiently fallen away from the Church, because she would not adopt their views, would have found, had they but trusted her, and waited, that she knew how to profit by them, though she never could have need to borrow her enunciations from them; for their writings contained, so to speak, truth *in the ore,* truth which they themselves had not the gift to disengage from its foreign concomitants, and safely use, which she alone could use, which she would use in her destined hour, and which became their stone of stumbling simply because she did not use it faster. Now, applying this principle to the subject before us, I observe, that, supposing Abelard to be the first master of scholastic philosophy, as many seem to hold, we shall have still no

difficulty in condemning the author, while we honor the work. To him is only the glory of spoiling by his own self-will what would have been done well and surely under the teaching and guidance of Infallible Authority.

Nothing is more certain than that some ideas are consistent with one another, and others inconsistent; and again, that every truth must be consistent with every other truth;—hence, that all truths of whatever kind form into one large body of Truth, by virtue of the consistency between one truth and another, which is a connecting link running through them all. The science which discovers this connection is logic; and, as it discovers the connection when the truths are given, so, having one truth given and the connecting principle, it is able to go on to ascertain the other. Though all this is obvious, it was realized and acted on in the Middle Age with a distinctness unknown before; all subjects of knowledge were viewed as parts of one vast system, each with its own place in it, and from knowing one, another was inferred. Not indeed always rightly inferred, because the art might be less perfect than the science, the instrument than the theory and aim; but I am speaking of the principle of the scholastic method, of which Saints and Doctors were the teachers;—such I conceive it to be, and Abelard was the ill-fated logician who had a principal share in bringing it into operation.

Others will consider the great St. Anselm and the school of Bec as the proper source of Scholasticism; I am not going to discuss the question; anyhow, Abelard, and not St. Anselm, was the Professor at the University of Paris, and it is of Universities that I am speaking; anyhow, Abelard illustrates the strength and the weakness of the principle of advertising and communicating knowledge for its own sake, which I have called the University principle, whether he is, or is not, the first of scholastic philosophers or scholastic theologians. And, though I could not speak of him at all without mentioning the subject of his teaching, yet, after all, it is of him and of his teaching itself that I am going to speak, whatever that might be which he actually taught.

Since Charlemagne's time the schools of Paris had continued, with various fortunes, faithful, as far as the age admitted, to the old learning, as other schools elsewhere, when, in the eleventh century, the famous school of Bec began to develop the powers of

logic in forming a new philosophy. As the inductive method rose in Bacon, so did the logical in the mediæval schoolmen; and Aristotle, the most comprehensive intellect of antiquity, as the one who had conceived the sublime idea of mapping the whole field of knowledge, and subjecting all things to one profound analysis, became the presiding master in their lecture halls. It was at the end of the eleventh century that William of Champeaux founded the celebrated Abbey of St. Victor under the shadow of Ste. Geneviève, and by the dialectic method which he introduced into his teaching has a claim to have commenced the work of forming the University out of the Schools of Paris. For one at least, out of the two characteristics of a University, he prepared the way; for, though the schools were not public till after his day, so as to admit laymen as well as clerks, and foreigners as well as natives of the place, yet the logical principle of constructing all sciences into one system implied of course a recognition of all the sciences that are comprehended in it. Of this William of Champeaux, or de Campellis, Abelard was the pupil; he had studied the dialectic art elsewhere, before he offered himself for his instructions; and, in the course of two years, when as yet he had only reached the age of twenty-two, he made such progress as to be capable of quarrelling with his master, and setting up a school for himself.

This school of Abelard was first situated in the royal castle of Melun; then at Corbeil, which was nearer to Paris, and where he attracted to himself a considerable number of hearers. His labors had an injurious effect upon his health; and at length he withdrew for two years to his native Brittany. Whether other causes coöperated in this withdrawal, I think, is not known; but, at the end of the two years, we find him returning to Paris, and renewing his attendance on the lectures of William, who was by this time a monk. Rhetoric was the subject of the lectures he now heard; and after a while the pupil repeated with greater force and success his former treatment of his teacher. He held a public disputation with him, got the victory, and reduced him to silence. The school of William was deserted, and its master himself became an instance of the vicissitudes incident to that gladiatorial wisdom (as I may style it) which was then eclipsing the old Benedictine method of the Seven Arts. After a time, Abelard found his reputation sufficient to warrant him in setting up a school himself on

Mount Ste. Geneviève; whence he waged incessant war against the unwearied logician, who by this time had rallied his forces to repel the young and ungrateful adventurer who had raised his hand against him.

Great things are done by devotion to one idea; there is one class of geniuses, who would never be what they are, could they grasp a second. The calm philosophical mind, which contemplates parts without denying the whole, and the whole without confusing the parts, is notoriously indisposed to action; whereas single and simple views arrest the mind, and hurry it on to carry them out. Thus, men of one idea and nothing more, whatever their merit, must be to a certain extent narrow-minded; and it is not wonderful that Abelard's devotion to the new philosophy made him undervalue the Seven Arts out of which it had grown. He felt it impossible so to honor what was now to be added, as not to dishonor what existed before. He would not suffer the Arts to have their own use, since he had found a new instrument for a new purpose. So he opposed the reading of the Classics. The monks had opposed them before him; but this is little to our present purpose; it was the duty of men, who abjured the gifts of this world on the principle of mortification, to deny themselves literature just as they would deny themselves particular friendships or figured music. The doctrine which Abelard introduced and represents was founded on a different basis. He did not recognize in the poets of antiquity any other merit than that of furnishing an assemblage of elegant phrases and figures; and accordingly he asks why they should not be banished from the city of God, since Plato banished them from his own commonwealth. The *animus* of this language is clear, when we turn to the pages of John of Salisbury and Peter of Blois, who were champions of the ancient learning. We find them complaining that the careful "getting up," as we now call it, "of books," was growing out of fashion. Youths once studied critically the text of poets or philosophers; they got them by heart; they analyzed their arguments; they noted down their fallacies; they were closely examined in the matters which had been brought before them in lecture; they composed. But now, another teaching was coming in; students were promised truth in a nut-shell; they intended to get possession of the sum-total of philosophy in less than two or three years; and facts were appre-

lended, not in their substance and details, by means of living and, as it were, personal documents, but in dead abstracts and tables. Such were the reclamations to which the new Logic gave occasion.

These, however, are lesser matters; we have a graver quarrel with Abelard than that of his undervaluing the Classics. As I have said, my main object here is not what he taught, but why and how, and how he lived. Now it is certain, his activity was stimulated by nothing very high, but something very earthly and sordid. I grant there is nothing morally wrong in the mere desire to rise in the world, though Ambition and it are twin sisters. I should not blame Abelard merely for wishing to distinguish himself at the University; but when he makes the ecclesiastical state the instrument of his ambition, mixes up spiritual matters with temporal, and aims at a bishopric through the medium of his logic, he joins together things incompatible, and cannot complain of being censured. It is he himself who tells us, unless my memory plays me false, that the circumstance of William of Champeaux being promoted to the see of Chalons, was an incentive to him to pursue the same path with an eye to the same reward. Accordingly, we next hear of his attending the theological lectures of a certain master of William's, named Anselm, an old man, whose school was situated at Laon. This person had a great reputation in his day; John of Salisbury, speaking of him in the next generation, calls him the doctor of doctors; he had been attended by students from Italy and Germany; but the age had advanced since he was in his prime, and Abelard was disappointed in a teacher who had been good enough for William. He left Anselm, and began to lecture on the prophet Ezekiel on his own resources.

Now came the time of his great popularity, which was more than his head could bear; which dizzied him, took him off his legs, and whirled him to his destruction. I spoke in my foregoing chapter of those three qualities of true wisdom, which a University, absolutely and nakedly considered, apart from the safeguards which constitute its integrity, is sure to compromise. Wisdom, says the inspired writer, is *desursum,* is *pudica,* is *pacifica,* "from above, chaste, peaceable." We have already seen enough of Abelard's career to understand that his wisdom, instead of being "pacifica," was ambitious and contentious. An Apostle speaks of the tongue both as a blessing and as a curse. It may be the begin-

ning of a fire, he says, a "Universitas iniquitatis"; and alas! such did it become in the mouth of the gifted Abelard. His eloquence was wonderful; he dazzled his contemporaries, says Fulco, "by the brilliancy of his genius, the sweetness of his eloquence, the ready flow of his language, and the subtlety of his knowledge." People came to him from all quarters;—from Rome, in spite of mountains and robbers; from England, in spite of the sea; from Flanders and Germany; from Normandy, and the remote districts of France; from Angers and Poitiers; from Navarre by the Pyrenees, and from Spain, besides the students of Paris itself; and among those who sought his instructions now or afterwards were the great luminaries of the schools in the next generation. Such were Peter of Poitiers, Peter Lombard, John of Salisbury, Arnold of Brescia, Ivo, and Geoffrey of Auxerre. It was too much for a weak head and heart, weak in spite of intellectual power; for vanity will possess the head, and worldliness the heart, of the man, however gifted, whose wisdom is not an effluence of the Eternal Light.

True wisdom is not only "pacifica," it is "pudica"; chaste as well as peaceable. Alas for Abelard! a second disgrace, deeper than ambition, is his portion now. The strong man—the Samson of the schools in the wildness of his course, the Solomon in the fascination of his genius—shivers and falls before the temptation which overcame that mighty pair, the most excelling in body and in mind.

> Desire of wine, and all delicious drinks,
> Which many a famous warrior overturns,
> Thou couldst repress; nor did the dancing ruby
> Sparkling outpour'd, the flavor or the smell,
> Or taste that cheers the heart of gods and men,
> Allure thee from the cool crystalline stream.
> But what avail'd this temperance, not complete,
> Against another object more enticing?
> What boots it at one gate to make defence,
> And at another to let in the foe,
> Effeminately vanquished?

In a time when colleges were unknown, and the young scholar was commonly thrown upon the dubious hospitality of a great city, Abelard might even be thought careful of his honor, that he went

to lodge with an old ecclesiastic, had not his host's niece Eloisa lived with him. A more subtle snare was laid for him than beset the heroic champion or the all-accomplished monarch of Israel; for sensuality came upon him under the guise of intellect, and it was the high mental endowments of Eloisa, who became his pupil, speaking in her eyes, and thrilling on her tongue, which were the intoxication and the delirium of Abelard. . . .

He is judged, he is punished;—but he is not reclaimed. True wisdom is not only "pacifica," not only "pudica"; it is "desursum" too. It is a revelation from above; it knows heresy as little as it knows strife or licence. But Abelard, who had run the career of earthly wisdom in two of its phases, now is destined to represent its third.

It is at the famous Abbey of St. Denis that we find him languidly rising from his dream of sin, and the suffering that followed. The bad dream is cleared away; clerks come to him and the Abbot,—begging him to lecture still, for love now, as for gain before. Once more his school is thronged by the curious and the studious; but at length a rumor spreads, that Abelard is exploring the way to some novel view on the subject of the Most Holy Trinity. Wherefore is hardly clear, but about the same time the monks drive him away from the place of refuge he had gained. He betakes himself to a cell, and thither his pupils follow him. "I betook myself to a certain cell," he says, "wishing to give myself to the schools, as was my custom. Thither so great a multitude of scholars flocked, that there was neither room to house them, nor fruits of the earth to feed them," such was the enthusiasm of the student, such the attraction of the teacher, when knowledge was advertised freely, and its market opened.

Next he is in Champagne, in a delightful solitude, near Nogent in the diocese of Troyes. Here the same phenomenon presents itself, which is so frequent in his history. "When the scholars knew it," he says, "they began to crowd thither from all parts; and, leaving other cities and strongholds, they were content to dwell in the wilderness. For spacious houses they framed for themselves small tabernacles, and for delicate food they put up with wild herbs. Secretly did they whisper among themselves: 'Behold, the whole world is gone out after him!' When, however, my Oratory could not hold even a moderate portion of them,

then they were forced to enlarge it, and to build it up with wood and stone." He called the place his Paraclete, because it had been his consolation.

I do not know why I need follow his life further. I have said enough to illustrate the course of one, who may be called the founder, or at least the first great name, of the Parisian schools. After the events I have mentioned he is found in Lower Brittany; then, being about forty-eight years of age, in the Abbey of St. Gildas; then with Ste. Geneviève again. He had to sustain the fiery eloquence of a Saint, directed against his novelties; he had to present himself before two Councils; he had to burn the book which had given offence to pious ears. His last two years were spent at Clugni on his way to Rome. The home of the weary, the hospital of the sick, the school of the erring, the tribunal of the penitent, is the city of St. Peter. He did not reach it; but he is said to have retracted what had given scandal in his writings, and to have made an edifying end. He died at the age of sixty-two, in the year of grace 1142.

In reviewing his career, the career of so great an intellect so miserably thrown away, we are reminded of the famous words of the dying scholar and jurist, which are a lesson to us all: "Heu, vitam perdidi, operose nihil agendo." A happier lot be ours!

From THE IDEA OF A UNIVERSITY

LITERATURE

Thought and speech are inseparable from each other. Matter and expression are parts of one; style is a thinking out into language. This is what I have been laying down, and this is literature: not *things,* not the verbal symbols of things; not on the other hand mere *words;* but thoughts expressed in language. Call to mind, Gentlemen, the meaning of the Greek word which expresses this special prerogative of man over the feeble intelligence of the inferior animals. It is called Logos: what does Logos mean? it stands both for *reason* and for *speech,* and it is difficult to say which it means more properly. It means both at once: why? because really they cannot be divided,—because they are in a true sense one. When we can separate light and illumination,

life and motion, the convex and the concave of a curve, then will it be possible for thought to tread speech under foot, and to hope to do without it—then will it be conceivable that the vigorous and fertile intellect should renounce its own double, its instrument of expression, and the channel of its speculations and emotions.

Critics should consider this view of the subject before they lay down such canons of taste as the writer whose pages I have quoted. Such men as he is consider fine writing to be an *addition from without* to the matter treated of,—a sort of ornament superinduced, or a luxury indulged in, by those who have time and inclination for such vanities. They speak as if *one* man could do the thought, and *another* the style. We read in Persian travels of the way in which young gentlemen go to work in the East, when they would engage in correspondence with those who inspire them with hope or fear. They cannot write one sentence themselves so they betake themselves to the professional letter-writer. They confide to him the object they have in view. They have a point to gain from a superior, a favor to ask, an evil to deprecate; they have to approach a man in power, or to make court to some beautiful lady. The professional man manufactures words for them, as they are wanted, as a stationer sells them paper, or a schoolmaster might cut their pens. Thought and word are, in their conception, two things, and thus there is a division of labor. The man of thought comes to the man of words; and the man of words, duly instructed in the thought, dips the pen of desire into the ink of devotedness, and proceeds to spread it over the page of desolation. Then the nightingale of affection is heard to warble to the rose of loveliness, while the breeze of anxiety plays around the brow of expectation. This is what the Easterns are said to consider fine writing; and it seems pretty much the idea of the school of critics to whom I have been referring.

We have an instance in literary history of this very proceeding nearer home, in a great University, in the latter years of the last century. I have referred to it before now in a public lecture elsewhere; but it is too much in point here to be omitted. A learned Arabic scholar had to deliver a set of lectures before its doctors and professors on an historical subject in which his reading had lain. A linguist is conversant with science rather than with literature; but this gentleman felt that his lectures must not be

without a style. Being of the opinion of the Orientals, with whose writings he was familiar, he determined to buy a style. He took the step of engaging a person, at a price, to turn the matter which he had got together into ornamental English. Observe, he did not wish for mere grammatical English, but for an elaborate, pretentious style. An artist was found in the person of a country curate, and the job was carried out. His lectures remain to this day, in their own place in the protracted series of annual Discourses to which they belong, distinguished amid a number of heavyish compositions by the rhetorical and ambitious diction for which he went into the market. This learned divine, indeed, and the author I have quoted, differ from each other in the estimate they respectively form of literary composition; but they agree together in this,—in considering such composition a trick and a trade; they put it on a par with the gold plate and the flowers and the music of a banquet, which do not make the viands better, but the entertainment more pleasurable; as if language were the hired servant, the mere mistress of the reason, and not the lawful wife in her own house.

But can they really think that Homer, or Pindar, or Shakespeare, or Dryden, or Walter Scott, were accustomed to aim at diction for its own sake, instead of being inspired with their subject, and pouring forth beautiful words because they had beautiful thoughts? this is surely too great a paradox to be borne. Rather, it is the fire within the author's breast which overflows in the torrent of his burning, irresistible eloquence; it is the poetry of his inner soul, which relieves itself in the Ode or the Elegy; and his mental attitude and bearing, the beauty of his moral countenance, the force and keenness of his logic, are imaged in the tenderness, or energy, or richness of his language. Nay, according to the well-known line, "facit indignatio *versus*"; not the words alone, but even the rhythm, the meter, the verse, will be the contemporaneous offspring of the emotion or imagination which possesses him. "Poeta nascitur, non fit," says the proverb; and this is in numerous instances true of his poems, as well as of himself. They are born, not framed; they are a strain rather than a composition; and their perfection is the monument, not so much of his skill as of his power. And this is true of prose as well as of verse in its

degree: who will not recognize in the *Vision of Mirza* a delicacy and beauty of style which is very difficult to describe, but which is felt to be in exact correspondence to the ideas of which it is the expression?

And, since the thoughts and reasonings of an author have, as I have said, a personal character, no wonder that his style is not only the image of his subject, but of his mind. That pomp of language, that full and tuneful diction, that felicitousness in the choice and exquisiteness in the collocation of words, which to prosaic writers seem artificial, is nothing else but the mere habit and way of a lofty intellect. Aristotle, in his sketch of the magnanimous man, tells us that his voice is deep, his motions slow, and his stature commanding. In like manner, the elocution of a great intellect is great. His language expresses, not only his great thoughts, but his great self. Certainly he might use fewer words than he uses; but he fertilizes his simplest ideas, and germinates into a multitude of details, and prolongs the march of his sentences, and sweeps round to the full diapason of his harmony, as if κύδεϊ γαίων, rejoicing in his own vigor and richness of resource. I say, a narrow critic will call it verbiage, when really it is a sort of fulness of heart, parallel to that which makes the merry boy whistle as he walks, or the strong man, like the smith in the novel, flourish his club when there is no one to fight with.

Shakespeare furnishes us with frequent instances of this peculiarity, and all so beautiful, that it is difficult to select for quotation. For instance, in *Macbeth*:—

> Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
> And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
> Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff,
> Which weighs upon the heart?

Here a simple idea, by a process which belongs to the orator rather than to the poet, but still comes from the native vigor of genius, is expanded into a many-membered period.

The following from *Hamlet* is of the same kind:—

> 'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
> Nor customary suits of solemn black,
> Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
> No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
> Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
> Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
> That can denote me truly.

Now, if such declamation, for declamation it is, however noble, be allowable in a poet, whose genius is so far removed from pompousness or pretence, much more is it allowable in an orator, whose very province it is to put forth words to the best advantage he can. Cicero has nothing more redundant in any part of his writings than these passages from Shakespeare. No lover then at least of Shakespeare may fairly accuse Cicero of gorgeousness of phraseology or diffuseness of style. Nor will any sound critic be tempted to do so. As a certain unaffected neatness and propriety and grace of diction may be required of any author who lays claim to be a classic, for the same reason that a certain attention to dress is expected of every gentleman, so to Cicero may be allowed the privilege of the "os magna sonaturum," of which the ancient critic speaks. His copious, majestic, musical flow of language, even if sometimes beyond what the subject-matter demands, is never out of keeping with the occasion or with the speaker. It is the expression of lofty sentiments in lofty sentences, the "mens magna in corpore magno." It is the development of the inner man. Cicero vividly realized the *status* of a Roman senator and statesman, and the "pride of place" of Rome, in all the grace and grandeur which attached to her; and he imbibed, and became, what he admired. As the exploits of Scipio or Pompey are the expression of this greatness in deed, so the language of Cicero is the expression of it in word. And, as the acts of the Roman ruler or soldier represent to us, in a manner special to themselves, the characteristic magnanimity of the lords of the earth, so do the speeches or treatises of her accomplished orator bring it home to our imaginations as no other writing could do. Neither Livy, nor Tacitus, nor Terence, nor Seneca, nor Pliny, nor Quintilian, is an adequate spokesman for the Imperial City. They write Latin; Cicero writes Roman.

You will say that Cicero's language is undeniably studied, but that Shakespeare's is as undeniably natural and spontaneous; and that this is what is meant, when the Classics are accused of being mere artists of words. Here we are introduced to a further large question, which gives me the opportunity of anticipating a misapprehension of my meaning. I observe, then, that, not only is that lavish richness of style, which I have noticed in Shakespeare, justifiable on the principles which I have been laying down, but, what is less easy to receive, even elaborateness in composition is no mark of trick or artifice in an author. Undoubtedly the works of the Classics, particularly the Latin, *are* elaborate; they have cost a great deal of time, care, and trouble. They have had many rough copies; I grant it. I grant also that there are writers of name, ancient and modern, who really are guilty of the absurdity of making sentences, as the very end of their literary labor. Such was Isocrates; such were some of the sophists; they were set on words, to the neglect of thoughts or things I cannot defend them. If I must give an English instance of this fault, much as I love and revere the personal character and intelligent vigor of Doctor Johnson, I cannot deny that his style often outruns the sense and the occasion, and is wanting in that simplicity which is the attribute of genius. Still, granting all this, I cannot grant, notwithstanding, that genius never need take pains,—that genius may not improve by practice,—that it never incurs failures, and succeeds the second time,—that it never finishes off at leisure what it has thrown off in the outline at a stroke.

Take the instance of the painter or the sculptor; he has a conception in his mind which he wishes to represent in the medium of his art;—the Madonna and Child, or Innocence, or Fortitude, or some historical character or event. Do you mean to say he does not study his subject? does he not make sketches? does he not even call them "studies"? does he not call his workroom a *studio?* is he not ever designing, rejecting, adopting, correcting, perfecting? Are not the first attempts of Michael Angelo and Raffaelle extant, in the case of some of their most celebrated compositions? Will any one say that the Apollo Belvedere is not a conception patiently elaborated into its proper perfection? These departments of taste are, according to the received notions of the world, the very province of genius, and yet we call them *arts;* they are the "Fine

Arts." Why may not that be true of literary composition which is true of painting, sculpture, architecture, and music? Why may not language be wrought as well as the clay of the modeller? why not words be worked up as well as colors? why should not skill in diction be simply subservient and instrumental to the great prototypal ideas which are the contemplation of a Plato or a Virgil? Our greatest poet tells us,—

> The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
> Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
> And, as imagination bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
> Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation and a name.

Now, is it wonderful that that pen of his should sometimes be at fault for a while,—that it should pause, write, erase, re-write, amend, complete, before he satisfies himself that his language has done justice to the conceptions which his mind's eye contemplated?

In this point of view, doubtless, many or most writers are elaborate; and those certainly not the least whose style is furthest removed from ornament, being simple and natural, or vehement, or severely business-like and practical. Who so energetic and manly as Demosthenes? Yet he is said to have transcribed Thucydides many times over in the formation of his style. Who so gracefully natural as Herodotus? yet his very dialect is not his own, but chosen for the sake of the perfection of his narrative. Who exhibits such happy negligence as our own Addison? yet artistic fastidiousness was so notorious in his instance that the report has got abroad, truly or not, that he was too late in his issue of an important state-paper, from his habit of revision and recomposition. Such great authors were working by a model which was before the eyes of their intellect, and they were laboring to say what they had to say, in such a way as would most exactly and suitably express it. It is not wonderful that other authors, whose style is not simple, should be instances of a familiar literary diligence. Virgil wished his *Æneid* to be burned, elaborate as is its composition, because he felt it needed more labor still, in order to make it perfect. The historian Gibbon in the last century is another instance in point. You must not suppose I am going to

recommend his style for imitation, any more than his principles; but I refer to him as the example of a writer feeling the task which lay before him, feeling that he had to bring out into words for the comprehension of his readers a great and complicated scene, and wishing that those words should be adequate to his undertaking. I think he wrote the first chapter of his History three times over; it was not that he corrected or improved the first copy; but he put his first essay, and then his second, aside—he recast his matter, till he had hit the precise exhibition of it which he thought demanded by his subject.

Now in all these instances, I wish you to observe, that what I have admitted about literary workmanship differs from the doctrine which I am opposing in this,—that the mere dealer in words cares little or nothing for the subject which he is embellishing, but can paint and gild anything whatever to order; whereas the artist, whom I am acknowledging, has his great or rich visions before him, and his only aim is to bring out what he thinks or what he feels in a way adequate to the thing spoken of, and appropriate to the speaker.

The illustration which I have been borrowing from the Fine Arts will enable me to go a step further. I have been showing the connection of the thought with the language in literary composition; and in doing so I have exposed the unphilosophical notion, that the language was an extra which could be dispensed with, and provided to order according to the demand. But I have not yet brought out, what immediately follows from this, and which was the second point which I had to show, viz., that to be capable of easy translation is no test of the excellence of a composition. If I must say what I think, I should lay down, with little hesitation, that the truth was almost the reverse of this doctrine. Nor are many words required to show it. Such a doctrine, as is contained in the passage of the author whom I quoted when I began, goes upon the assumption that one language is just like another language,—that every language has all the ideas, turns of thought, delicacies of expression, figures, associations, abstractions, points of view, which every other language has. Now, as far as regards Science, it is true that all languages are pretty much alike for the purposes of Science; but even in this respect

some are more suitable than others, which have to coin words, or to borrow them, in order to express scientific ideas. But if languages are not all equally adapted even to furnish symbols for those universal and eternal truths in which Science consists, how can they reasonably be expected to be all equally rich, equally forcible, equally musical, equally exact, equally happy in expressing the idiosyncratic peculiarities of thought of some original and fertile mind, who has availed himself of one of them? A great author takes his native language, masters it, partly throws himself into it, partly moulds and adapts it, and pours out his multitude of ideas through the variously ramified and delicately minute channels of expression which he has found or framed:—does it follow that this his personal presence (as it may be called) can forthwith be transferred to every other language under the sun? Then may we reasonably maintain that Beethoven's *piano* music is not really beautiful, because it cannot be played on the hurdy-gurdy. Were not this astonishing doctrine maintained by persons far superior to the writer whom I have selected for animadversion, I should find it difficult to be patient under a gratuitous extravagance. It seems that a really great author must admit of translation, and that we have a test of his excellence when he reads to advantage in a foreign language as well as in his own. Then Shakespeare *is* a genius because he can be translated into German, and *not* a genius because he cannot be translated into French. Then the multiplication-table is the most gifted of all conceivable compositions, because it loses nothing by translation, and can hardly be said to belong to any one language whatever. Whereas I should rather have conceived that, in proportion as ideas are novel and recondite, they would be difficult to put into words, and that the very fact of their having insinuated themselves into one language would diminish the chance of that happy accident being repeated in another. In the language of savages you can hardly express any idea or act of the intellect at all: is the tongue of the Hottentot or Esquimaux to be made the measure of the genius of Plato, Pindar, Tacitus, St. Jerome, Dante, or Cervantes?

Let us recur, I say, to the illustration of the Fine Arts. I suppose you can express ideas in painting which you cannot express in sculpture; and the more an artist is of a painter, the less he is likely to be of a sculptor. The more he commits his genius to the

methods and conditions of his own art, the less he will be able to throw himself into the circumstances of another. Is the genius of Fra Angelico, of Francia, or of Raffaelle disparaged by the fact that he was able to do that in colors which no man that ever lived, which no Angel, could achieve in wood? Each of the Fine Arts has its own subject-matter; from the nature of the case you can do in one what you cannot do in another; you can do in painting what you cannot do in carving; you can do in oils what you cannot do in fresco; you can do in marble what you cannot do in ivory; you can do in wax what you cannot do in bronze. Then, I repeat, applying this to the case of languages, why should not genius be able to do in Greek what it cannot do in Latin? and why are its Greek and Latin works defective because they will not turn into English? That genius, of which we are speaking, did not make English; it did not make all languages, present, past, and future; it did not make the laws of *any* language: why is it to be judged of by that in which it had no part, over which it has no control?

And now we are naturally brought on to our third point, which is on the characteristics of Holy Scripture as compared with profane literature. Hitherto we have been concerned with the doctrines of these writers, viz. that style is an *extra,* that it is a mere artifice, and that hence it cannot be translated; now we come to their fact, viz. that Scripture has no such artificial style, and that Scripture can easily be translated. Surely their fact is as untenable as their doctrine.

Scripture easy of translation! then why have there been so few good translators? why is it that there has been such great difficulty in combining the two necessary qualities, fidelity to the original and purity in the adopted vernacular? why is it that the authorized versions of the Church are often so inferior to the original as compositions, except that the Church is bound above all things to see that the version is doctrinally correct, and in a difficult problem is obliged to put up with defects in what is of secondary importance, provided she secure what is of first? If it were so easy to transfer the beauty of the original to the copy, she would not have been content with her received version in various languages which could be named.

And then in the next place, Scripture not elaborate! Scripture not ornamented in diction, and musical in cadence! Why, consider the Epistle to the Hebrews—where is there in the Classics any composition more carefully, more artificially written? Consider the book of Job—is it not a sacred drama, as artistic, as perfect, as any Greek tragedy of Sophocles or Euripides? Consider the Psalter—are there no ornaments, no rhythm, no studied cadences, no responsive members, in that divinely beautiful book? And is it not hard to understand? are not the Prophets hard to understand? is not St. Paul hard to understand? Who can say that these are popular compositions? who can say that they are level at first reading with the understandings of the multitude?

That there are portions indeed of the inspired volume more sacred and sublime passages, as, for instance, parts of the Gospels, I grant at once; but this does not militate against the doctrine I have been laying down. Recollect, Gentlemen, my distinction when I began. I have said Literature is one thing, and that Science is another; that Literature has to do with ideas, and Science with realities; that Literature is of a personal character, that Science treats of what is universal and eternal. In proportion, then, as Scripture excludes the personal coloring of its writers, and rises into the region of pure and mere inspiration, when it ceases in any sense to be the writing of man, of St. Paul or St. John, of Moses or Isaias, then it comes to belong to Science, not Literature. Then it conveys the things of heaven, unseen verities, divine manifestations, and them alone—not the ideas, the feelings, the aspirations, of its human instruments, who, for all that they were inspired and infallible, did not cease to be men. St. Paul's epistles, then, I consider to be literature in a real and true sense, *as* personal *as* rich in reflection and emotion, as Demosthenes or Euripides; and, without ceasing to be revelations of objective truth, they are expressions of the subjective notwithstanding. On the other hand, portions of the Gospels, of the book of Genesis, and other passages of the Sacred Volume, are of the nature of Science. Such is the beginning of St. John's Gospel, which we read at the end of Mass. Such is the Creed. I mean, passages such as these are the mere enunciation of eternal things, without (so to say) the medium of any human mind transmitting them to us. The words used have the grandeur, the majesty, the calm, unimpas-

sioned beauty of Science; they are in no sense Literature, they are in no sense personal; and therefore they are easy to apprehend, and easy to translate.

Did time admit I could show you parallel instances of what I am speaking of in the Classics, inferior to the inspired word in proportion as the subject-matter of the classical authors is immensely inferior to the subjects treated of in Scripture—but parallel, inasmuch as the classical author or speaker ceases for the moment to have to do with Literature, as speaking of things objectively, and rises to the serene sublimity of Science. But I should be carried too far if I began.

I shall then merely sum up what I have said, and come to a conclusion. Reverting, then, to my original question, what is the meaning of Letters, as contained, Gentlemen, in the designation of your Faculty, I have answered, that by Letters or Literature is meant the expression of thought in language, where by "thought" I mean the ideas, feelings, views, reasonings, and other operations of the human mind. And the Art of Letters is the method by which a speaker or writer brings out in words, worthy of his subject, and sufficient for his audience or readers, the thoughts which impress him. Literature, then, is of a personal character; it consists in the enunciations and teachings of those who have a right to speak as representatives of their kind, and in whose words their brethren find an interpretation of their own sentiments, a record of their own experience, and a suggestion for their own judgments. A great author, Gentlemen, is not one who merely has a *copia verborum,* whether in prose or verse, and can, as it were, turn on at his will any number of splendid phrases and swelling sentences; but he is one who has something to say and knows how to say it. I do not claim for him, as such, any great depth of thought, or breadth of view, or philosophy, or sagacity, or knowledge of human nature, or experience of human life, though these additional gifts he may have, and the more he has of them the greater he is; but I ascribe to him, as his characteristic gift, in a large sense the faculty of Expression. He is master of the twofold Logos, the thought and the word, distinct, but inseparable from each other. He may, if so be, elaborate his compositions, or he may pour out his improvisations, but in either case he has but one aim, which he keeps steadily before him, and is conscientious and

single-minded in fulfilling. That aim is to give forth what he has within him; and from his very earnestness it comes to pass that, whatever be the splendor of his diction or the harmony of his periods, he has with him the charm of an incommunicable simplicity. Whatever be his subject, high or low, he treats it suitably and for its own sake. If he is a poet, "nil molitur *inepte*." If he is an orator, then too he speaks, not only "distincte" and "splendide," but also *"apte."* His page is the lucid mirror of his mind and life—

> Quo fit, ut omnis
> Votivâ pateat veluti descripta tabellâ
> Vita senis.

He writes passionately, because he feels keenly; forcibly, because he conceives vividly; he sees too clearly to be vague; he is too serious to be otiose; he can analyze his subject, and therefore he is rich; he embraces it as a whole and in its parts, and therefore he is consistent; he has a firm hold of it, and therefore he is luminous. When his imagination wells up, it overflows in ornament; when his heart is touched, it thrills along his verse. He always has the right word for the right idea, and never a word too much. If he is brief, it is because few words suffice; when he is lavish of them, still each word has its mark, and aids, not embarrasses, the vigorous march of his elocution. He expresses what all feel, but all cannot say; and his sayings pass into proverbs among his people, and his phrases become household words and idioms of their daily speech, which is tessellated with the rich fragments of his language, as we see in foreign lands the marbles of Roman grandeur worked into the walls and pavements of modern palaces.

Such preëminently is Shakespeare among ourselves; such preeminently Virgil among the Latins; such in their degree are all those writers who in every nation go by the name of Classics. To particular nations they are necessarily attached from the circumstance of the variety of tongues, and the peculiarities of each; but so far they have a catholic and ecumenical character, that what they express is common to the whole race of man, and they alone are able to express it.

If then the power of speech is a gift as great as any that can be named,—if the origin of language is by many philosophers even

considered to be nothing short of divine,—if by means of words the secrets of the heart are brought to light, pain of soul is relieved, hidden grief is carried off, sympathy conveyed, counsel imparted, experience recorded, and wisdom perpetrated,—if by great authors the many are drawn up into unity, national character is fixed, a people speaks, the past and the future, the East and the West are brought into communication with each other,—if such men are, in a word, the spokesmen and prophets of the human family,—it will not answer to make light of Literature or to neglect its study; rather we may be sure that, in proportion as we master it in whatever language, and imbibe its spirit, we shall ourselves become in our own measure the ministers of like benefits to others, be they many or few, be they in the obscurer or the more distinguished walks of life,—who are united to us by social ties, and are within the sphere of our personal influence.

NICHOLAS WISEMAN

1802—1865

Nicholas Patrick Wiseman, cardinal, orator, and author, was born of English parents in Seville in 1802. His father dying when the boy was quite young, a brother took him to Ireland, where he began his education at Waterford. He eventually entered Ushaw College in Durham. Here deciding to become a priest, he was sent to the English College at Rome. In 1825 he was ordained but remained in Rome to act as vice-rector of the English College.

In 1828 he undertook a series of sermons to English visitors to Rome and in that same year, owing perhaps in no small degree to his growing reputation as an Orientalist, in addition to his splendid talents as an executive, he was made rector of the College, a position in which he came finally to meet almost all the leading Englishmen of his day.

The idea of Catholic unity becoming more and more interesting to him, he entered with spirit into every movement having that unity as its aim; hence, upon the appearance of *Tract 90,* he began a correspondence with Newman which led to a lasting friendship between the two men who were to have such an influence upon the position of the Church in England.

In 1850 he was created cardinal and, because of his work in connection with the establishment of the English hierarchy, was assigned

to England. In this position, then, during the remaining fifteen years of his life he labored to establish the Church in England upon the footing which was its right. As an orator, author, and ecclesiastical statesman, he succeeded in winning for himself such a place in the affections of his countrymen that his death, in 1865, was viewed by the whole population as something of a national calamity.

His most famous book is *Fabiola,* a novel of the catacombs, which he wrote in Rome in 1854.

From FABIOLA

A TALK WITH THE READER

WE WILL take advantage of the holiday which Rome is enjoying, sending out its inhabitants to the neighboring hills, or to the whole line of seacoast from Genoa to Paestum, for amusement on land and water: and, in a merely didactic way, endeavor to communicate to our reader some information which may throw light on what we have already written, and prepare him for what will follow.

From the very compressed form in which the early history of the Church is generally studied, and from the unchronological arrangement of the saints' biographies, as we usually read them, we may easily be led to an erroneous idea of the taste of our first Christian ancestors. This may happen in two different ways.

We may come to imagine, that during the first three centuries the Church was suffering, unrespited, under active persecution; that the faithful worshipped in fear and trembling, and almost lived in the catacombs; that bare existence, with scarcely an opportunity for outward development or inward organization, none for splendor, was all that religion could enjoy; that, in fine, it was a period of conflict and of tribulation, without an interval of peace or consolation. On the other hand, we may suppose, that those three centuries were divided into epochs by ten distinct persecutions, some of the longer and some of the shorter duration, but definitely separated from one another by breathing times of complete rest.

Either of these views is erroneous; and we desire to state more accurately the real conditions of the Christian Church under the various circumstances of the most pregnant portion of her history.

When once persecution had broken loose upon the Church, it may be said never entirely to have relaxed its hold, till her final pacification under Constantine. An edict of persecution once issued by an emperor was seldom recalled; and though the rigor of its enforcement might gradually relax or cease, through the accession of a milder ruler, still it never became completely a dead letter, but was a dangerous weapon in the hands of a cruel or bigoted governor of a city or province. Hence, in the intervals between the greater general persecution ordered by a new decree, we find many martyrs, who owed their crowns either to popular fury or to the hatred of Christianity in local rulers. Hence also we read of a bitter persecution being carried on in one part of the empire while other portions enjoyed complete peace.

Perhaps a few examples of the various phases of persecution will illustrate the real relations of the primitive Church with the State better than mere descriptions; and the more learned reader can pass over this digression, or he must have the patience to hear repeated, what he is so familiar with, that it will seem commonplace.

Trajan was by no means one of the cruel emperors; on the contrary, he was habitually just and merciful. Yet, though he published no new edicts against the Christians, many noble martyrs—amongst them St. Ignatius, bishop of Antioch, at Rome, and St. Simeon at Jerusalem—glorified their Lord in his reign. Indeed, when Pliny the younger consulted him on the manner in which he should deal with Christians, who might be brought before him as governor of Bithynia, the emperor gave him a rule which exhibits the lowest standard of justice; that they were not to be sought out; but if accused, they were to be punished. Adrian, who issued no decree of persecution, gave a similar reply to a similar question from Serenius Granianus, proconsul of Asia. And under him, too, and even by his own order, cruel martyrdom was suffered by the intrepid Symphorosa, and her seven sons at Tibur, or Tivoli. A beautiful inscription found in the catacombs mentions Marius, a young officer, who shed his blood for Christ under this emperor. Indeed, St. Justin, Martyr, the great apologist of Christianity, informs us that he owed his conversion to the constancy of the martyrs under this emperor.

In like manner, before the Emperor Septimus Severus had pub-

lished his persecuting edicts, many Christians had suffered torments and death. Such were the celebrated martyrs of Scillita in Africa, and SS. Perpetua and Felicitas, with their companions: the Acts of whose martyrdom, containing the diary of the first noble lady, twenty years of age, brought down by herself to the eve of her death, form one of the most touching and exquisitely beautiful documents preserved to us from the ancient Church.

From these historical facts it will be evident, that while there was from time to time a more active, severe, and general persecution of the Christian name all through the empire, there were partial and local cessations, and sometimes even a general suspension, of its rigor. An occurrence of this sort has secured for us most interesting information connected with our subject. When the persecution of Severus had relaxed in other parts, it happened that Scapula, proconsul of Africa, prolonged it in his province with unrelenting cruelty. He had condemned, among others, Mavilus of Adrumetum to be devoured by beasts, when he was seized with a severe illness. Tertullian, the oldest Christian Latin writer, addressed a letter to him, in which he bids him take warning from this visitation, and repent of his crimes; reminding him of many judgments which had befallen cruel judges of the Christians, in various parts of the world. Yet such was the charity of those pious Christians, that they were offering up earnest prayers for their enemy's recovery!

He then goes on to tell him, that he may very well fulfill his duties without practicing cruelty, by acting as other magistrates had done. For instance, Cincius Severus suggested to the accused the answers they should make, to be acquitted. Vespronius Candidus dismissed a Christian, on the ground that his condemnation would encourage tumults. Asper, seeing one ready to yield upon the application of slight torments, would not press him further; and expressed regret that such a case should have been brought before him. Prudens, on reading an act of accusation, declared the title informal, because calumnious, and tore it up.

We thus see how much might depend upon the temper, and perhaps the tendencies, of governors and judges, in the enforcing even of imperial edicts of persecution. And St. Ambrose tells us that some governors boasted that they had brought from their provinces their swords unstained with blood (*incruentos enses*).

We can thus easily understand how, at any particular time, a savage persecution might rage in Gaul, or Africa, or Asia, while the main part of the Church was enjoying peace. But Rome was undoubtedly the place most subject to frequent outbreaks of the hostile spirit; so that it might be considered as the privilege of its pontiffs, during the first three centuries, to bear the witness of blood to the faith which they taught. To be elected pope was equivalent to being promoted to martyrdom.

At the period of our narrative, the Church was in one of those longer intervals of comparative peace, which gave opportunity for great development. From the death of Valerian in 268, there had been no new formal persecutions, though the interval is glorified by many noble martyrdoms. During such periods, the Christians were able to carry out their religious system with completeness, and even with splendor. The city was divided into districts or parishes, each having its title, or church, served by priests, deacons, and inferior ministers. The poor were supported, the sick visited, catechumens instructed; the Sacraments were administered, daily worship was practised, and the penitential canons were enforced by the clergy of each title; and collections were made for those purposes, and others connected with religious charity, and its consequence, hospitality. It is recorded, that in 250, during the pontificate of Cornelius, there were in Rome forty-six priests, a hundred and fifty-four inferior ministers, who were supported by the alms of the faithful, together with fifteen hundred poor. This number of the priests pretty nearly corresponds to that of the titles which St. Optatus tells us there were in Rome.

Although the tombs of the martyrs in the catacombs continued to be objects of devotion during these more peaceful intervals, and these asylums of the persecuted were kept in order and repair, they did not then serve for the ordinary places of worship. The churches to which we have already alluded were often public, large, and even splendid; and heathens used to be present at the sermons delivered in them, and such portions of the liturgy as were open to catechumens. But generally they were in private houses, probably made out of the large halls, or *triclinia,* which the nobler mansions contained. Thus we know that many of the titles in Rome were originally of that character. Tertullian mentions Christian cemeteries under a name and with circumstances, which

show that they were above ground, for he compares them to threshing-floors, which were necessarily exposed to the air.

A custom of ancient Roman life will remove any objection which may arise, as to how considerable multitudes could assemble in these places, without attracting attention, and consequently persecution. It was usual for what may be called a levée to be held every morning by the rich, attended by dependents, or clients, and messengers from their friends, either slaves or freedmen, some of whom were admitted into the inner court, to the master's presence, while others only presented themselves and were dismissed. Hundreds might thus go in and out of a great house, in addition to the crowd of domestic slaves, tradespeople, and others who had access to it, through the principal or the back entrance of the house, and little or no notice would be taken of the circumstance.

There is another important phenomenon in the social life of the early Christians, which one would hardly know how to believe, were not evidence of it brought before us in the most authentic acts of the martyrs, and in ecclesiastical history. It is, the concealment which they contrived to practise. No doubt can be entertained, that persons moving in the highest society, occupying conspicuous public situations, and being near the persons of the emperors, were Christians and yet were not suspected to be such by their most intimate heathen friends. Nay, cases occurred, where the nearest relations were kept in total ignorance on this subject. No lie, no dissembling, no action especially inconsistent with Christian morality or Christian truth, was ever permitted to ensure such secrecy. But every precaution compatible with complete truth was taken to conceal Christianity from the public eye.

However necessary this prudential course might be to prevent any wanton persecution, its consequences fell often heavily upon those who held it. The heathen world, the world of power, of influence, and of state, the world which made laws as best suited it, and executed them, the world that loved earthly prosperity and hated faith, felt itself surrounded, filled, compenetrated by a mysterious system, which spread, no one could see how, and exercised an influence derived no one knew whence. Families were startled at finding a son or daughter to have embraced this new law, with which they were not aware they had been in contact,

and which, in their heated fancies and popular views, they considered stupid, grovelling, and anti-social. Hence the hatred of Christianity was political as well as religious; the system was considered as un-Roman, as having an interest opposed to the extension and prosperity of the empire, and as obeying an unseen and spiritual power. The Christians were pronounced *irreligiosi in Caesares,* "disloyal to the emperors," and that was enough. Hence their security and peace depended much upon the state of popular feeling; when any demagogue or fanatic could succeed in rousing this, neither their denial of the charges brought against them, nor their peaceful demeanor, nor the claims of civilized life, could suffice to screen them from such measures of persecution as could be safely urged against them.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

1803—1849

James Clarence Mangan, clerk, journalist, and poet, was born in Dublin in 1803. He attended school for a short time at Saul's Court, but, his family being very poor, he was forced to go to work at an early age.

For ten years he worked as a clerk. In 1831, however, he contributed some verses to a privately printed journal, and from that time was launched as an author. At various times he became connected, either as staff writer or as contributor, with journals like *The United Irishman, The Dublin University Magazine, The Nation, Duffy's Irish Catholic Magazine,* and *The Irish Tribune,* but every connection was inevitably terminated because of his irregular habits.

His work falls into three classes: translations from the German and the Irish; grotesque critical articles and informal essays; and poetry. In all, he is said to have written some 850 poems. There is about his verse an unevenness of quality that renders a considerable portion of it almost valueless. Some of it, none the less, the *Dark Rosateen* in particular, is flooded with the full spirit of romantic Ireland; the literature would be less luminous without it.

He died in 1849, his intemperate life making him an easy victim of the cholera scourge which swept Dublin during that year.

MY DARK ROSALEEN

O MY Dark Rosaleen,
Do not sigh, do not weep!
The priests are on the ocean green,
They march along the deep.
There's wine from the royal Pope
Upon the ocean green;
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
Shall give you health, and help, and hope,
My Dark Rosaleen!

Over hills and thro' dales,
Have I roamed for your sake;
All yesterday I sailed with sails
On river and on lake.
The Erne at its highest flood
I dashed across unseen,
For there was lightning in my blood,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
O there was lightning in my blood,
Red lightning lightened thro' my blood
My Dark Rosaleen!

All day long, in unrest,
To and fro, do I move.
The very soul within my breast
Is wasted for you, love!
The heart in my bosom faints
To think of you, my queen,
My life of life, my saint of saints,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,
My life, my love, my saint of saints,
My Dark Rosaleen!

Woe and pain, pain and woe,
Are my lot, night and noon,
To see your bright face clouded so,
Like to the mournful moon.
But yet will I rear your throne
Again in golden sheen;
'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
'Tis you shall have the golden throne,
'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,
My Dark Rosaleen!

Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly for your weal:
Your holy delicate white hands
Shall girdle me with steel.
At home in your emerald bowers,
From morning's dawn till e'en,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My fond Rosaleen!
You'll think of me thro' daylight hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
My Dark Rosaleen!

I could scale the blue air,
I could plough the high hills,
O I could kneel all night in prayer,
To heal your many ills!
And one beamy smile from you
Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My fond Rosaleen!
Would give me life and soul anew,
A second life, a soul anew,
My Dark Rosaleen!

O the Erne shall run red
With reluctance of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flames wrap hill and wood,
And gun-peal and slogan-cry
Wake many a glen serene,
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
The Judgment Hour must first be nigh,
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
My Dark Rosaleen!

THE GERALDINE'S DAUGHTER

A BEAUTY all stainless, a pearl of a maiden
Has plunged me in trouble, and wounded my heart.
With sorrow and gloom is my soul overladen,
An anguish is there, that will never depart.
I could voyage to Egypt across the deep water
Nor care about bidding dear Eiré farewell,
So I only might gaze on the Geraldine's daughter,
And sit by her side in some green pleasant dell!

Her curling locks wave round her figure of lightness,
All dazzling and long, like the purest of gold;
Her blue eyes resemble twin stars in their brightness,
And her brow is like marble or wax to behold.
The radiance of heaven illumines her features
Where the snows and the rose have erected their throne;
It would seem that the sun had forgotten all creatures,
To shine on the Geraldine's daughter alone.

Her bosom is swan-white, her waist smooth and slender,
Her speech is like music, so sweet and so free.
The feelings that glow in her noble heart lend her
A mien and a majesty lovely to see.

Her lips, red as berries, but riper than any,
Would kiss away even a sorrow like mine!
No wonder such heroes and noblemen many
Should cross the blue ocean to kneel at her shrine.

She is sprung from the Geraldine race, the great Grecians,
Niece of Mileadh's sons of the Valorous Bands,
Those heroes, the seed of the olden Phoenicians,
Though now trodden down, without fame, without lands;
Of her ancestors flourished the Barrys and Poers,
To the Lords of Bunratty she too is allied,
And not a proud noble near Cashel's high towers
But is kin to this maiden, the Geraldine's pride.

Of Saxon or Gael there is none to excel in
Her wisdom, her features, her figure, this fair;
In all she surpasses the far-famous Helen,
Whose beauty drove thousands to death and despair.
Whoe'er could but gaze on her aspect so noble
Would feel from thenceforward all anguish depart;
Yet for me 'tis, alas, my worst woe and my trouble
That her image must always abide in my heart!

ELLEN BAWN

Ellen Bawn, O Ellen Bawn, you darling, darling dear, you
Sit awhile beside me here; I'll die unless I'm near you!
'Tis for you I'd swim the Suir and breast the Shannon's waters;
For, Ellen dear, you've not your peer in Galway's blooming daughters!

Had I Limerick's gems and gold at will to meet and measure,
Were Loughrea's abundance mine, and all Portumna's treasure,
These might lure me, might ensure me many and many a new love,
But ah! no bride could pay your tribe for one like you, my true love!

Blessings be on Connaught! That's the place for sport and raking;
Blessings, too, my love, on you, a-sleeping and awaking!
I'd have met you, dearest Ellen, when the sun went under,
But, woe! the flooding Shannon broke across my path in thunder.

Ellen! I'd give all the deer in Limerick's parks and arbors,
Aye, and all the ships that rode last year in Munster harbors,
Could I blot from time the hour I first became your lover;
For O! you've given my heart a wound it never can recover!

Were to God that in the sod my corpse to-night were lying,
And the wild birds wheeling o'er it, and the winds a-sighing!
Since your cruel mother and your kindred choose to sever
Two hearts thatLove would blend in one for ever and for ever.

THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS

O WOMAN of three cows, agragh! don't let your tongue thus rattle:
O don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have cattle.
I've seen (and here's my hand to you, I only say what's true!)
A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser,
For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser.
And death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human brows:
Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good woman of three cows!

See where Momonia's heroes lie, proud Owen More's descendants!
'Tis they that won the glorious name and had the grand attendants:
If they were forced to bow to fate, as every mortal bows,
Can you be proud, can you be stiff, my woman of three cows?

The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the land to mourning,
Mavrone! for they were banished, with no hope of their returning:

Who knows in what abodes of want those youths were driven to house?
Yet you can give yourself these airs, O woman of three cows!

O think of Donnell of the Ships, the chief of whom nothing daunted!
See how he fell in distant Spain, unchronicled, unchanted.
He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, whom thunder cannot rouse:
Then ask yourself, should you be proud, good woman of three cows!

O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire whose names are shrined in story,
Think how their high achievements once made Erin's greatest glory;
Yet now their bones lie mouldering under weeds and cypress boughs,
And so, for all your pride, will yours, O woman of three cows.

The O'Carrolls, also, famed when fame was only for the boldest,
Rest in forgotten sepulchers with Erin's best and oldest;
Yet who so great as they of yore in battle and carouse?
Just think of that, and hide your head, good woman of three cows.

Your neighbor's poor, and you, it seems, are big with vain ideas,
Because, inagh, you've got three cows: one more, I see, than she has!
That tongue of yours wags more, at times, than charity allows:
But if you're strong, be merciful, great woman of three cows!

AVRAN

Now there you go: you still, of course, keep up your scornful bearing;
And I'm too poor to hinder you. But, by the cloak I'm wearing,
If I had but four cows myself, even though you were my spouse,
I'd thwack you well to cure your pride, my woman of three cows!

FRANCIS SYLVESTER MAHONY

1804—1866

Francis Mahony (Father Prout), member of the Society of Jesus, journalist, and poet, was born at Cork in 1804. He was educated at Clongowes College in Ireland and at St. Acheul's in France. In 1821 he entered the Jesuit novitiate in Paris, and two years later he went to Rome to continue his studies.

Although he continued until the day of his death to practice his religion strictly, he did not remain directly a member of the clergy, being for the most part engaged in literary work in connection with various magazines. His best known works are two poems, *The Bells of Shandon,* and *The Mistletoe,* and a volume of sketches entitled *The Rogueries of Tom Moore,* all written under the pen-name of "Father Prout."

He died in Paris in 1866.

THE MISTLETOE

A PROPHET sat in the Temple gate,
  And he spoke each passer by,
In thrilling tones—with words of weight,
  And fire in his rolling eye!
  "Pause thee, believing Jew!
  Nor make one step beyond
  Until thy heart hath conned
  The mystery of this wand."
And a rod from his robe he drew;—
  'Twas a withered bough
  Torn long ago
From the trunk on which it grew.
  But the branch long torn
  Showed a bud new born,
That had blossomed there anew.
That wand was *"Jesse's* rod,"
  Symbol, 'tis said,
  Of *Her,* the Maid—
Yet Mother of our *God!*

A PRIEST of Egypt sat meanwhile
Beneath his palm tree hid,
On the sacred brink of the flowing Nile,
And there saw mirrored, 'mid
Tall obelisk and shadowy pile
Of ponderous pyramid,
One lowly, lovely, *Lotus* plant,
Pale orphan of the flood;
And long did that aged hierophant
Gaze on that beauteous bud;
For well he thought as he saw it float
O'er the waste of waters wild,
On the long remembered cradle boat,
Of the wondrous Hebrew child:—
Nor was that lowly lotus dumb
Of a mightier Infant still, to come,
If mystic skiff
And hieroglyph
Speak aught in *Luxor's* catacomb.

A GREEK sat on Colonna's cape,
In his lofty thoughts alone,
And a volume lay on *Plato's* lap,
For he was that lonely one;
And oft as the sage
Gazed o'er the page
His forehead radiant grew;
For in Wisdom's womb,
Of the world to come
A vision blest his view.
He broached that theme in the *Academe*
Of the teachful olive grove—
And a chosen few that secret knew
In the Porch's dim alcove.

A SYBIL sat in Cumae's cave
In the hour of infant Rome,
And her vigil kept and her warning gave
Of the *Holy One* to come.

'Twas she who culled the hallowed branch,
And silent took the helm,
When he, the Founder-Sire, would launch
His bark o'er Hades' realm:
But chief she poured her vestal soul
Through many a bright illumined scroll,
By priest and sage,
Of an after age,
Conned in the lofty *Capitol.*

A DRUID stood in the dark oak wood
Of a distant northern land,
And he seemed to hold a sickle of gold
In the grasp of his withered hand;
And he moved him slowly round the girth
Of an agèd oak to see
If an orphan plant of wondrous birth
Had clung to the old oak tree.
And anon he knelt, and from his belt
Unloosened his golden blade,
Then rose and culled the *Mistletoe*
Under the woodland shade.

O blessed bough, meet emblem thou
Of all dark Egypt knew.
Of all foretold to the wise of old,
To Roman, Greek, and Jew.
And long, God grant, time-honored plant,
Live we to see thee hung
In cottage small, as in baron's hall,
Banner and shield among!
Thus fitly rule the mirth of Yule
Aloft in thy place of pride,
Still usher forth, in each land of the North,
The Solemn *Christmas Tide!*

THE SHANDON BELLS

Sabbata Pango,
Funera Plango,
Solemnia Clango

With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.
On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glibe rate
Brass tongues would vibrate—
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine;
For memory dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the belfry knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells rolling
Old "Adrian's Mole" in,
Their thunder rolling
  From the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
  Of Notre Dame;
But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
  Pealing solemnly:—
O! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and kiosk o!
In Saint Sophia
  The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit
  Of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there is an anthem
  More dear to me,—
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the river Lee.

WILLIAM ULLATHORNE

1806—1889

William Ullathorne, Benedictine, archbishop, and author, was born in Yorkshire in 1806. He entered the Benedictine community in 1823, being professed in 1825.

In 1833 he became vicar-general for Australia, serving in the colonies for eight years. Returning to England in 1841, he devoted himself to aiding in the organization of the English hierarchy, a work which was finally completed by proclamation of Pope Pius XI in 1850.

From this time he labored as Bishop of Birmingham in the interests of his diocese until 1888, when he resigned and spent the last year of his life in retirement at Oscott College as Archbishop of Cabasa. He died in 1889.

Although the greater part of Archbishop Ullathorne's writing was done for purposes closely allied to his work as an ecclesiastical executive, he produced one book to which one can turn as to a masterpiece—his *Autobiography,* edited by Augusta Theodosia Drane. This is one of the most originally conceived as well as fascinatingly written memoirs in the whole range of English autobiographical writings.

From AUTOBIOGRAPHY

ARRIVAL AT SYDNEY

I MADE it a point of policy not to send any previous notice of my coming to Sydney, where I arrived in the month of February, 1833. I walked up straight to the priest's residence, and there I found a grave and experienced priest in Father McEncroe, who had formerly been Vicar-General to Bishop England in South Carolina. He had come from Ireland to Sydney the year previous with Mr. Attorney-General Plunkett, his wife, and sister. From him I learnt a good deal of how things stood. Father Therry had gone to Parramatta, but quickly hearing of the arrival of another priest, returned that evening. The housekeeper was the widow of the celebrated John Maguire, who kept the British troops at bay in the Wicklow Mountains after the insurrection of 1798 had been put down in the west of Ireland. At last he surrendered, on condition that he and his family should be

conveyed out free to New South Wales. Father Therry had promised the gallant old man on his death-bed that he would protect his wife and family.

I looked so youthful that the first language of Father Therry, and even of his housekeeper, was naturally patronizing; but after dinner I produced the document appointing me Vicar-General, with jurisdiction over the whole of New South Wales, as well as the rest of New Holland, after reading which Father Therry immediately went on his knees. This act of obedience and submission gave me great relief. I felt that he was a truly religious man, and that half the difficulty was over. At his invitation I went with him that evening to the house of a gentleman, where I found myself in company with precisely the three persons with whom it was represented to me in England that I should find my difficulty. But, in fact, they were all very good men, and we became great friends. Still I was internally amused, for they evidently took me for a raw college youth; and I humored the notion, and was told at a later time that after I had left they had talked of sending me to Bathurst, then the remotest part of the Colony.

The next morning as I came from Mass in the little chapel, Father Therry met me and said: "Sir, there are two parties among us, and I wish to put you in possession of my ideas on the subject." I replied: "No, Father Therry, if you will pardon me, there are not two parties." He warmed up, as his quick sensitive nature prompted, and replied, with his face in a glow: "What can you know about it? You have only just arrived, and have had no experience." "Father Therry," I said, with gravity, "listen to me. There *were* two parties yesterday; there are *none* to-day. They arose from the unfortunate want of some person endowed with ecclesiastical authority, which is now at an end. For the present, in New South Wales, I represent the Church, and those who gather not with me scatter. So now there is an end of parties."

That day I went by coach to Parramatta, to see the Governor at his country residence. Sir Richard Bourke had recently lost his wife, to whom he was much attached, and was ill in bed. But he was anxious to have the Catholic affairs settled, and gave me an audience in his bedroom. The fine old soldier was one of the

most polished men I ever met. In his younger days he had been a good deal under the influence of the celebrated Edmund Burke, and was a man of extensive information as well as experience. The statue erected to his memory in Sydney bears recorded on its base the great measures by which he gave freedom and social progress to the Colony. Though not a Catholic, he had a great respect for the Catholic religion, and had many Catholic relatives and friends. He received me with great kindness, and we soon understood each other. I listened to his remarks, and then asked leave to see him again after I had inquired into the points of which he spoke. I returned to Sydney, and on the Sunday I announced my powers to the people from the altar, and stated that I suspended all affairs connected with the business of the Church for a fortnight, when, after making due inquiries, I would call a public meeting of the Catholics.

Father Therry was quite an exceptional character. He was truly religious, never omitting to say Mass daily even in difficult circumstances; and up the country, when he could find no appropriate roof for the purpose, he would have a tent erected in some field or on some mountain side. He also said the Rosary in public almost every evening, gathering as many people as he could. He was of a highly sensitive temperament, and readily took offence, but was ready soon after to make reparation. He was full of zeal, but wanting in tact, so that he repeatedly got into trouble with the Government, and sometimes with the successive ecclesiastical authorities. Hence the long difficulties which arose after he was superseded as Vicar-General in Tasmania by its first bishop. Having passed from trade to his studies, he had sufficient knowledge of his duties, but was too actively employed to be a reader. Having been the sole priest in the Colony for some eleven years, he was very popular, not only with the poor Catholics, for whose sake he did not spare himself, but with all classes of the population. Being the one representative of the Church in those times, landed property was bequeathed to him in various places by Catholics who had no relatives in the Colony. This he always treated as his private property, though he never took much trouble about it. But in his will he bequeathed it all to religious purposes.

Government policy was still strongly in favor of an exclusive

Established Church under the Crown. A Royal Commissioner, Mr. Briggs, was sent out to report on the condition of the Colony; Mr. Thomas Hobbs Scott, formerly a wine merchant, accompanied him as secretary. On their return Mr. Scott was made the first Protestant Archdeacon of the Colony; and on his arrival announced his intention to organize the Protestant Church, to establish parishes and schools, and to hand over to a corporation one-seventh of the land of the Colony for that purpose. This was accomplished by a deed under the sign manual of George IV. Moreover, in the orphanage established by Government at Parramatta, the children left without parents were all to be taught the Protestant religion. This new state of affairs was very alarming to the Catholic population, and Father Therry addressed a letter to the Sydney *Herald* (which was at that time also the Government Gazette) on June 6th, 1825, in which he signified his intention of forming a Catholic School Society, and also of doing his best to establish Catholic cemeteries, which would prevent many inconveniencies, besides avoiding collision with the Anglican clergy. But at the close of the letter he spoke of the Protestant clergy as entertaining for them, as it appeared in print, "qualified respect." Father Therry explained that this was a misprint, and that he had written the word "unqualified." Nevertheless the letter was made an excuse for withdrawing his small salary, and of excluding him from officiating in any Government establishment; thus prohibiting him from visiting the prisons, hospitals, and similar institutions. This occurred under the Government of Sir Thomas Brisbane, and soon after the arrival of Archdeacon Scott with the purely Protestant scheme of an exclusive Establishment. It is said that Father Therry was offered a small sum of money, £300, to leave the Colony, but of that I never heard, and have no proof.

In the year 1829 Sir Roger Therry arrived as Solicitor-General and Commissioner of the Court of Requests. He was the first Catholic appointed by the Home Government after the Emancipation Act. On taking office, the Protestant oath was tendered to him. He asked for the Catholic one. The official replied: "Now that the point of honor is settled, it can make no difference." "It makes all the difference in life," replied Sir Roger. So the Catholic oath was produced. In 1832 Father McEncroe

arrived, in company with Mr. Plunkett, his wife, and sister. Mr. Plunkett came with the appointment of Attorney-General. These two Catholic gentlemen, both of high character, were the first men of position who were earnest in the practice and support of their religion, and their influence was of great value. Two other Catholic gentlemen had come out with office at an earlier time, but they concealed their religion until it was lost to themselves and their families. There had been a saying in Sydney before I arrived that Lady Therry's was the first bonnet that had appeared in the Catholic congregation. But when I reached Sydney things had very much changed in that respect. In 1829 the Rev J. V. Dowling also arrived, and made his residence at Windsor. These were the only two clergymen besides Father Therry whom I found in the Colony in 1833, and both of them had stipends from the Government.

The chief difficulty on my arrival regarded the church in Sydney, which Father Therry had begun soon after his arrival, but which was not yet completed. It was on a very large scale, with transepts raised to a great height, with walls of massive solidity, and with large crypts beneath. The Government had granted the site for the church, and an ample space for whatever buildings might be required in addition; but it had never been conveyed to trustees, which the Government now required to be done. Moreover, Father Therry claimed an extent of land considerably larger than the Government admitted to have been granted, and there was no documentary evidence producible. The land in question formed part of Sydney Park, and the addition which he claimed would have made considerable inroad into the open space. The Government appointed its own surveyor to measure and mark out the grant, but Father Therry resisted, and the result was that the Catholic Attorney-General was put into a painful position, having received directions to bring an action against the Father, which was only stayed by my arrival.

On my second visit to the Governor I asked his Excellency to allow me to arrange that instead of six lay trustees, as demanded, I might be allowed to have three clerical trustees of my own appointment, and three lay trustees to be selected by the congregation. This, I said, would secure three very respectable laymen, in whom everyone would confide, but if six laymen were required

it would lead to serious conflicts. Sir Richard at once understood it, and consented. "Anything reasonable," he said, "for the sake of peace." I then solicited his Excellency to join with me in completing the church for service; for we had not a single church completed. In Sydney we had only the use of a Government building, used for the Court of Requests, where we had the Sunday services and a school on week-days. If the Government would complete the woodwork, including the flooring, I would put in the sixty large windows. His Excellency agreed to this also.

On the Sunday appointed for the meeting, I first said the Mass and then preached an earnest sermon on unity. I then took the chair, on my own motion, and knowing that several people had come prepared to rake up stories of the past, and to load my ears with grievances, I put a stop to all this by saying that we were not met to talk, but to vote; that hitherto painful divisions had prevailed owing to the want of an authority, but as there was now a duly appointed authority all good Catholics would adhere to it; and as to past troubles, the sooner they were forgotten the better. Let us put a ponderous tombstone of oblivion over them, and then leave them in God's hands. Let all the congregation, except the servants of the Crown (the convicts), put the three names they wish for trustees into the voting box. This was done. The three names turned up were those of Mr. Attorney-General Plunkett, Mr. Commissioner Therry, and Mr. Murphy; the latter being a most respectable Emancipist, who had been unjustly transported, was now a wealthy man, and universally respected. I then appointed Father Therry and Father McEncroe, with myself, as the three clerical trustees. Thus ended our troubles, for the six trustees would now have to deal with the Government as to the extent of land to be granted. As I saw that all were relieved and in good humor, I said I should be happy now to hear any remarks that anyone was disposed to offer. This brought out expressions of thankfulness and unity from the leaders, and the meeting closed. I have been thus particular in detailing the steps taken to establish peace and order, because, after this stroke of policy, it was never afterwards interrupted.

Passing from the meeting to my residence, I was met at the door by a poor ragged Irishman, the only man in tatters I had yet seen. He asked me if I would please listen to what he had to say.

"Well," I said, "what is it?" In reply he poured out a stream of hexameter verses, in perfect meter and harmony, describing the meeting and all its incidents, winding up with a touching thanksgiving for the peace restored to the Catholic body. I asked my Irish troubadour, with some astonishment, what reduced a man of his ability and elevation of mind to such a condition. He replied: "I am a child of nature, your Reverence; and I cannot refuse the drink which my countrymen give me in their generosity." Some years later, when in the interior country, I called upon a wealthy Catholic magistrate, who pressed me to stay for dinner, promising me something interesting afterwards if I would do so. I consented, and after dinner in rolled my troubadour from the farm, in a fat and fine condition, smiling all over his face. Standing by the door, he resumed the history of my transactions from the time of the meeting, rolling out a stream of sweet and harmonious verses without halt or fault for an hour. He was a self-taught man, a mere child of impulse, and spoke in tones the tender sweetness of which I completely recall at this hour. I never saw him again.

Writing home on the day of my arrival, with the window open before me, suddenly there came a darkness. I looked up, and there was the head of the chief of the Sydney tribe thrust through the window to see what was going on. His black face painted red under the eyes, wild mass of hair, beetling brow, big jaws, crushed nose, white teeth, and naked shoulders; the grin on his face; the energetic nodding of his head, formed a picture so grotesque and unexpected that it required a little effort to return his greetings with politeness. Behind him was his *gin,* the poor princess of his tribe, peering out of the blanket with which she was enveloped. I gave them some coppers, and sketched them into the letter I was writing. We were the intruders into their dominions, not they upon ours, and their tribe had already dwindled down to half a dozen fighting men. Father Therry was habitually kind to these poor creatures, who camped and held their dances and their funerals in a valley by the seashore, about half a mile below our residence. He often fed them when in want. But there was no making any religious impression upon them. Any allusion to a God reduced them to silence. They had a fear of evil spirits, which they sometimes showed at night, and

imagined that the spirits of men after death came back in other forms.

Father McEncroe and I had once a most interesting account from two young men, of the Botany Bay tribe, who told us their traditions of the arrival of Captain Cook in that bay. When they saw the two ships they thought them to be great birds. They took the men upon them in their clothes, and the officers and marines in their cocked hats, for strange animals. When the wings (that is, the sails) were closed up, and the men went aloft, and they saw their tails hanging down (sailors wore pigtails in those days) they took them for long-tailed opossums. When the boat came to land, the women were much frightened; they cried and tried to keep the men back. The men had plenty of spears, and would go on. Cook took a branch from a tree and held it up. They came on, and they trembled. Then Cook took out a bottle and drank, and gave them to drink. They spat it out—salt water! It was their first taste of rum. Cook took some biscuit and ate it, and gave them some. They spat it out—something dry! It was the old ship-biscuit. Then Cook took a tomahawk and chopped a tree. They liked the tomahawk and took it. Thus the first gift they saw the value of was the axe that was destined to clear their woods and to make way for the white man. Allowing for the broken English, that is an accurate narrative of the tradition of the Botany Bay tribe.

Dr. Bland, an old inhabitant, told me that in early days he had witnessed a fight between the Sydney and the Botany Bay tribes on the very ground before the house. After hurling their fourteen-foot spears, they closed, and each struck his antagonist with his *waddy*, a club of hard wood, and then chivalrously presented his head to receive the return blow, striking alternately until one of them was laid prostrate. I was walking on one occasion with Father McEncroe on the same ground, when a young native fled across our path naked and unarmed; a second, with his *waddy*, followed in chase; whilst a third appeared in the distance. The first plunged into the Government domain, an aboriginal forest with walks cut through it. We followed by the shortest cut in the same direction, but only arrived in time to find the first man killed with the *waddy* of the second, who had fled. The third came up in terrible excitement, his naked skin fretted and his

eyes bursting. He was the brother of the man who was slain. Finding life extinct, he sent up one cry and then rushed after the slayer. The police brought the body into our stable, and an inquiry was made. But it was found to be a case of native feud between two tribes following their own laws. The body was given up to the tribe to whom it belonged, and I heard the funeral rites performed that night in the valley below. Nothing could be done for the souls of these poor creatures, corrupted as they were among the Europeans. Some youths, however, from tribes more remote, were brought up in Catholic families and became regular communicants; but as soon as they reached manhood, the savage revived, they flung off their clothes, and rejoined their tribe.

Soon after my arrival at Sydney a venerable old man, who lived by splitting timber in the woods, came for his annual visit to go to his religious duties; for, like thousands of others, he lived in the bush a long way from any priest. He remembered the early days when Sydney was nothing but a penal settlement. He was a tall man, with white hair and a bowed head, with much refinement of speech and manner; an old insurrectionist of 1798. He spoke much of Father Flynn, and said with touching pathos: "If Father Flyn had been let remain, what would not have been done?" He had the sweetest and swiftest tongue of Irish I ever heard.

Another tall old man, with the same breadth of chest and shoulders, and the bearing of a chief, used to be led from the convict barracks every Saturday by a boy (for he was stone blind) to make his confession. And always, after concluding, he made a brief, but solemn, act of thanksgiving aloud for the gift of blindness, as it shut out half the wickedness in the midst of which he was compelled to live.

Bushranging, with its venturesome hazards, had an attraction to the Irish convicts, and some of the most desperate bushrangers were Irishmen. But it was a rule among bushrangers of all descriptions, English and Irish, never to touch a priest. They had a fixed idea that if they did they would never have luck again. So we always knew we were safe. Once, going on a sick call from Sydney to Liverpool, a man sprung out of the blush with a blunderbuss on his shoulders, and seized the horse's head. I was sitting in my gig, wrapped in a cloak, and at once disengaged my hands,

whilst my servant prepared for a spring on him, when the bushman, seeing my face in the moonlight, ran off among the trees. The men in the condemned cells have told both the Bishop and the priests of particular times and circumstances when they passed them by, lying in wait in their hiding-places.

There were several soldiers in the 17th Regiment who went to their weekly Communion, and at least twenty-two who went once a fortnight. One young man I particularly remember, who was quite a contemplative. He had received the Carmelite scapular before he entered the army, and had persevered in a habit of prayer and fasting. He spent all his sentry watches in prayer. He had to stand sentry by the jail, close to the gibbet, one night after two men had been hung upon it; and such was his terror at the working of his imagination in that ghastly spot, with the shades of night around him, that, as he afterwards told me with a sense of gratitude, nothing but the earnestness with which he said his prayers, and so conquered his imagination, saved him from throwing down his musket and running away. The incidents of the barrack-room and the rigors of military discipline served him as subjects of self-mortification, and he certainly had a tender conscience and an habitual sense of the presence of God. He kept several of his comrades steady to their religious duties. I have often wondered what became of this young soldier, who had then gone on well and holily for several years.

There was a convict about thirty years old, far up the country on the Bathurst range, beyond the Blue Mountains, who was quite a contemplative. A shepherd, always following his sheep over extensive pastures, and except at lambing and shearing times, always alone, or nearly so, he spent his time in prayer and enjoyed his solitude. There was then no priest resident in all that country; and his master was so pleased with his steady, reliable conduct, and the care he took of his sheep, that he let him come down once a year to Sydney to receive the Sacraments, and gave him five shillings to buy food on the way. He walked upwards of a hundred miles for this purpose, praying by the way. He would stop a few days in Sydney, and I used to give him half-a-crown to help him back, and then he returned to his wilderness. He had the gentleness of manner which the habits of prayer and solitude give.

I was often struck with the injustice that men constantly com-

mit in generalizing the habits of criminals, and leaving them not one virtue or humane quality. I have often sat at the table of lawyers and attendants at the criminal courts and have heard them discuss the criminals they had been engaged in trying, or hearing tried; and have observed how natural is the disposition, even of shrewd men, to apply the principle, "he who offends in one point is guilty of all," in a sense certainly never contemplated in the sacred Scriptures. There the sense intended undoubtedly is that the offender against one point of law is guilty against the principle on which all law is based, and against the God Whose command is disobeyed, and against that love of God which is the object and end of all law. But men of the world have a habit, fostered especially in law courts and among those who deal with criminals, of concluding that "once a criminal, always a criminal"; and that to have offended once implies a natural malignity ready on occasion to perpetrate every crime. Such monsters, however, are rare in human nature. I have often had the opportunity of comparing men, as from my scant knowledge I knew them inwardly, with the judgment passed upon them by those who knew the same criminals only by the outward evidence that is brought into the courts of justice. And I have seen the vast amount of practical truth embodied in the inspired sentence, "Man sees in the face, but God beholds the heart." This singular experience has forced on me the necessity of a divine judgment to rectify the judgment of men, more than all the high theories drawn up on the subject, from the treatise of the pagan Plutarch down to the reasonings of the Catholic De Maistre.

By Christmas night the great church was completed, and we began to have the services and devotions in a more becoming manner. The congregation became large and communicants were much increased. With the aid of the Government I also began a school chapel on the Rocks, among the rudest part of the population. Father Therry often made visits into the more populous parts of the interior. I visited various districts occasionally, and especially Maitland, on the river Hunter; St. Patrick's Plains, higher up the country; Newcastle, at the mouth of the Hunter; the beautiful district of Illawara; Bathurst, beyond the Blue Mountains; and sometimes Parramatta. Our usual way of travelling was on horseback, with a servant on another horse carrying

the vestments and altar-stone. We always carried the Blessed Sacrament in a pyx in the breast pocket, not knowing where or when we might come upon the sick and dying. The Holy See has since prohibited this practice; and recollecting that we often had to stay the night in taverns, and in more miserable places, I think there was wisdom in the prohibition. My oil stocks, through wearing a hole in the pocket, were lost in the desolate Blue Mountains. But, strange to say, a Frenchwoman passed that way, found them, and concluded that they must belong to a priest, and so they were finally recovered. A silver snuff-box lost in the same region was never recovered, although my name was upon it and I offered a reward for it. I valued it as a gift from my mother.

We generally used the police courts for chapels, but at Bathurst I used the ballroom of the Royal Hotel, built over the stables, and at Appin I said Mass in a room of the tavern, where I preached against drunkenness. The innkeeper, a worthy Catholic, was rallied about this sermon; but he said: "We will take anything from his Reverence." I was breakfasting after my work in this inn, when I was told that a man wanted to see me. "Bring him in," said I. "Good morning, your Reverence," he said at the door. "Good morning to you; when were you at your duties last?" "Ah, it's not them, your Reverence." "Well, what is it?" "To tell your Reverence the truth, the other day I got drunk, and I promised my wife on my knees that I would not take a drop of drink for twelve months, unless through the hands of a priest. And if your Reverence could just let me take a bottle of rum through your hands to keep Christmas with——" "Well, I will make a bargain with you. Father Therry will be here about Christmas, and if you promise me to go to your duties with him, and only to drink it moderately, two glasses at a time with your family, you shall have a bottle of rum." It was brought in and paid for, when the man held it up to the light, and said: "It looks very nice, wouldn't your Reverence have a little drop?" "Come," I said, "you want the bottle opened. It won't do; go and keep your promise, and mind this, I shall inquire if you do keep it." "But," he said, "your Reverence must touch the bottle; that was in my oath."

Wherever we went the Catholic innkeepers entertained us and

our horses, and would never accept payment. When we reached a township, the first day was spent in riding round the country, visiting all the settlers, Protestant as well as Catholic, to ask leave for the convict servants to come to Mass and the Sacraments next day. The whole of the next day was occupied with people coming and going, and perhaps a second day was required for Communions. The heat was often intense, and after riding round, both man and horse were exhausted. To approach a farm required a little management. The moment you appear, a whole chorus of barking dogs rush out to meet you; and there you must stand surrounded with them until someone comes to take you under protection, after which your claims to hospitality are admitted and you are greeted with a wagging of tails. But woe to you if, after a hard day's ride, one of your first salutations is: "What a pity, we are just going to kill"; for this means that there is no meat in the house, and that your diet will be damper and tea, with an egg or two—damper being a heavy unleavened cake baked in the ashes, and so called, no doubt, from the damp it puts on your digestion. Hospitality, however, a hearty welcome, and the best that can be had, never fail in the Australian bush.

But, at times, one gets into queer places, and meets with odd incidents. Archbishop Polding was sleeping one night in a log hut, with open rafters above. Awaking, he saw two small lights in the upper roof, and was puzzled to make out what they were. They looked like two greenish stars peering through the shingles. But the mystery was solved by a cat pouncing down from the beams and seizing him by the nose. Having a sick call from Sydney to Illawara, a ride of eighty miles, a very heavy rain came on, and I stopped at a wooden hut for shelter. As the downpour continued the good people offered to lend me a beautiful blue cloth cloak, which hung up in the room and which someone had left there for a time. When it was taken off at the house where I stopped the whole inside of it was covered with bugs, as if it had been sown with pearls, and it had to be hung upon a tree and swept with a broom. The sick woman whom I went to visit, and whom the messenger, who had ridden all the way to Sydney, reported to be near death, came and opened the door. She was quite well, and had only a fit of ague. I stopped the night at a log hut in the neighborhood, and was awakened the next morn-

ing by a very loud and extraordinary noise. Shrieks and wailings were predominant, whilst a certain harmonious discord in two parts ran through the shrill notes. I got up and inquired, and was told that it was *the settler's clock;* a species of kingfisher that lives on snakes, against which it is protected by a ruff of feathers round its neck. Owing to its destroying so many poisonous snakes the bird is held sacred. From the extraordinary dialogue of sounds with which the male and female salute the rising sun, Governor King gave it the name of *the laughing jackass,* by which it is commonly called. Returning from that most beautiful district at the ascent of Mount Keera, the forest was on fire on both sides: a not unusual occurrence after a high wind on a very hot day. I stopped to examine if it was safe to proceed, and, looking to the horse's feet, found a kangaroo in miniature, cowering under the horse's hind legs for protection from the fire. On the same ascent is the celebrated hollow tree, to which I once conducted Bishop Polding for shelter from heavy rain: it kept us and our horses perfectly dry, and there was still room enough for two more horses.

Breakfasting at Bathurst in a hotel after saying Mass, a young lady came to me in great distress of mind. She had but recently arrived alone in the Colony, and had brought me a letter of introduction. "Whatever are you doing," I asked, in some surprise, "in this remote place?" Through her tears she told me that she had come with the view of buying land; but that she was lodging with a Catholic farmer in the neighborhood, who would not let her have her horse, and was trying to force her to marry his son. "Do you really mean to say that you have ridden all the way from Sydney, and have crossed those lonely Blue Mountains without any guide or protector?" So it was, however. "Go back at once to your lodgings," I said, "and tell the people that I shall be there in two hours' times." On my reaching the door the whole family came out. They were so sorry, but the lady's horse was loose in the bush, and could not be caught. I said to my man: "Put the lady's saddle on your horse; then go back to the hotel, get another horse, and follow us as soon as you can over the Connoll Plains. As to you (turning to the settler), see you send that lady's horse and things to the Bathurst Hotel by to-morrow morning, or you will hear through the magistrate." No sooner was

she mounted than I gave her a canter of some eight or ten miles, when I deposited her with a worthy surgeon and his wife, who kindly undertook to see her off to Sydney by the next public conveyance, and to send a trusty man with her horse. I thus lost a day in rescuing a distressed damsel from toils woven by her own folly.

Wherever we got the loan of a court house up the country as a chapel I invariably found a Bible on the bench for administering oaths, on the back of which a paper was pasted the full length in the form of a cross; most commonly consisting of two crossed pieces of coarse brown paper. When anyone had to be sworn, the clerk asked: "Are you Protestant or Catholic?" If Protestant, the book was opened and its pages kissed; if Catholic, the brown paper cross was presented to be kissed. I wrote a letter to the Governor, pointing out both the indecency and the illegality of this practice, as well as the prejudice which it caused. By a circular to the magistrates the abuse was put an end to.

At Sydney we did our outdoor work in gigs, as well to save time as on account of the heat. Besides the usual flock, forming a fourth of the population, we had to look after the prisoners' barracks, a huge jail to which the convict men were sent on their first landing, and to which they were returned from every part of the Colony for punishment. We had also to attend the felons' jail, where some forty executions took place yearly. We had to look after a large chain-gang upon an island in Sydney Cove. We had to visit a large convict hospital at Sydney; another at Parramatta, fifteen miles off; and another at Liverpool, at a distance of twenty miles. Again there was the Benevolent Asylum, a refuge for decayed people; for there was no Poor Law, nor was it needed in those days. The funerals, also, which were outside the city, required to be attended to at least every other day. Parramatta had to be served regularly from Sydney, and Liverpool from time to time. Father McEncroe and I had to bear the brunt of this work.

Another field of occupation was examining and signing the papers of the large convict population. No one could obtain his ticket of leave, or his free pardon, or leave to marry, or the privilege of having wife and children sent out at Government expense, unless the document he presented was signed by a clergyman of

his communion. Then there were duties for the Vicar-General as head of the department; duties and correspondence with the Colonial Office, with the Surveyor's Office, with the Architect's Office, with the Audit Office, with the Treasury, and with the military, as well as with the Convict Department.

There were grants of land to be obtained for churches, schools, or presbyteries; payments to be arranged or certified for priests or school teachers; aid to be sought for new buildings; arrangements made for duties to the military, as well as for the convicts; favors to be solicited in exceptional cases that seemed to call for mercy; special journeys in Government services by land and sea, such as attending executions. I always found the heads of departments friendly and obliging. The official dinners at Government House tended to strengthen this good understanding; and on those occasions his Excellency was always considerate in inviting the Protestant Archdeacon and Catholic Vicar-General on different days, so that each in his turn had the place of honor, and said grace.

HENRY EDWARD MANNING

1808—1892

Henry Edward Manning, convert and cardinal, was born in Hertfordshire in 1808. Beginning his education under tutors, he proceeded to Harrow, and finally entered Balliol College, Oxford, from which he was graduated in 1830.

After serving in the Colonial Office for a time after graduation, he gave over his political ambitions to enter the Anglican Church. Accordingly, he returned to Oxford for further study, taking orders in 1832.

In 1841, having held a small living in Sussex for eight years, he was appointed Archdeacon of Chichester. His opportunities for the exercise of his particular talents—political and social—were, as a consequence, considerably increased. In the meantime, however, the forces which were to result in the Oxford Movement were developing strength and as they gradually accumulated momentum, Manning, like Newman, Faber, and a host of other Anglican clergymen of spiritual integrity, could not remain untouched. His study of the early Fathers had slowly convinced him that the Church of England

was but a schism; it remained, however, for the Gorham Judgment of 1850 and its results finally to show him the inevitable conclusion. Hence, in 1851 he was received into the Catholic Church.

The history of his subsequent career is a familiar one—his part in the labor troubles of the time, his controversies in support of the Catholic position in England, and his differences with Newman: all this is common knowledge. Likewise, his writing, in so far as *The Eternal Priesthood* and *The Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost* are concerned, is known throughout the Catholic world. His private journals, however, and his informal essays, the last collected under the title *Pastime Papers,* have not yet received the critical appreciation that is their due. Nevertheless, it is these writings, produced in moments when the great churchman, freed for the time from the pressure of his office, was able to relax into a mood conductive to self-analysis and its harmonious expression, that must stand as his contribution to literature. And although the *Journals*—indicative as they are of a mind at once militant yet humble, and written in a manner that for intricacy of expression puts no little tax upon the resources of the language—are representative of his way of thought, it is the informal essays as well that one must know in order properly to fathom Cardinal Manning's many-sidedness.

GOSSIP[1]

"NOBLEST things find vilest using." And certainly it is a rigorous destiny that *Gossipred* should have come to signify the worst of social vices. There is something venerable in the pious confabulation of godfathers and godmothers over caudle-cups and postle-spoons: but there is something murderous in the conspiracy of Gossips. It may be that the christening of an infant may have usually let loose a flood of small talk, and volumes of charitable hopes that the son may be better than his father, and the daughter less intolerable than her mother. This mixture of detraction and prophecy is the original sin of gossiping: and it has descended with rapid propagation to all races and languages among Christian men.

There are many varieties in the Gossip kingdom. First, there is the Harmless Gossip, who, being good-hearted but empty-headed, talks incessantly in a kindly, bird-witted, scatter-brained way of all sorts and conditions of men. Such a one cannot talk

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of subjects scientific, literary, or historical, for he knows nothing about them; nor of things generally, for he is habitually unobservant; but his whole talk is of persons. What such a one has done, is doing, is about to do, would do, or will do: and what such another has said, or is saying, and so on, through all the moods and tenses: how Mr. Gladstone entered Parliament as a supralapsarian, but has gone over to the social democracy: and how no Duchess of Sutherland would ever have in her wardrobe less than one hundred forty-four pocket-handkerchiefs, every one of which cost twenty-five guineas: how Sir Wilfrid Lawson in early life tried to be a Dominican, but was sent away because of his hard drinking and contagious melancholy. Such gossips are, however, as free from guile or malice as they are from common sense or discernment of what in men or things is credible, probable, or possible. Nothing comes amiss to them. Gossip they must, by a second nature. If they have anything to say, they will say it: if nothing, it is all one: they buzz on amiably, *sicut chimaera bombitanes in vacuo;* amiable buzzing creatures, the bluebottles of social life.

There is next the Unconscious Gossip, who repeats all he hears to all he meets, with no greater perception of the fitness of time, place, or person, than he has of colors in the dark. What somebody told him he tells to everybody; mostly to the person who ought last to hear it, and whom it most concerns. The unconscious gossip is an adult *enfant terrible*—a sort of *petroleur* or *petroleuse* on a large scale, sprinkling society with petroleum, believing it to be as harmless as salad-oils. Such innocents have not even the vice of curiosity. They have not sufficient perception of either the eternal or the transient relations of things to excite curiosity, or to make them conscious of the social explosions, earthquakes, conflagrations they are daily causing. The law against arson ought to be extended to such unconscious incendiaries. Their only plea at bar is: "Who could have ever thought that the man I met in the train was accused of the crime or afflicted with the unhappiness of which I told him? I did not even know who he was."

To these must be added the Professional Gossip. This is the kind known to the Clubs. He knows everybody; is particularly intimate with the people you are talking of; he saw them yesterday; or is going to dine with them, to meet the Russian Ambas-

sador, to-morrow. He puts no handle to any man's name: they are his familiars and clients, patients and penitents, Lords, Commons, and Lions. They all consult him; tell him everything, do nothing without him. He was called last night after twelve o'clock by telegram to Hawarden Castle or to Alnwick, but was not able to go, being sent for from Buckingham Palace. He knows the outline of the Bill of the Session; and how many Peers will be made to carry it; and who are to be made Peers. Such gossips have one fatality. Their prophecies never come to pass; and of their secrets, what is true is not new, and what is new is not true. Each day wipes them out; but they are like tales of fiction, a pleasant excitement for the moment. Such gossips are not malicious. They are too well pleased with themselves to bear ill-will. A quarrel, or even a duel now and then, they may create without meaning it; but they make it up by sacrificing themselves, which costs them nothing, and they begin again the old trade with new capital.

But Gossipdom has inner *bolge* or circles less innocuous. As we enter further, we encounter next the Malignant Gossip. Of this kind there are two sorts—men who murder the reputations of others, and women who throw vitriol over it. They have an ear always wide open to catch all evil that is said, truly or falsely in the world. Their ears are spread in the dark, like the nets of bat-folders; nothing escapes them. It is enough to be ten minutes in a room with them, to see the rent in every man's coat, or the wrinkle in every woman's temper. As a sponge sucks in water, so these malignant gossips draw in, by affinity, all malignant histories. They have, too, a laboratory in the brain, and a chemical acid by which all that is malignant is at once detected, and drawn out for use in a concentrated form. Such men are man-slayers: for to a good man and an honorable man a fair name is dearer than life. And such women are domestic *vitrioleuses,* more guilty than the male malignities, as the nature and dignity of woman is mercy, tenderness, and compassion. The distortion of their nature is therefore more intense.

There remains one more kind—the Mendacious Gossip. We put him last, not because he is necessarily worse, but because he makes more havoc, and provides, both willingly and unwillingly, weapons and vitriol for the use of the malignants. For such gos-

sips by no means are always conscious or intentional liars. They have gaping ears, and itching tongues, and wandering wits. They are never sure of what they hear, and never accurate in what they repeat. They magnify, and multiply, and put carts before horses, and all things upside down, first in their own minds, and next in their histories. They would not misrepresent if they knew it, nor do mischief if they were aware of it; but all their life long they do mischiefs of lesser or greater magnitudes. They are not false, for they have no intention to be untruthful; but they are not true, for a great part of what they say is false. With all their good intentions they are dangerous as companions, and still more dangerous as friends. But there is another kind of mendacious gossip, who knows that he is inventing, inverting, exaggerating, supplementing with theories and explanations of his own, the words and actions of other men. The Italians call such a man *uomo finto*. He is a living fiction; and all he touches turns to fiction, as all that Midas touched turned to gold. He is reckless of the name, and fame, and feelings, and dignity of other men, having none of his own: and he is hardly conscious of the pain he inflicts, though he would still inflict it even if he could feel it himself: for in him the malignant and mendacious gossip meet in one brain—and a miserable brain it is. *Quisque suos patimur manes.* Self is our worst scourge.

AUBREY DE VERE[1]

1814—1902

Aubrey de Vere, convert, poet, and essayist, was born in Ireland in 1814. He entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1832, devoting himself chiefly to the study of metaphysics. Later he spent some time reading at both Oxford and Cambridge, and in Rome.

His first impulse toward Catholicity came, strangely enough, through his study of Coleridge, to whose poetry together with that of Wordsworth he had been early drawn; and the impulse, fostered by the Oxford Movement, finally led him into the Church in 1857.

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Although he wrote a number of political and critical works, it is his poetry for which he is chiefly distinguished. Highly intellectual, of a lofty spirituality, and musically rhythmic, it must be reckoned with in any estimate of nineteenth century verse.

SAINT FRANCIS AND PERFECT JOY

FROM THE FIORETTI DI S. PRANCESCN

BLESSED SAINT FRANCIS, in the winter time,
When half the Umbrian vales were white with snow
And all the northward vine-stems rough with rime,
Walked from Perugia down. His steps were slow,
Made slow by thought; yet swift at times, for love
Showered o'er his musings, fired them from above.

Right opposite, high on Assisi's hill,
The Saint was born, child of a wealthy house;
And though, corrupt delights abhorring still,
The revel he had shunned, and wild carouse,
Not less in camps and 'mid the festal throng
At times the youth had lived; yet not for long.

For from the Eternal Altar in the skies
The Kingly Prophet and the Victim Priest,
Standing with hands outstretched, had bent His eyes
One moment on him. Straight, from earth released,
The Saint, predestined, cast her lures aside,
And Holy Poverty espoused—his Bride.

Love, perfect made, lives in the Loved alone;
All gifts, by him unshared, it spurns as dross;
He, Who for earth's sake left His heavenly throne,
From earth accepted one sole gift—the Cross:
That day Saint Francis on that Cross and Him
Mused ever, as he walked, with eyes tear-dim.

At last thus spake he to that Brother meek,
For hours sole comrade of his silent way:
"Leone, lamb of Christ, the words I speak
Write down, and ponder well some far-off day;
For truth remains; but men are winds that pass,
Like those brief gusts that bend yon stiffening grass.

"Leone, we, the least of men, have striven
An Order to uprear of Orders least;
If God, who ofttimes from His feast hath driven
The proud, and shared Himself the beggar's feast,
Should dower that new-born Order with such grace
That one day it shall stand the first in place;

"If, in each land, the Brothers Minor shone
Resplendent with a sanctity so high
That all men thronged to hear their word, and none
Who heard in mortal sin was known to die,
All crowns of earth to this were but a toy;
Yet write that this would not be Perfect Joy."

Another mile that road ice-filmed they trod
While sank the sun, and 'gainst their faces blew
Bitterer the blast; then stood the man of God,
And thus with kindling cheek began anew:
"Leone, little lamb of Christ, attend!
Write down my words, and inly apprehend.

"Leone, if through all the earth in fear
Before the Brothers Minor demons fled;
If in all lands they caused the deaf to hear,
The blind to see, and raised the buried dead,
All this, though greatness proof 'gainst Time's alloy
And clear from stain, would not be Perfect Joy."

Again pushed on the twain through vapors frore
And wayside boughs curdled with frozen rain;
But now Leone paced the Saint before,
And oft his whitening fingers chafed for pain;
Again Saint Francis stood; and, with a mien
As though the Vision Blest his eyes had seen,

Resumed, but louder: "Little lamb, give ear!
Write thus, that if the Brothers Minor flung
All nets of knowledge round the spiritual sphere
And spake once more each Pentecostal tongue,
And depth on depth in Scripture hid explored,
And dragged the Soldan bound to Christ, his Lord;

"If, lastly, through all realms they sped His Faith
Triumphant as on Angels' necks and wings,
And raised in Holy Land from shame and scath
His just ones, abjects now of turbaned Kings,
Potent alone to abase and to destroy,
These things, though great, would not be Perfect Joy."

When three times now Leone thus had heard
From lips so loved the self-same oracle,
He stood in wide-eyed wonder without word.
At last he spake: "I pray thee, Father, tell
What thing is Perfect Joy; how won? where found?
In heaven, do Angels share it with the Crowned?"

Blessed Saint Francis raised his thin, small hand
And pointed to a chapel, now not far,
That lonely rose amid the dusking land,
Backed by the dull red sky and evening star;
Scarce larger than a huge tree's hollow bole
That chapel seemed, their day-long journey's goal.

"Saint Mary of the Angels" it was named;
That Order, destined soon o'er earth to spread,
As yet no statelier Mother-House had claimed;
Four hermits gray from Palestine, men said,
Long centuries past, those sacred walls had reared;
Though time-worn, still they stood by all revered.

Round them not yet had risen that temple, graced
With countless spoils from quarry and from mine,
Which clasps this hour, 'mid splendors undisplaced,
That precinct old, its boast, its joy, its shrine,
Delight of pilgrim bands that, year by year,
Seeking its pardoning grace in faith draw near.

Still toward that spot the Saint held forth his hand—
Ere long a cloud of mingled sleet and snow,
That seemed, as on it drifted, to expand,
Drew nearer to that humble fane and low.
It passed; and plainly in the lessening light
Shone out the chapel, now with snow-flakes white.

Then spoke the Saint: "Leone, seest thou there
Our happy home? If we who left it late
So bright, so glad, so silent, and so fair,
Should cower snow-clad ere Compline by its gate,
And sue admittance, crying,—'Porter, wake!
Receive the Brethren for the Master's sake!'

"And if that porter, loth to leave his bed,
Should answer from within,—'Imposters base!
Come ye to gorge the olives and the bread
Reserved for orphans and the sick? give place!
This knotted staff for backs like yours were best.
Hence! Psalms are over, and the Brethren rest':—

"And if, an hour gone by, once more we came,
And prayed: 'Great Sir, unbar to us the door;
Two Brothers Minor, spent, thy pity claim,
Wanderers way-worn, heart-weary, and foot-sore';
And he made answer: 'Hence! for, though I sleep,
For bandits masked my wolf-hounds vigil keep':—

"And if, two hours gone by, again we sued,
And forth that porter rushed with staff and hound,
Doubtless not knowing us in his Cain-like mood,
And left us on the snows, bleeding and bound
Till now on the blank road the morning shone
And we at heart had cherished petulance none,

"Nor uttered contumelious word the while,
But mused all night on Christ and on His Cross
And thanked Him that He deigned with us, though vile,
To share it, gain supreme disguised in loss,
And endless bliss won by an hour's annoy,—
Leone, Brother, that were Perfect Joy.

"Leone! That, and every grace beside,
Is gift of God, to nought man boasts akin;
Great sin it were, to turn God's gifts to pride:—
This gift, slaying self-love, forestalls such sin!
Well cried the Apostle, pain-emparadised,—
'Glory in this I will—the Cross of Christ.' "

HUMAN LIFE

Sad is our youth, for it is ever going,
Crumbling away beneath our very feet;
Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing,
In current unperceived, because so fleet;
Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet in sowing,
But tares, self-sown, have overtopped the wheat;
Sad are our joys, for they were sweet in blowing;
And still, O still, their dying breath is sweet!

And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us
Of that which made our childhood sweeter still;
And sweet our life's decline, for it hath left us
A nearer Good to cure an older Ill;
And sweet are all things, when we learn to prize them
Not for their sake, but His, Who grants them or denies them.

CARDINAL MANNING

I learned his greatness first at Lavington.
The moon had early sought her bed of brine,
But we discoursed till now each starry sign
Had sunk; our theme was one, and one alone.
"Two minds supreme," he said, "our earth has known;
One sang in science; one served God in song;
Aquinas—Dante." Slowly in me grew strong
A thought,—"These two great minds in him are one;—
" 'Lord, what shall this man do?' " Later, at Rome,
Beside the dust of Peter and of Paul,
Eight hundred mitered sires of Christendom
In Council sat. I marked him 'mid them all;
I thought of that long night in years gone by,
And cried,—"At last, my question meets reply."

ODE TO JERUSALEM

JERUSALEM, Jerusalem!
If any love thee not, on them
May all thy judgments fall;
For every hope that crowns our earth,
All birth-gifts of her heavenly birth
To thee she owes them all!

Deep was thy guilt, and deep thy woe;
The brand of Cain upon thy brow
Each shore has felt thy tread;
No altar now is thine; no Priest;
Upon thy hearth no paschal feast:
The paschal moon is dead.

When from their height the Nations fall
The kind grave o'er them strews her pall;
They die as mortals die:
But He who looked thee in the face
Stamped there that look no years erase
His own on Calvary.

Awe-struck on thee men gaze, and yet
Confess thy greatness, own our debt
And trembling still revere
The Royal Family of Man
Supporting thus its blight and ban
With constancy austere.

Those Sciences by us so prized
The sternness of thy strength despised,
Devices light and vain
Of men who lack the might to live
In that repose contemplative
Which Asian souls maintain.

By thee the Book of Life was writ;
And, wander where it may, with it
Thy soul abroad is sent:
Wherever towers a Christian Church
Palace of Earth, Heaven's sacred Porch
It is thy monument.

The minstrel songs, like sounds wind-borne
From harps on Babel boughs forlorn
O'er every clime have swept;
And Christian mothers yet grow pale
With echoes faint of Rachel's wail;
Our maids with Ruth have wept.

Thou bind'st the Present with the Past
The prime of ages with the last;
The golden chain art thou
Whereon alone all fates are hung
Of nation's springing, or upsprung
Earthward once more to bow.

Across the World's tumultuous gate
Thou flingest thy shadow's giant weight;
The mightiest birth of Time
For all her pangs she may not bear
Until her feast she bids thee share
And mount her throne sublime.

Far other gaze than that he pours
On empires round thee sunk, and shores
That once in victory shone,
Far other gaze and paler frown
The great Saturnian star bends down
On cedared Lebanon.

He knows that thou, obscured and dim
Thus wrestling all night long with him
Shall victor rise at last:
Destined thy mystic towers to rear
More high than his declining sphere
When, downward on the blast

God's mightiest Angel leaps and stands,
A Shape o'er-shadowing seas and lands;
And swears by Him who swore
A faithful oath and kind to Man
Ere worlds were shaped or years began,
That "Time shall be no more."

SAINT PETER

Rock of the Rock! As He, the Light of Light,
Shows forth His Father's glory evermore,
So show'st thou forth the Son's unshaken might
Throned in thy unity on every shore:
On thee His Church He built; and though all night
Tempests of leaguering demons round it roar
The Gates of Hell prevail not, and the Right
Beams lordliest through the breaking clouds of war.
Strength of that Church! the Nations round thee reel;
Like hunted creatures Kingdoms flee and pant;
But God upon His Church hath set His seal,
Fusing His own eternal adamant
Through all its bastions and its towers in thee:
Luminous it stands through thy solidity.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER

1814—1863

Frederick William Faber, convert, oratorian, and devotional poet, was born in Yorkshire in 1814. After preparation at Harrow, he entered Balliol College, Oxford, later becoming Fellow of University College. At the inception of the Tractarian Movement he became one of its proponents, and as a natural consequence took Anglican orders, in 1839. In 1843 he received appointment as rector of Elton, in Northamptonshire.

During the years immediately preceding he had twice visited the continent and had been deeply impressed with Catholic devotion and ceremonial. Hence, soon after his appointment to Elton he began to preach Catholic doctrine and wrote a life of St. Wilfrid in which he defined his position in no uncertain terms.

In 1845, then, he was received into the Catholic Church, and a year later was instrumental in forming a community called "Wilfridians." Two years more and he was ordained priest. Being attracted to Newman, he associated himself with the Oxford leader and was sent by him to establish an Oratory in London. Here Father Faber began his real work. Creating schools for the poor, holding services into which he introduced hymns and undertook processions of the Blessed Sacrament, and writing in support of his cause,—these became his activities. And it was for the services thus introduced that he composed most of his hymns.

These poems, combining doctrine and devotion with poetic insight and artistic form, and lending themselves, as they do, to musical setting, became immediately popular with his people and straightway attracted a wide use. They are now a permanent part of English devotional literature.

HOPE

How much they wrong thee, gentle Hope! who say
That thou art light of heart, and bright of eye!
Ah! no,—thou wert not hope, if thou wert gay:
She hath no part with idle gaiety!

The gay think only of the passing hour,
And the light mirth the flying moments yield;
But thou dost come when days of darkness lower,
And with the future dost the present gild.

Yes; thou, sweet Power! art Grief's twin-sister, given
To walk with her the weary world around,
Scattering, like dew, the fragrant balm of heaven,
Where she hath left her freshly bleeding wound.

Oh! often have I pictured thee in dreams,
For thou wert always very dear to me;
And never was I sad but sunny gleams
Have visited my drooping heart from thee.

Yet words can scarce portray thy lovely face,
As it hath shone on me at dead of night,
Wreathed with a smile of calm and serious grace,
Chaste as the moon's, as pensive, and as bright.

When pity for the grief we would beguile,
And the glad thought that we can render aid,
Strive in the heart, and blend into a smile,
'Tis thou that makest sunshine out of shade.

And on thy brow there sits eternally
A look of deep, yet somewhat anxious bliss,
With a wild light that nestles in thine eye,
As though its home were not a world like this.

THE HOLY ANGELS

Angels and Thrones and holy Powers
And Ministers of light—
God's primal sons and mystic bands
In various orders bright,
And hidden Splendors wheeling round
In circles infinite—

Celestial priests and seraph kings
In links of glory twine:
And spirits of departed men
In saintly luster shine,
With Angels dear that fold their wings
Above the awful Shrine—

Chariots of living flame that fill
The mountain's hollow side,
Breezes that to the battle-field
Over the forest ride,
Spirits that from the Bridegroom come
To wait upon the Bride—

These are among us and around
In earth and sea and air,
At fast and feast and holy rite
And lonely vigil prayer,
Morning and noon and dead of night
Crowding the heavenly stair.

In solemn hours and paths remote,
  Where worldly sounds are still,
There comes to us from Spirits nigh
  A contact pure and chill,
A touch that to the inmost sense
  Runs with unearthly thrill.

Yet man will deem himself alone—
  That earth so fair and wide
Was made for him to have unshared
  His glory and his pride,
That he alone, supreme below,
  To heaven could be allied.

And wouldst thou grudge, poor selfish heart,
  To share thy lonely sway,
And scorn the visitants that come
  On earth with thee to stay—
The Beings meek and beautiful
  That follow on thy way?

There's many a lake to Heaven looks up
  With bright and earnest eye
Upon the solitary tops
  Of mountains steep and high,
And many a plant and flower that bloom
  Where man was never nigh.

All day and night the lovely clouds
  In curious shapes are blending,
And colored lights through forest bowers
  Are every hour descending,
Where none are by but Angel forms,
  God's glorious road attending.

Oh! well it is that they for love
  Of man's cold heart are weeping:
And it shall please me, Lord! to think,
  While my dull eyes are sleeping,
Angels for Thine eternal praise
  Eternal watch are keeping!

TWO FAITHS

Oh pray for me!—thou know'st what prayer I need!
What is it to be one in whose weak heart
Two faiths are lodged, while thought and feeling bleed
In the wild war; yet neither will depart?
What is it to be one, spell-drawn to stay
For the completing of his nature, trembling
Between two different characters each day,
And seem to his harsh friends to be dissembling?
Watch me, as thou hast watched Mosella's waves
Bringing her clear, sweet waters down from Treves,
To Neuendorf along yon southern shore
Breasting with hope the turbulent green Rhine,
Till the old flood claims both his banks once more
Pray on—pray on: like fate may yet be mine.

THE EASTER GUEST

Dear Mother! from the sacred cell
Where the departed spirits dwell,
Mysteriously blest,
A gentle shadow, by my side
For one whole day at Easter-tide,
Thou dost with thy poor orphan bide,
A true though speechless guest.

Dear Shade! at dawn thou dost not come,
The hour when Jesus from the Tomb
Went in the twilight gray:
Thou comest not at sunrise fair,
And, when to breathe bright Easter air
I leave my bed, thou art not there,—
Thou hast not found the way.

Softly, sweet Presence! dost thou steal
To me, when all the people kneel

With trembling hearts prepared;
When, on the Mysteries intent,
We see the veil between us rent,
Showing the way that Jesus went,—
Then is thy house unbarred.

And straightway thou art at my side,
As when, one long past Easter-tide
I knelt, a cowering boy,
And thou my little hands didst bare,
Taking the gloves which I did wear,
Trembling, entranced, oblivious there
With awe, deep awe and joy.

Dear Mother! through the long, long year
I never think without a tear
Of thee so soon departed;
And, weariest penance! all the things
Which memory from her storehouse brings
Are seeds of bitter thought, and stings
Which keep me broken-hearted.

I mark thy sadly wondering look,
When in a passion-fit I spoke
Harsh words into thine ears;
When thou a sufferer on life's brink,
Waitedst to weep, till thou didst think
I should not see thy spirit drink
Its greedy draught of tears.

O Mother! Mother! with what pain
I crave thy presence back again
Thy pardon so to get!
For mine is now a growing sorrow,
Which doth, alas! forever borrow
From every change and every morrow
New sources of regret.

But this one day when thou hast come
From out thy spiritual home,
Thine Easter's endless feast,
What other feelings hast thou brought!
With what a cheering softness fraught!
What store, good store, of filial thought
Hath come with thee, dear Guest!

From out thy presence thou dost pour
A healing quiet on my sore,
The calm of pardon won,
And a bright cloud of memories
Doth from the genial past arise,
Bringing sweet trouble in my eyes.
From thoughts of duty done.

Mother! the long, long year I mourn;
But thy mute presence is an urn,
Replenished from above,
Whence yearly there distils a dower
O deep absolving peace, a shower
Of benediction,—right and power
For penitential love.

THE RIGHT MUST WIN

Oh, it is hard to work for God,
  To rise and take His part
Upon this battlefield of earth,
  And not sometimes lose heart.

He hides Himself so wondrously,
  As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
  Of ill are most abroad.

Or He deserts us at the hour
  The fight is all but lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
  Just when we need Him most.

In masters good; good seems to change
  To ill with greatest ease;
And, worst of all, the good with good
  Is at cross-purposes.

Ah! God is other than we think;
  His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reached
  Only by child-like love.

Workman of God! Oh, lose not heart,
  But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
  Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice blessed is he to whom is given
  The instincts that can tell
That God is on the field when He
  Is most invisible.

"Blessed, too, is he who can divine
  Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
  Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

For right is right, since God is God
  And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
  To falter would be sin.

COVENTRY PATMORE[1]

1823—1896

Coventry Patmore, convert, essayist, and poet, was born in Essex in 1823. He was educated privately but remained untrained, so that, financial reverses overtaking his family, he was forced to take whatever employment offered itself.

Fortunately, however, he obtained a position in the library of the British Museum which, furnishing him with a sufficient income, allowed him, in addition, to follow his natural bent. For, having written at an early age verses which were brought out by his father and had pleased such a critic as Leigh Hunt, he now continued to write, publishing his first important work, *Tamerton Church Tower,* in 1853. The next year saw the appearance of his *Angel in the House,* a long poem in which he treats of love in a manner at once exalted and yet commonplace. Patmore sprang at once into place among the major poets of the century.

In 1862 Patmore became a Catholic. The treatment of love in *The Angel in the House* falls not far short of the Catholic ideal and in fact many of the ideas held by Patmore up to this time tended toward Catholicity; but because of his first wife's belief he made no effort to crystallize his tendency. Upon her death, however, he journeyed to Rome for the purpose of religious study and contemplation. Naturally, because of his inclination and because of the influences with which he came in contact, his submission was inevitable.

After this date his work took on a note of deeper spirituality, partly to be accounted for by his new faith and partly by the character of his second wife, a woman of vivid personality, highly spiritual and wholly at one with him in ideal, a significance which mounts at times, as in *The Unknown Eros,* to supreme poetic heights.

This last volume, published in 1877, is a series of odes which sums up the ideas of his later thinking regarding human and divine love. It is among the principal contributions to nineteenth century poetry.

In addition to his verse, Patmore published three volumes of essays. These prose writings collected under the titles *Religio Poetae; Root, Rod, and Flower;* and *Principle in Art* are all the product of his later years. They deal, for the most part, with the same themes that he sets forth in his poetry; but, stripped as they are of poetic devices, they stand as brilliant expositions of mystical philosophy, succinct and perhaps bare,—hence, for the general reader they are too cryptic ever to be widely popular.

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[1]Selections from the work of Coventry Patmore are reprinted by arrangement with G. Bell & Sons, Ltd., owners of the copyright.

Patmore died in 1896 and is only now coming into his rightful position in critical appreciation.

LOVE AND POETRY

EVERY man and woman who has not denied or falsified nature knows, or at any rate feels, that love, though the least "serious," is the most significant of all things. The wise do not talk much about this knowledge, for fear of exposing its delicate edge to the stolid resistance of the profligate and unbelieving, and because its light, though, and for the reason that, it exceeds all other, is deficient in definition. But they see that to this momentary transfiguration of life all that is best in them looks forward or looks back, and that it is for this the race exists, and not this for the race—the seed for the flower, not the flower for the seed. All religions have sanctified this love, and have found in it their one word for and image of their fondest and highest hopes; and the Catholic has exalted it into a "great Sacrament," holding that, with Transubstantiation—which it resembles—it is unreasonable only because it is above reason. "The love which is the best ground of marriage," writes also the Protestant and "judicious" Hooker, "is that which is least able to render a reason for itself." Indeed, the extreme unreasonableness of this passion, which gives cause for so much blaspheming to the foolish, is one of its surest sanctions and a main cause of its inexhaustible interest and power; for who but a "scientist" values greatly or is greatly moved by anything he can understand—that which can be comprehended being necessarily less than we are ourselves?

In this matter the true poet must always be a mystic—altogether to the vulgar, and more or less to all who have not attained to his peculiar knowledge. For what is a mystery but that which one does not know? The common handicrafts used to be called mysteries; and their professors were mystics to outsiders exactly in the sense that poets or theologians, with sure, but to them uncommunicated and perhaps incommunicable, knowledge, are mystics to the many. The poet simply knows more than they do; but it flatters their malignant vanity to call him names which they mean to be opprobrious, though they are not, because he is not such a spiritual pauper as themselves. But poets are mystics, not only by

virtue of knowledge which the greater part of mankind does not possess, but also because they deal with knowledge against which the accusation of dunces who know the differential calculus is etymologically true—namely, that it is *absurd*. Love is eternally absurd, for that which is the root of all things must itself be without root. Aristotle says that things are unintelligible to man in proportion as they are simple; and another says, in speaking of the mysteries of love, that the angels themselves desire in vain to look into these things.

In the hands of the poet, mystery does not hide knowledge, but reveals it as by its proper medium. Parables and symbols are the only possible modes of expressing realities which are clear to perception though dark to the understanding. "Without a parable he spake not" who always spake of primary realities. Every spiritual reality fades into something else, and none can tell the point at which it fades. The only perfectly definite things in the universe are the conceptions of a fool, who would deny the sun he lives by if he could not see its disc. Natural sciences are definite, because they deal with laws which are not realities but conditions of realities. The greatest and perhaps the only real use of natural science is to supply similes and parables for poets and theologians.

But if the realities of love were not in themselves dark to the understanding, it would be necessary to darken them—not only lest they should be profaned, but also because, as St. Bernard says, "The more the realities of heaven are clothed with obscurity, the more they delight and attract, and nothing so much heightens longing as such tender refusal." "Night," says the inspirer of St. Bernard, "is the light of my pleasures."

Love is rooted deeper in the earth than any other passion; and for that cause its head, like that of the Tree Igdrasil, soars higher into heaven. The heights demand and justify the depths, as giving them substance and credibility. "That He hath ascended—what is it but because He first also descended into the lower parts of the earth?" Love "reconciles the highest with the lowest, ordering all things strongly and sweetly from end to end." St. Bernard says that "divine love" (religion) "has its first root in the most secret of the human affections." This affection is the only key to the inner sanctuaries of that faith which declares, "Thy Maker is thy Husband"; the only clue by which searchers of the

"secret of the King," in the otherwise inscrutable writings of prophet and apostle, discover, as Keble writes, "the loving hint that meets the longing guess," which looks to the future for the satisfying and abiding reality, the passage of whose momentary shadow forms the supreme glory of our mortality.

The whole of after-life depends very much upon how life's transient transfiguration in youth by love is subsequently regarded; and the greatest of all the functions of the poet is to aid in his readers the fulfilment of the cry, which is that of nature as well as religion, "Let not my heart forget the things mine eyes have seen." The greatest perversion of the poet's function is to falsify the memory of that transfiguration of the senses and to make light of its sacramental character. This character is instantly recognized by the invitiated heart and apprehension of every youth and maiden; but it is very easily forgotten and profaned by most, unless its sanctity is upheld by priests and poets. Poets are naturally its prophets—all the more powerful because, like the prophets of old, they are wholly independent of the priests, and are often the first to discover and rebuke the lifelessness into which that order is always tending to fall. If society is to survive its apparently impending dangers, it must be mainly by guarding and increasing the purity of the sources in which society begins. The world is finding out, as it has often done before, and more or less forgotten, that it cannot do without religion. Love is the first thing to wither under its loss. What love does in transfiguring life, that religion does in transfiguring love: as any one may see who compares one state or time with another. Love is sure to be something less than human if it is not something more; and the so-called extravagances of the youthful heart, which always claims a character for divinity in its emotions, fall necessarily into sordid, if not shameful, reaction, if those claims are not justified to the understanding by the faith which declares man and woman to be priest and priestess to each other of relations inherent in Divinity itself, and proclaimed in the words "Let us make man in our own image" and "male and female created he them." Nothing can reconcile the intimacies of love to the higher feelings unless the parties to them are conscious—and true lovers always are—that, for the season at least, they justify the words "I have said, Ye are gods." Nuptial love bears the clearest marks of being nothing other

than the rehearsal of a communion of a higher nature. "Its felicity consists in perpetual conversion of phase from desire to sacrifice, and from sacrifice to desire, accompanied by unchangeable complaisance in the delight shining in the beauty of the beloved; and it is agitated in all its changes by fear, without which love cannot long exist as emotion." Such a state, in proportion to its fervor, delicacy, and perfection, is ridiculous unless it is regarded as a "great sacrement." It is the inculcation of this significance which has made love between man and woman what it is now—at least to the idea and aspirations of all good minds. It is time that the sweet doctrine should be enforced more clearly. Love being much more respected and religion much less than of old, the danger of profanation is not so great as it was when religion was revered and love despised. The most characteristic virtue of woman, or at least the most alluring of her weaknesses—her not caring for masculine truth and worth unless they woo her with a smile or a touch or some flattery of her senses—is the prevailing vice of most men, especially in these times. This general effeminacy is the poet's great opportunity. It is his pontifical privilege to *feel* the truth; and his function is to bridge the gulf between severe verity and its natural enemy, feminine sentiment, by speech which, without any sacrifice of the former, is "simple, sensuous, and passionate." He insinuates in nerve-convincing music the truths which the mass of mankind must feel before they believe. He leads them by their affections to things above their affections, making Urania acceptable to them by her praenomen Venus. He is the apostle of the Gentiles, and conveys to them, without any flavor of cant or exclusiveness, the graces which the chosen people have too often denied or disgraced in their eyes.

WIND AND WAVE

The wedded light and heat,
Winnowing the witless space,
Without a let
What are they till they beat
Against the sleepy sod, and there beget
Perchance the violet!
Is the One found,

Amongst a wilderness of as happy grace,
To make heaven's bound;
So that in her
All which it hath of sensitively good
Is sought and understood
After the narrow mode the mighty heavens prefer?
She, as a little breeze
Following still Night,
Ripples the spirit's cold, deep seas
Into delight:
But in a while,
The immeasurable smile
Is broke by fresher airs to flashes blent
With darkling discontent;
And all the subtle zephyr hurries gay,
And all the heaving ocean heaves one way,
T'ward the voil sky-line and an unguessed weal;
Until the vanward billows feel
The agitating shallows, and divine the goal,
And to foam roll,
And spread and stray
And traverse wildly, like delighted hands,
The fair and fleckless sands,
And so the whole
Unfathomable and immense
Triumphing tide comes at the last to reach
And burst in wind-kissed splendors on the deafening beach,
Where forms of children in first innocence
Laugh and fling pebbles on the rainbowed crest
Of its untired unrest.

THE TOYS

My little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobeyed,
I struck him, and dismissed
With hard words and unkissed,—

His mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet.
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
For on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters, and a red-veined stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells,
And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art,
To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I prayed
To God, I wept, and said:—
Ah, when at last we lie with trancéd breath,
Not vexing thee in death,
And thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good,
Then, fatherly not less
Then I whom thou hast molded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave thy wrath, and say,
"I will be sorry for their childishness."

LOVE SERVICEABLE

From "THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE"

What measure Fate to him shall mete
Is not the noble lover's care;
He's heart-sick with a longing sweet
To make her happy as she's fair.
Oh, misery, should she him refuse,
And so her dearest good mistake!

His own success he thus pursues
With frantic zeal for her sole sake.
To lose her were his life to blight,
Being loss to hers; to make her his,
Except as helping her delight,
He calls but accidental bliss;
And, holding life as so much pelf
To buy her posies, learns this lore;
He does not rightly love himself
Who does not love another more.

THE QUEEN

To HEROISM and holiness
How hard it is for man to soar;
But how much harder to be less
Than what his mistress loves him for!
He does with ease what do he must
Or lose her; and there's naught debarred . . .
Ah, wasteful woman! she that may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing he cannot choose but pay,—
How has she cheapened Paradise!
How given for naught her priceless gift!
How spoiled the bread and spilled the wine,
Which, spent with due respective thrift,
Had made brutes men and men divine!
O queen! awake to thy renown,
Require what 'tis our wealth to give,
And comprehend and wear the crown
Of thy despised prerogative!
I who in manhood's name at length
With glad songs come to abdicate
The gross regality of strength,
Must yet in this thy praise abate,—
That through thine erring humbleness
And disregard of thy degree,
Mainly, has man been so much less
Than fits his fellowship with thee.

High thoughts had shaped the foolish brow,
The coward had grasped the hero's sword,
The vilest had been great, hadst thou,
Just to thyself, been worth's reward:
But lofty honors undersold
Seller and buyer both disgrace;
And favor that makes folly bold
Puts out the light in virtue's face.

"IF I WERE DEAD"

"If I were dead, you'd sometimes say, 'Poor child'!"
The dear lips quivered as they spake,
And the tears brake
From eyes which, not to grieve me, brightly smiled.
Poor child, poor child!
I seem to hear your laugh, your talk, your song.
It is not true that Love will do no wrong.
Poor child!
And did you think, when you so cried and smiled,
How I, in lonely nights, should lie awake,
And of those words your full avengers make?
Poor child, poor child!
And now, unless it be
That sweet amends thrice told are come to thee,
O God, have thou *no* mercy upon me?
Poor Child!

TO THE BODY

Creation's and Creator's crowning good;
Wall of infinitude;
Foundation of the sky,
In heaven forecast
And longed for from eternity,
Though laid the last;
Reverberating dome,
Of music cunningly built home

Against the void and indolent disgrace
Of unresponsive space;
Little sequestered pleasure-house
For God and for his Spouse;
Elaborately, yea, past conceiving, fair,
Since, from the graced decorum of the hair,
Even to the tingling, sweet
Soles of the simple, earth-confiding feet,
And from the inmost heart
Outwards unto the thin
Silk curtains of the skin,
Every least part
Astonished hears
And sweet replies to some like region of the spheres;
Formed for a dignity prophets but darkly name,
Lest shameless men cry "Shame!"
So rich with wealth concealed
That heaven and hell fight chiefly for this field;
Clinging to everything that pleases thee
With indefectible fidelity;
Alas, so true
To all thy friendships that no grace
Thee from thy sin can wholly disembrace;
Which thus 'bides with thee as the Jebusite,
That, maugre all God's promises could do,
The chosen People never conquered quite;
Who therefore lived with them,
And that by formal truce and as of right,
In metropolitan Jerusalem.
For which false fealty
Thou needs must, for a season, lie
In the grave's arms, foul and unshriven,
Albeit in heaven
Thy crimson-throbbing glow
Into its old abode aye pants to go,
And does with envy see
Enoch, Elijah, and the Lady, she
Who left the roses in her body's lieu.

Oh, if the pleasures I have known in thee
But my poor faith's poor first-fruits be,
What quintessential, keen, ethereal bliss
Then shall be his
Who has thy birth-time's consecrating dew
For death's sweet chrism retained,
Quick, tender, virginal, and unprofaned!

WISDOM

What's that which Heaven to man endears,
And that which eyes no sooner see
Than the heart says, with floods of tears,
"Ah, that's the thing which I would be!"
Not childhood, full of frown and fret;
Not youth, impatient to disown
Those visions high, which to forget
Were worse than never to have known;
Not great men, even when they're good;—
The good man whom the Lord makes great.
By some disgrace of chance or blood
He fails not to humiliate;—
Not these: but souls, found here and there,
Oases in our waste of sin,
Where everything is well and fair,
And God remits his discipline;
Whose sweet subdual of the world
The worldling scarce can recognize,
And ridicule against it hurled
Drops with a broken sting, and dies;
Who nobly, if they cannot know
Whether a scutcheon's dubious field
Carries a falcon or a crow,
Fancy a falcon on the shield;
Yet ever careful not to hurt
God's honor, who creates success,
Their praise of even the best desert
Is but to have presumed no less;

And should their own life plaudits bring,
They're simply vexed at heart that such
An easy, yea, delightful thing
Should move the minds of men so much.
They live by law,—not like the fool,
But like the bard, who freely sings
In strictest bonds of rhyme and rule,
And finds in them not bonds, but wings.
They shine like Moses in the face,
And teach our hearts, without the rod,
That God's grace is the only grace,
And all grace is the grace of God.
Their home is home; their chosen lot
A private place and private name:
But if the world's want calls, they'll not
Refuse the indignities of fame.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

1825—1864

Adelaide Anne Procter, convert and poet, was born in London in 1825. She was a precocious student, attaining a considerable proficiency in languages and music at an early age. Besides her natural ability, she drew, also, upon an environment conducive to literary accomplishment, her father being the famous "Barry Cornwall," who was one of the most popular men of letters of his day. Hence, she began to write verse when quite young.

In 1851 she entered the Catholic Church, and as a result her writing heightened in spirituality to such extent as to rise, at times, into the purely devotional—as in *Thankfulness,* for instance, which is included in more than one hymn book.

Attracting the attention of Charles Dickens, then editor of *Household Words,* quite independently of her father's influence—he was one of Dickens' intimate friends—she became a regular contributor to that magazine, occasionally publishing her work also in *All the Year Round.*

During the years from 1858 to 1860 her verse was collected and published in two series, called *Legends and Lyrics,* reaching a tenth edition by 1866. In 1862 she issued another volume, *A Chaplet of Verses.* Her work became extremely popular, the various volumes going through one edition after another in rapid succession, so that

by 1877, it is said, her popularity as a poet was second only to that of Tennyson.

During her whole life she devoted much of her time and energy to work among the poor of London. Her death occurred in 1864 as the result of taxing her strength beyond its limits in the course of her charitable undertakings.

A LEGEND

I

The Monk was preaching: strong his earnest word,
From the abundance of his heart he spoke,
And the flame spread—in every soul that heard
Sorrow and love and good resolve awoke:—
The poor lay Brother, ignorant and old,
Thanked God that he had heard such words of gold.

II

"Still let the glory, Lord, be Thine alone,"
So prayed the Monk; his heart absorbed in praise:
"Thine be the glory: if my hands have sown
The harvest ripened in Thy mercy's rays,
It was Thy Blessing, Lord, that made my word,
Bring light and love to every soul that heard.

III

"Oh Lord, I thank Thee that my feeble strength
Has been so blest; that sinful hearts and cold
Were melted at my pleading—knew at length
How sweet Thy service and how safe Thy fold:
While souls that loved Thee saw before them rise
Still holier heights of loving sacrifice."

IV

So prayed the Monk: when suddenly he heard
An Angel speaking thus—"Know, oh my Son,
Thy words had all been vain, but hearts were stirred,
And saints were edified and sinners won
By his, the poor lay Brother's, humble aid
Who sat upon the Pulpit stair and prayed."

CLEANSING FIRES

Let thy gold be cast in the furnace,
  Thy red gold, precious and bright,
Do not fear the hungry fire,
  With its caverns of burning light:
And thy gold shall return more precious,
  Free from every spot and stain;
For gold must be tried by fire,
  As a heart must be tried by pain!

In the cruel fire of Sorrow
  Cast thy heart, do not faint or wail;
Let thy hand be firm and steady,
  Do not let thy spirit quail:
But wait till the trial is over,
  And take thy heart again;
For as gold is tried by fire,
  So a heart must be tried by pain!

I shall know by the gleam and glitter
  Of the golden chain you wear,
By your heart's calm strength in loving,
  Of the fire they have had to bear.
Beat on, true heart, for ever;
  Shine bright, strong golden chain;
And bless the cleansing fire,
  And the furnace of living pain!

THANKFULNESS

My God, I thank Thee Who hast made
  The Earth so bright;
So full of splendor and of joy,
  Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
  Noble and right!

I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round
That in the darkest spot of Earth
Some love is found.

I thank Thee *more* that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours;
That thorns remain;
So that Earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

For Thou Who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings,
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things!

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more:
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest—
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast!

A LEGEND OF PROVENCE

The lights extinguished, by the hearth I leant,
Half weary with a listless discontent.
The flickering giant-shadows, gathering near,
Closed round me with a dim and silent fear.

All dull, all dark; save when the leaping flame,
Glancing, lit up a Picture's ancient frame.
Above the hearth it hung. Perhaps the night,
My foolish tremors, or the gleaming light,
Lent power to that Portrait dark and quaint—
A Portrait such as Rembrandt loved to paint—
The likeness of a Nun. I seemed to trace
A world of sorrow in the patient face,
In the thin hands folded across her breast—
Its own and the room's shadow hid the rest.
I gazed and dreamed, and the dull embers stirred,
Till an old legend that I once had heard
Came back to me; linked to the mystic gloom
Of that dark Picture in the ghostly room.

In the far south, where clustering vines are hung;
Where first the old chivalric lays were sung,
Where earliest smiled that gracious child of France,
Angel and knight and fairy, called Romance,
I stood one day. The warm blue June was spread
Upon the earth; blue summer overhead,
Without a cloud to fleck its radiant glare,
Without a breath to stir its sultry air.
All still, all silent, save the sobbing rush
Of rippling waves, that lapsed in silver hush
Upon the beach where, glittering towards the strand,
The purple Mediterranean kissed the land.

All still, all peaceful; when a convent chime
Broke on the mid-day silence for a time,
Then trembling into quiet, seemed to cease,
In deeper silence and more utter peace.
So as I turned to gaze, where gleaming white,
Half hid by shadowy trees from passers' sight,
The Convent lay, one who had dwelt for long
In that fair home of ancient tale and song,
Who knew the story of each cave and hill,
And every haunting fancy lingering still
Within the land, spake thus to me, and told
The Convent's treasured Legend, quaint and old:

Long years ago, a dense and flowering wood,
Still more concealed where the white convent stood,
Borne on its perfumed wings the title came:
"Our Lady of the Hawthorns" is its name.
Then did that bell, which still rings out to-day,
Bid all the country rise, or eat, or pray.
Before that convent shrine, the haughty knight
Passed the lone vigil of his perilous fight;
For humbler cottage strife or village brawl,
The Abbess listened, prayed, and settled all.
Young hearts that came, weighed down by love or wrong,
Left her kind presence comforted and strong.
Each passing pilgrim, and each beggar's right
Was food, and rest, and shelter for the night.
But, more than this, the Nuns could well impart
The deepest mysteries of the healing art;
Their store of herbs and simples was renowned,
And held in wondering faith for miles around.
Thus strife, love, sorrow, good and evil fate,
Found help and blessing at the convent gate.

Of all the nuns, no heart was half so light,
No eyelids veiling glances half as bright,
No step that glided with such noiseless feet,
No face that looked so tender or so sweet,
No voice that rose in choir so pure, so clear,
No heart to all the others half so dear,
So surely touched by others' pain or woe
(Guessing the grief her young life could not know),
No soul in childlike faith so undefiled,
As Sister Angela's, the "Convent Child."
For thus they loved to call her. She had known
No home, no love, no kindred, save their own.
An orphan, to their tender nursing given,
Child, plaything, pupil, now the Bride of Heaven.
And she it was who trimmed the lamp's red light
That swung before the altar, day and night;
Her hands it was whose patient skill could trace
The finest broidery, weave the costliest lace;

But most of all, her first and dearest care,
The office she would never miss or share,
Was every day to weave fresh garlands sweet,
To place before the shrine at Mary's feet.
Nature is bounteous in that region fair,
For even winter has her blossoms there.
Thus Angela loved to count each feast the best,
By telling with what flowers the shrine was dressed.
In pomp supreme the countless Roses passed,
Battalion on battalion thronging fast,
Each with a different banner, flaming bright,
Damask, or striped, or crimson, pink, or white,
Until they bowed before a new born queen,
And the pure virgin Lily rose serene.
Though Angela always thought the Mother blest
Must love the time of her own hawthorn best,
Each evening through the year, with equal care,
She placed her flowers, then kneeling down in prayer,
As their faint perfume rose before the shrine,
So rose her thoughts, as pure and as divine.
She knelt until the shades grew dim without,
Till one by one the altar lights shone out,
Till one by one the Nuns, like shadows dim,
Gathered around to chant their vesper hymn;
Her voice then led the music's wingèd flight,
And "Ave, Maris Stella" filled the night.
But wherefore linger on those days of peace?
When storms draw near, then quiet hours must cease.
War, cruel war, defaced the land, and came
So near the Convent with its breath of flame,
That, seeking shelter, frightened peasants fled,
Sobbing out tales of coming fear and dread.
Till after a fierce skirmish, down the road,
One night came straggling soldiers, with their load
Of wounded, dying comrades; and the band,
Half pleading, yet as if they could command,
Summoned the trembling Sisters, craved their care,
Then rode away, and left the wounded there.

But soon compassion bade all fear depart,
And bidding every Sister do her part,
Some prepare simples, healing salves, or bands,
The Abbess chose the more experienced hands,
To dress the wounds needing most skilful care;
Yet even the youngest Novice took her share.
To Angela, who had but ready will
And tender pity, yet no special skill,
Was given the charge of a young foreign knight,
Whose wounds were painful, but whose danger slight.
Day after day she watched beside his bed,
And first in hushed repose the hours fled:
His feverish moans alone the silence stirred,
Or her soft voice, uttering some pious word.
At last the fever left him; day by day
The hours, no longer silent, passed away.
What could she speak of? First, to still his plaints,
She told him legends of the martyred Saints;
Described the pangs, which, through God's plenteous grace,
Had gained their souls so high and bright a place.
This pious artifice soon found success—
Or so she fancied—for he murmured less.
So she described the glorious pomp sublime,
In which the chapel shone at Easter time,
The Banners, Vestments, gold, and colors bright,
Counted how many tapers gave their light;
Then, in minute detail went on to say,
How the High Altar looked on Christmas-day:
The kings and shepherds, all in green and red,
And a bright star of jewels overhead.
Then told the sign by which they all had seen,
How even nature loved to greet her Queen,
For, when Our Lady's last procession went
Down the long garden, every head was bent,
And, rosary in hand, each Sister prayed;
As the long floating banners were displayed,
They struck the hawthorn boughs, and showers and showers
Of buds and blossoms strewed her way with flowers.

The knight unwearied listened; till at last,
He too described the glories of his past;
Tourney, and joust, and pageant bright and fair,
And all the lovely ladies who were there.
But half incredulous she heard. Could this—
This be the world? this place of love and bliss!
Where then was hid the strange and hideous charm,
That never failed to bring the gazer harm?
She crossed herself, yet asked, and listened still,
And still the knight described with all his skill
The glorious world of joy, all joys above,
Transfigured in the golden mist of love.
Spread, spread your wings, ye angel guardians bright,
And shield these dazzling phantoms from her sight!
But no; days passed, matins and vespers rang,
And still the quiet Nuns toiled, prayed and sang,
And never guessed the fatal, coiling net
Which every day drew near, and nearer yet,
Around their darling; for she went and came
About her duties, outwardly the same.
The same? ah, no! even when she knelt to pray,
Some charmèd dream kept all her heart away.
So days went on, until the convent gate
Opened one night. Who durst go forth so late?
Across the moonlit grass, with stealthy tread,
Two silent, shrouded figures passed and fled.
And all was silent, save the moaning seas,
That sobbed and pleaded, and a wailing breeze
That sighed among the perfumed hawthorn trees.

What need to tell that dream so bright and brief,
Of joy unchequered by a dread of grief?
What need to tell how all such dreams must fade,
Before the slow, foreboding, dreaded shade,
That floated nearer, until pomp and pride,
Pleasure and wealth, were summoned to her side,
To bid, at least, the noisy hours forget,
And clamor down the whispers of regret.

Still Angela strove to dream, and strove in vain;
Awakened once, she could not sleep again.
She saw, each day and hour, more worthless grown
The heart for which she cast away her own;
And her soul learnt, through bitterest inward strife,
The slight, frail love for which she wrecked her life,
The phantom for which all her hope was given,
The cold bleak earth for which she bartered heaven!
But all in vain; would even the tenderest heart
Now stoop to take so poor an outcast's part?

Years fled, and she grew reckless more and more,
Until the humblest peasant closed his door,
And where she passed, fair dames, in scorn and pride,
Shuddered, and drew their rustling robes aside.
At last a yearning seemed to fill her soul,
A longing that was stronger than control:
Once more, just once again, to see the place
That knew her young and innocent; to retrace
The long and weary southern path; to gaze
Upon the haven of her childish days;
Once more beneath the convent roof to lie;
Once more to look upon her home—and die!
Weary and worn—her comrades, chill remorse
And black despair, yet a strange silent force
Within her heart, that drew her more and more—
Onward she crawled, and begged from door to door.
Weighed down with weary days, her failing strength
Grew less each hour, till one day's dawn at length,
As first its rays flooded the world with light,
Showed the broad waters, glittering blue and bright,
And where, amid the leafy hawthorn wood,
Just as of old the quiet cloister stood.
Would any know her? Nay, no fear. Her face
Had lost all trace of youth, of joy, of grace,
Of the pure happy soul they used to know—
The novice Angela—so long ago.
She rang the convent bell. The well-known sound
Smote on her heart, and bowed her to the ground,

And she, who had not wept for long dry years,
Felt the strange rush of unaccustomed tears;
Terror and anguish seemed to check her breath,
And stop her heart. Oh God! could this be death?
Crouching against the iron gate, she laid
Her weary head against the bars, and prayed:
But nearer footsteps drew, then seemed to wait;
And then she heard the opening of the grate,
And saw the withered face, on which awoke
Pity and sorrow, as the portress spoke,
And asked the stranger's bidding: "Take me in,"
She faltered, "Sister Monica, from sin,
And sorrow, and despair, that will not cease;
Oh, take me in, and let me die in peace!"
With soothing words the Sister bade her wait,
Until she brought the key to unbar the gate.
The beggar tried to thank her as she lay,
And heard the echoing footsteps die away.
But what soft voice was that which sounded near,
And stirred strange trouble in her heart to hear?
She raised her head; she saw—she seemed to know—
A face that came from long, long years ago:
Herself; yet not as when she fled away,
The young and blooming novice, fair and gay,
But a grave woman, gentle and serene:
The outcast knew it—*what she might have been.*
But, as she gazed and gazed, a radiance bright
Filled all the place with strange and sudden light;
The Nun was there no longer, but instead,
A figure with a circle round its head,
A ring of glory; and a face, so meek,
So soft, so tender. . . . Angela strove to speak,
And stretched her hands out, crying, "Mary mild,
Mother of mercy, help me!—help your child!"
And Mary answered, "From thy bitter past,
Welcome, my child! oh, welcome home at last!
I filled thy place. Thy flight is known to none,
For all thy daily duties I have done;

Gathered thy flowers, and prayed, and sung and slept;
Didst thou not know, poor child, *thy place was kept?*
Kind hearts are here; yet would the tenderest one
Have limits to its mercy: God has none.
And man's forgiveness may be true and sweet,
But yet he stoops to give it. More complete
Is Love that lays forgiveness at thy feet,
And pleads with thee to raise it. Only Heaven
Means *crowned,* not *vanquished,* when it says 'Forgiven!' "
Back hurried Sister Monica; but where
Was the poor beggar she left lying there?
Gone; and she searched in vain, and sought the place
For that wan woman, with the piteous face:
But only Angela at the gateway stood,
Laden with hawthorn blossoms from the wood.
And never did a day pass by again,
But the old portress, with a sigh of pain,
Would sorrow for her loitering: with a prayer
That the poor beggar, in her wild despair,
Might not have come to any ill; and when
She ended, "God forgive her!" humbly then
Did Angela bow her head, and say, "Amen!"
How pitiful her heart was! all could trace
Something that dimmed the brightness of her face
After that day, which none had seen before;
Not trouble—but a shadow—nothing more.

Years passed away. Then, one dark day of dread
Saw all the sisters kneeling round a bed,
Where Angela lay dying; every breath
Struggling beneath the heavy hand of death.
But suddenly a flush lit up her cheek,
She raised her wan right hand, and strove to speak.
In sorrowing love they listened; not a sound
Or sigh disturbed the utter silence round.
The very tapers' flames were scarcely stirred,
In such hushed awe the sisters knelt and heard.
And through that silence Angela told her life:
Her sin, her flight; the sorrow and the strife,

And the return; and then clear, low and calm,
"Praise God for me, my sisters"; and the psalm
Rang up to heaven, far and clear and wide,
Again and yet again, then sank and died;
While her white face had such a smile of peace,
They saw she never heard the music cease;
And weeping sisters laid her in her tomb,
Crowned with a wreath of perfumed hawthorn bloom.
And thus the Legend ended. It may be
Something is hidden in the mystery,
Besides the lesson of God's pardon shown,
Never enough believed, or asked, or known.
Have we not all, amid life's petty strife,
Some pure ideal of a noble life
That once seemed possible? Did we not hear
The flutter of its wings, and feel it near,
And just within our reach? It was. And yet
We lost it in this daily jar and fret,
And now live idle in a vague regret.
But still *our place is kept,* and it will wait,
Ready for us to fill it, soon or late:
No star is ever lost we once have seen,
We always may be what we might have been.
Since Good, though only thought, has life and breath,
God's life—can always be redeemed from death;
And evil, in its nature, is decay,
And any hour can blot it all away;
The hopes that lost in some far distance seem,
May be the truer life, and this the dream.

KYRIE ELEISON

In joy, in pain, in sorrow,
Father, Thy hand we see;
But some among Thy children
Deny this faith and Thee.
They will not ask Thy mercy,
But we kneel for them in prayer:

Are they not still Thy children?
  Pity, oh God! and spare.
Thy peace, oh Lord, has never
  On their desolate pathway shone,
Darkness is all around them:
  Kyrie Eleison!

For them, the starry heavens
  No hymn of worship raise;
For them, earth's innocent flowers
  Breathe not Thy silent praise;
In heaven they know no Saviour,
  No Father, and no Friend,
And life is all they hope for,
  And death they call the end;
Their eyes, oh Lord! are blinded
  To the glories of the sun,
To the shining of the sea star—
  Kyrie Eleison!

By the love Thy saints have shown Thee,
  And the sorrows they have borne,
Leave not these erring creatures
  To wander thus forlorn.
By Thy tender name of Saviour,—
  The name they have denied;
By Thy bitter death and passion,
  And the Cross which they deride;
By the anguish Thou hast suffered,
  And the glory Thou hast won;
By Thy love and by Thy pity—
  Christe Eleison!

Pray for them, glorious seraphs,
  And ye, bright angel band,
Who chant His praises ever,
  And in His presence stand;

And thou, oh gentle Mother,
  Queen of the starry sky;
Ye Saints whose toils are over,
  Join your voices to our cry—
In Thy terror or Thy mercy,
  Call them ere life is done,
For His sake who died to save them,
  Kyrie Eleison!

OUR DAILY BREAD

Give us our daily Bread,
  Oh God, the bread of strength!
For we have learnt to know
  How weak we are at length.
As children we are weak,
  As children must be fed—
Give us Thy Grace, oh Lord,
  To be our daily Bread.

Give us our daily Bread:—
  The bitter bread of grief.
We sought earth's poisoned feasts
  For pleasure and relief;
We sought her deadly fruits,
  But now, oh God, instead,
We ask Thy healing grief
  To be our daily Bread.

Give us our daily Bread
  To cheer our fainting soul;
The feast of comfort, Lord,
  And peace, to make us whole:
For we are sick of tears
  The useless tears we shed;—
Now give us comfort, Lord,
  To be our daily Bread.

Give us our daily Bread,
  The Bread of Angels, Lord,
By us, so many times,
  Broken, betrayed, adored:
His Body and His Blood;—
  The feast that Jesus spread:
Give Him—our life, our all—
  To be our daily Bread!

JUSTIN McCARTHY

1830—1912

Justin McCarthy, journalist, politician, novelist, and historian, was born in Ireland in 1830. He was educated in a private school in Cork and at the age of eighteen became a member of the staff of the Cork *Examiner*. Later he went to Liverpool as a journalist, and finally to London, where he joined the staff of the *Morning Star* as parliamentary reporter. In 1864 he became editor of the *Morning Star,* a position which he held until 1868.

His editorship having brought him some degree of prominence, he was much in demand as a lecturer and as a contributor to magazines. And, in the end, his prestige growing as his abilities developed, he became a member of Parliament, retaining his seat until 1896.

In addition to politics, however, he was intensely interested in authorship, devoting perhaps more than half his time to it. His first book, *The Waterdale Neighbors,* a novel, was published in 1867 and was successful enough to encourage him to proceed. After that time, hardly a year passed that did not bring forth another volume by him. His works range chiefly among the forms of the novel, the essay, biography, and history, his most noteworthy accomplishments, perhaps, being, *The History of Our Own Times, The Life of Leo XIII, A Fair Saxon,* and *Portraits of the Sixties.*

From PORTRAITS OF THE SIXTIES[1]

THE BROTHERS NEWMAN

AMONG the portraits from the sixties about and around which I am writing in this volume is one of Cardinal Newman. His was a life of absolute austerity, but there was a certain sweet simplicity in his manner. My personal

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acquaintance with him was very slight, but I had many opportunities of listening to him and of observing his bearing and his ways. I saw him for the first time before the opening of the sixties. While I was living in Liverpool, just before the Crimean War, Newman delivered there his famous series of lectures on what was then regarded as the Eastern Question, the existence of the Ottoman power in Europe. There is no need to go very deeply into that question at the present time of day; we must all of us have made up our minds long ago on the whole subject, whatever our conclusions may happen to be. I need only say that Newman's views might have been regarded just then as a prophetic protest against the policy which was leading to the Crimean War. Newman regarded the settlement of the Ottoman Turk in Europe as, from first to last, a mere calamity to Christian civilization. A man of Newman's character and training could not make himself the advocate of any policy designed to expel the Turks by force from the European territories they had occupied, but he made himself the earnest and uncompromising opponent of any policy setting itself to maintain and strengthen the ill-fated dominion of the Ottoman power. Newman's expositions and warnings had, it is needless to say, no effect whatever on the majority of Englishmen at the time, but he uttered no warning which subsequent events did not fully and strictly justify. The lectures were singularly impressive, although they made no pretension to the graces and the thrilling tones of eloquence. The language seemed unstudied, but was always exquisitely chosen, every word expressing precisely the idea it was intended to convey, and no more, and there were many passages which lived long in the memories of those who heard them spoken. The lectures were delivered with perfect ease, and the voice, although not powerful, could make itself heard without effort in any ordinary assembly. It had certain tones of melancholy reflectiveness which seemed appropriate to a warning only too certain to be made, for the time at least, in vain.

No man was a more accomplished master than Newman of all the resources the English language can command. I heard him speak and preach on many later occasions, and he always seemed to me to have a certain distinct faculty of eloquence which has nothing to do with mere rhetoric, but is sincere and lofty thought

embodied in the most appropriate form of phrase. In some of the arts and the gifts that go to make a great orator or preacher, Newman was strikingly deficient. His bearing was not impressive; his gaunt, emaciated figure, his sharp eagle-face, his eyes of quiet meditation, were rather likely to repel than to attract those who heard and saw him for the first time. But the matter of his discourse, whether sermon, speech, or lecture, was always captivating, and if the language had any defect it might be that it was perhaps a little overweighted with thought, and thus might seem hardly suited to attract from the beginning a popular audience. But in speaking, as in writing, he soon made it evident that he was an influence—I do not know how better to express my meaning—which must command attention by its own force. Both as a speaker and as a writer he showed himself richly endowed with a keen, pungent, satirical humor, while there was, on the other hand, a subtle vein of poetry and of pathos suffusing all his argument, his illustration, and his appeal.

Newman's brother Francis was led away, as most of my readers will remember, into a field of thought and activity strangely unlike that into which faith and destiny had conducted him who was to become a cardinal and a leading spirit in the Church of Rome. I cannot think of the brothers Newman without recalling to memory a deeply interesting passage in Thackeray's *Pendennis*. Arthur Pendennis and his comrade George Warrington have a dispute about men and beliefs. "The truth," Pendennis asks—"where is the truth? Show it me. I see it on both sides. I see it in this man, who worships by Act of Parliament, and is rewarded with a silk apron and five thousand a year; in that man, too, who, driven fatally by the remorseless logic of his creed, gives up everything—friends, fame, dearest ties, closest vanities, the respect of an army of churchmen, the recognized position of a leader—and passes over, truth-impelled, to the enemy in whose ranks he is ready to serve henceforth as a nameless private soldier; I see the truth in that man as I do in his brother, whose logic drives him to quite a different conclusion, and who, after having passed a life in vain endeavors to reconcile an irreconcilable book, flings it at last down in despair, and declares, with tearful eyes and hands up to heaven, his revolt and recantation." Of course every reader of *Pendennis* knew at the time when the book was

published who were the two brothers of whom this touching description was given. *Pendennis* made its appearance in volume form some ten years before the period which the portraits in this book are intended to illustrate. But the parting of the two brothers only grew wider and wider as time went on, and they never can be said to have worked together during the remainder of their lives.

About the time with which this book opens I became acquainted with Francis Newman and was brought much more into intercourse with him than it was ever my fortune to be with the great Cardinal. The reason for this was that John Henry Newman kept, as a rule, quite apart from political movements, and that Francis Newman took an active share in the conduct of many political organizations. I was then beginning to be much engaged in English political life as well as in journalism, and I thus had many opportunities of meeting with Francis Newman. He was a man of great intellect and of very noble purpose, but he never acquired in his own sphere anything like the influence his brother exercised in the sphere to which his conscientious convictions had called him. I am sure my readers will quite understand that I am not now entering into any comparison or contrast of these two far-divided spheres. With questions of religious faith these chapters have nothing to do. My endeavor is to put myself for the time into the position of Arthur Pendennis, and to regard the two brothers as equally sincere followers of that which each believed to be the truth. But I have always thought that Francis Newman, while acting with the most sincere and unselfish motives, never succeeded in accomplishing as much by his intellect and his perseverance as might have been expected from one so richly endowed with noble qualities of mind and heart.

Francis Newman lent his best energy to the support of many a great political cause which time and events have since proved to be right, in the judgment of most thinking men at home and abroad. But unquestionably he sometimes wasted too much of his intellectual capacity on what might be called the eccentricities of political and social endeavor. There were all manner of new questions, political and social problems as they would now be called, coming up at the time, and Francis Newman did not always seem able to distinguish between a creed and a crotchet. The

mere charm of novelty appeared to have an undue fascination for him. He was tempted too often into the frittering away of his remarkable intellectual powers over some new idea, as it was called, which turned out to be merely an old and exploded idea, recalled to a semblance of cohesion and reality by the futile energies of some sect or group of belated reformers. There was a time when nine out of ten men in London who took any interest in public affairs were apt to set down Francis Newman as hopelessly given over to crotchets, while the tenth man, admiring however much his character and his capacity, was sometimes grieved and sometimes angry that both together did not make him a greater power in the national life.

The last time I ever heard Francis Newman address a public meeting was at a small gathering of men and women in London who were engaged in organizing an opposition to some measure before Parliament, the purpose of which has long passed out of my memory. The meeting was held in Exeter Hall, not in the vast room where oratorios were performed and huge public assemblages are gathered together to discuss some question of national or international importance, but in a little, subterranean room. The attendance was not nearly up to the size of the room itself, limited though that was. There on the platform sat the good and gifted and fearless Francis Newman, and immediately around him were some dozen embodied and living crotchets and crazes. There was this learned physician who had renounced his medical practice and was holding communication regularly with the spirit-world. There was that other eminent personage who had long been trying in vain to teach an apathetic government how to cure crime on purely phrenological principles. There was Smith, who was opposed to all wars; Brown, who firmly believed that every disease known to poor humanity came from the use of salt; Jones, who had at his own expense put into circulation thousands of copies of his work against the employment of medical men in cases where the ailments of women were concerned. We just wanted, on this memorable occasion, the awful persons who proved to you that the earth was all a flat, and the indefatigable ladies who expounded their claims to the British crown, then feloniously usurped by Queen Victoria.

Nothing came of the demonstration, whatever it was, and I

have only mentioned it here just to illustrate the extraordinary contrast between the commanding position to which Francis Newman, with his intellect, his energy, and his lofty purposes, might have attained, and the position to which from the highest and most unselfish motives he had allowed himself to descend. I could not help admiring the man, as much in these later days of his career as in that earlier time when he stood forth the great and recognized advocate of so many a noble cause. Surely the parting of the ways had brought these two gifted brothers very far apart. John Henry Newman had by this time become a prince of the Church of Rome, and was one of the most conspicuous and, in the strictest sense, one of the most influential men of his age. Yet every one who knew the two brothers must have known that mere personal ambition had influenced no more the one, who had obtained so lofty and commanding a position, than the other, who had fallen away from public life and become merely the futile advocate of so many a lost and unimportant cause. Both brothers had eminently the genius of the controversialist, both followed alike faithfully the light of the guiding star which his conscience recognized, and it is something of comfort to feel sure that both will alike have a place of honor in the history of England's intellectual development.

May I be allowed to say that I think Cardinal Newman did much good even to that Church from which he withdrew? He was really the main-spring of that movement which proposed to rescue the Church from apathy, from mere quiescence, from the perfunctory discharge of formal duties, and to quicken her once again with the spirit of a priesthood, to arouse her to the living work, spiritual and moral, physical and mental, of her ecclesiastical mission. Throughout the English Church in general there has been surely a higher spirit of work since that famous Oxford Movement, in which John Henry Newman took so influential a part. I think the influence of that English Church has been more active, more beneficent, more human and at the same time more spiritual since that sudden and startling impulse was given. The story of these two brothers is, on the whole, as strange a chapter as any I know in the history of human intellect and creed. It may at least teach us a lesson of toleration, if nothing better. The very pride of intellect itself can hardly pretend to look down with mere

scorn upon beliefs which carried off in contrary directions these two Newmans. The sternest bigot could hardly refuse to admit that truthfulness, self-sacrifice, and devotion might abide outside the limits of his own creed when he remembered the high and noble example of pure, true, and disinterested lives which John Henry and Francis W. Newman have alike given in their different ways to their fellow-men.

JAMES RYDER RANDALL[1]

1839—1908

James Ryder Randall, teacher, journalist, and poet, was born in Baltimore, Maryland, in 1839. He studied at Georgetown University but did not take a degree. For a number of years he taught English literature at Poydras College in Louisiana.

Maryland, My Maryland, his most popular poem, was composed in 1861, just after he had heard of the rioting in Baltimore between Federal troops and Southern sympathizers. The poem appeared in the New Orleans *Sunday Delta* and was immediately widely reprinted.

After the war Randall became a journalist, serving in several editorial capacities, chiefly in Washington. He continued to write verse, however, although nothing of his later composition ever quite equalled the quality of his first stirring poem.

MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
  Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
  Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
  Maryland! My Maryland!

[1]Selections from the work of James Ryder Randall are reprinted from *Maryland, My Maryland* by permission of and arrangement with, the John Murphy Company, owners of the copyright.

Hark to a wand'ring son's appeal,
Maryland!
My mother State! to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust—
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with liberty along,
And chant the dauntless slogan-song
Maryland! My Maryland!

Dear Mother! burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!

She meets her sisters on the plain—
"Sic semper!" 'tis the proud refrain
That baffles minions back again,
Maryland! My Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
But thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek
From hill to hill, from creek to creek—
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the blade, the shot, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland! My Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland!
The Old Line's bugle, fife, and drum,
Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb—
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes! she burns, she'll come! she'll come!
Maryland! My Maryland!

WHY THE ROBIN'S BREAST IS RED

The Saviour, bowed beneath his cross,
Clomb up the dreary hill,
While from the agonizing wreath
Ran many a crimson rill.

The brawny Roman thrust him on
With unrelenting hand—
Till, staggering slowly 'mid the crowd,
He fell upon the sand.

A little bird that warbled near,
That memorable day,
Flitted around and strove to wrench
One single thorn away;
The cruel spike impaled his breast,
And thus, 'tis sweetly said,
The Robin wears his silver vest
Incarnadined with red.

Ah Jesu! Jesu! Son of Man!
My dolor and my sighs
Reveal the lesson taught by this
Winged Ishmael of the skies.
I, in the palace of delight,
Or caverns of despair,
Have plucked no thorns from Thy dear brow,
But planted thousands there!

RESURGAM

Teach me, my God, to bear my cross
As Thine was borne;
Teach me to make of every loss
A crown of thorn.
Give me Thy patience and Thy strength
With every breath,
Until my lingering days at length
Shall welcome death.

Dear Jesus, I believe that thou
Did'st rise again,
Instil the spirit in me now
That conquers pain.

Give me the grace to cast aside
All vain desire,
All the fierce throbbing of a pride
That flames like fire.

Give me the calm that Dante wrought
From sensual din;
The peace that errant Wolsey sought
From stalwart sin.
I seek repose upon Thy breast
With child-like prayer;
Oh let me find the heavenly rest
And mercy there!

If I have, in rebellious ways,
Profaned my life;
If I have filled my daring days
With worldly strife;
If I have shunned the narrow path
In crime to fall—
Lead me from th' abode of wrath
And pardon all!

Banished from Thee! where shall I find
For my poor soul
A safe retreat from storms that blind,
Or seas that roll?
Come to me, Christ, ere I, forlorn,
Sink 'neath the wave,
And on this blessed Easter morn
A lost one save!

PEACE TO THE DEAD

Peace to the dead; though the skies are chill,
And the Norse wind waileth coarse and shrill.
Peace to the dead! though the living shake
The globe, with their brawling battle-quake.

Peace to the dead! though peace is not
In the regal dome or the pauper cot.
Peace to the dead; there's peace, we trust,
With the pale dreamers in the dust.

Roses and pansies guard them well,
Tingeing triumphant immortelle,
Minions of Doubt, we bend the knee
To the kings and queens of mystery.
Storm and sunshine, mist and rain,
Do ye mock at their marble doors in vain?
And ye, sepulchral cliffs of night,
Do ye rise to appeal their shadowed sight?
O Darkness! thy mission is not just
To the pale dreamers in the dust.

Peace to the dead! afar and near,
In folds of satin or beggar's bier;
Whether they sleep in the kirk-yard ground,
Or bleach in the gullied seas profound;
Garnered by Time's dull scimitar,
Or cleft in the scarlet fields of war;
Godless is he who breaketh the crust
O'er the pale dreamers in the dust.

ABRAM J. RYAN[1]

(1839—1886)

Abram J. Ryan, poet, editor, priest, and army chaplain, was born in Norfolk, Virginia, in 1839. Trained for the priesthood from the beginning, he was ordained just at the start of the Civil War. He became a chaplain in the Confederate army and served throughout the war.

At the time of the defeat of the Confederacy he composed his *Conquered Banner,* a poem which was instantly accepted by the South as voicing its sentiments at the destruction of its hopes. Dur-

[1]Selections from the work of Abram J. Ryan are reprinted by permission of, and arrangement with, P. J. Kenedy & Sons, owners of the copyright.

ing the years following he continued to write verse, the greater part of which is permeated by rich imagery and a mysticism that are not easily forgotten.

After the war, he served for some time as a priest in New Orleans, and became editor of *The Star,* a church weekly. Later he founded the *Banner of the South,* a religious and political weekly, in Augusta, Georgia. For many years he was looked upon as the poet laureate of the "Lost Cause."

SONG OF THE MYSTIC

I WALK down the Valley of Silence—
  Down the dim, voiceless valley—alone!
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
  Around me, save God's and my own;
And the hush of my heart is as holy
  As hovers where angels have flown!

Long ago was I weary of voices
  Whose music my heart could not win;
Long ago was I weary of noises
  That fretted my soul with their din;
Long ago was I weary of places
  Where I met but the human—and sin.

I walked in the world with the worldly;
  I craved what the world never gave;
And I said: "In the world each Ideal,
  That shines like a star on life's wave,
Is wrecked on the shores of the Real,
  And sleeps like a dream in a grave."

And still did I pine for the Perfect,
  And still found the False with the True;
I sought 'mid the Human for Heaven,
  But caught a mere glimpse of its Blue:
And I wept when the clouds of the Mortal
  Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart-tired of the Human,
  And I moaned 'mid the mazes of men,
Till I knelt, long ago, at an altar
  And I heard a voice call me. Since then
I walk down the Valley of Silence
  That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do thou ask what I found in the Valley?
  'Tis my Trysting Place with the Divine.
And I fell at the feet of the Holy,
  And above me a voice said: "Be mine."
And there rose from the depths of my spirit
  An echo—"My heart shall be thine."

Do you ask how I live in the Valley?
  I weep—and I dream—and I pray.
But my tears are as sweet as the dew-drops
  That fall on the roses in May;
And my prayer, like a perfume from Censers,
  Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence
  I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim Valley,
  Till each finds a word for a wing,
That to hearts, like the Dove of the Deluge,
  A message of Peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
  That never shall break on the beach;
And I have heard songs in the Silence—
  That never shall float into speech;
And I have had dreams in the Valley
  Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen Thoughts in the Valley—
  Ah me! how my spirit was stirred!
And they wear holy veils on their faces,
  Their footsteps can scarcely be heard:
They pass through the Valley like Virgins,
  Too pure for the touch of a word!

Do you ask me the place of the Valley,
Ye hearts that are harrowed by Care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and His angels are there:
And one is the dark mount of Sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of Prayer.

MARCH OF THE DEATHLESS DEAD

Gather the sacred dust
Of the warriors tried and true,
Who bore the flag of a Nation's trust
And fell in a cause, though lost, still just,
And died for me and you.

Gather them one and all,
From the private to the chief;
Come they from hovel or princely hall,
They fell for us, and for them shall fall
The tears of a Nation's grief.

Gather the corpses strewn
O'er many a battle plain;
From many a grave that lies so lone,
Without a name and without a stone,
Gather the Southern slain.

We care not whence they came,
Dear is their lifeless clay!
Whether unknown, or known to fame,
Their cause and country still the same;
They died—and wore the Gray.

Wherever the brave have died,
They should not rest apart;
Living, they struggled side by side,
Why should the hand of Death divide
A single heart from heart?

Gather their scattered clay,
  Wherever it may rest;
Just as they marched to the bloody fray,
Just as they fell on the battle day,
  Bury them breast to breast.

The foeman need not dread
  This gathering of the brave;
Without sword or flag, and with soundless tread,
We muster once more our deathless dead,
  Out of each lonely grave.

The foeman need not frown,
  They all are powerless now;
We gather them here and we lay them down,
And tears and prayers are the only crown
  We bring to wreathe each brow.

And the dead thus meet the dead,
  While the living o'er them weep;
And the men by Lee and Stonewall led,
And the hearts that once together bled,
  Together still shall sleep.

IN MEMORIAM

Thou art sleeping, brother, sleeping
  In thy lonely battle grave;
Shadows o'er the past are creeping,
Death the reaper, still is reaping,
Years have swept, and years are sweeping
Many a memory from my keeping,
But I'm waiting still, and weeping
  For my beautiful and brave.

When the battle songs were chanted,
  And war's stirring tocsin pealed,
By those songs thy heart was haunted,
And thy spirit, proud, undaunted,

Clamored wildly—wildly panted;
"Mother! let my wish be granted;
I will ne'er be mocked and taunted
That I fear to meet our vaunted
Foeman on the bloody field.

"They are thronging, mother! thronging,
To a thousand fields of fame;
Let me go—'tis wrong, and wronging
God and thee to crush this longing;
On the muster-roll of glory,
In my country's future story,
On the field of battle gory
I must consecrate my name.

"Mother, gird my sword around me,
Kiss thy soldier-boy 'good-bye.' "
In her arms she wildly wound thee,
To thy birthland's cause she bound thee,
With fond prayers and blessings crowned thee,
And she sobbed: "When foes surround thee,
If you fall, I'll know they found thee
Where the bravest love to die."

At the altar of their nation,
Stood that mother and her son,
He, the victim of oblation,
Panting for his immolation;
She, in priestess' holy station,
Weeping words of consecration,
While God smiled His approbation,
Blessed the boy's self-abnegation,
Cheered the mother's desolation,
When the sacrifice was done.

Forth, like many a noble other,
Went he, whispering soft and low:
"Good-bye—pray for me, my mother;
Sister! kiss me—farewell, brother";
And he strove his grief to smother.

Forth, with footsteps firm and fearless,
And his parting gaze was tearless
Though his heart was lone and cheerless,
  Thus from all he loved to go.

Lo! yon flag of freedom flashing
  In the sunny Southern sky:
On, to death and glory dashing,
On, where swords are clanging, clashing,
On, where balls are crushing, crashing,
On, 'mid perils dread, appalling,
On, they're falling, falling, falling,
On, they're growing fewer, fewer,
On, their hearts beat all the truer,
  On, on, on, no fear, no falter,
  On, though round the battle-altar
There were wounded victims moaning,
There were dying soldiers groaning;
On, right on, death's danger braving,
Warring where their flag was waving,
While Baptismal blood was laving
All that field of death and slaughter;
On, still on; that bloody lava
Made them braver and made them braver,
On, with never a halt or waver,
On in battle—bleeding—bounding,
While the glorious shout swept sounding,
  "We will win the day or die!"

And they won it; routed—riven—
  Reeled the foemen's proud array:
They had struggled hard, and striven,
Blood in torrents they had given,
But their ranks, dispersed and driven,
Fled, in sullenness, away.

Many a heart was lonely lying
  That would never throb again;

Some were dead, and some were dying;
Those were silent, these were sighing;
Thus to die alone, unattended,
Unbewept and unbefriended,
On that bloody battle-plain.

When the twilight sadly, slowly
Wrapped its mantle o'er them all,
Thousands, thousands lying lowly,
Hushed in silence deep and holy,
There was one, his blood was flowing
And his last of life was going,
And his pulse faint, fainter beating
Told his hours were few and fleeting;
And his brow grew white and whiter,
While his eyes grew strangely brighter;
There he lay—like infant dreaming,
With his sword beside him gleaming,
For the hand in life that grasped it,
True in death still fondly clasped it;
There his comrades found him lying
'Mid the heaps of dead and dying,
And the sternest bent down weeping
O'er the lonely sleeper sleeping;
'Twas the midnight; stars shone round him,
And they told us how they found him
Where the bravest love to fall.

Where the woods, like banners bending,
Drooped in starlight and in gloom,
There, when that sad night was ending,
And the faint, far dawn was blending
With the stars now fast descending;
There they mute and mournful bore him,
With the stars and shadows o'er him,
And they laid him down—so tender—
And the next day's sun, in splendor,
Flashed above my brother's tomb.

MY BEADS

Sweet blessed beads! I would not part
With one of you for richest gem
That gleams in kingly diadem;
Ye know the history of my heart.

For I have told you every grief
In all the days of twenty years,
And I have moistened you with tears,
And in your decades found relief.

Ah! time has fled, and friends have failed
And joys have died; but in my needs
Ye were my friends, my blessed beads!
And ye consoled me when I wailed.

For many and many a time, in grief,
My weary fingers wandered round
Thy circled chain, and always found
In some Hail Mary sweet relief.

How many a story you might tell
Of inner life, to all unknown;
I trusted you and you alone,
But ah! ye keep my secrets well.

Ye are the only chain I wear—
A sign that I am but the slave,
In life, in death, beyond the grave,
Of Jesus and His Mother fair.

A LEGEND

He walked alone beside the lonely sea,
The slanting sunbeams fell upon His face,
His shadow fluttered on the pure white sands
Like the weary wing of a soundless prayer.

And He was, oh! so beautiful and fair!
Brown sandals on His feet—His face downcast,
As if He loved the earth more than the heav'ns.
His face looked like His Mother's—only hers
Had not those strange serenities and stirs
That paled or flushed His olive cheeks and brow.
He wore the seamless robe His Mother made—
And as He gathered it about His breast,
The wavelets heard a sweet and gentle voice
Murmur, "Oh! My Mother"—the white sands felt
The touch of tender tears He wept the while.
He walked beside the sea; He took His sandals off
To bathe His weary feet in the pure cool wave—
For He had walked across the desert sands
All day long—and as He bathed His feet
He murmured to Himself, "Three years! three years!
And then, poor feet, the cruel nails will come
And make you bleed; but, ah! that blood shall lave
All weary feet on all their thorny ways."
"Three years! three years!" He murmured still again,
"Ah! would it were to-morrow, but a will—
My Father's will—biddeth Me bide that time."
A little fisher-boy came up the shore
And saw Him—and, nor bold, nor shy,
Approached, but when he saw the weary face,
Said mournfully to Him: "You look a-tired."
He placed His hand upon the boy's brown brow
Caressingly and blessingly—and said:
"I am so tired to wait." The boy spake not.
Sudden, a sea-bird, driven by a storm
That had been sweeping on the farther shore,
Came fluttering towards Him, and, panting, fell
At His feet and died; and then the boy said:
"Poor little bird," in such a piteous tone;
He took the bird and laid it in His hand,
And breathed on it—when to his amaze
The little fisher-boy beheld the bird
Flutter a moment and then fly aloft—
Its little life returned; and then he gazed

With look intensest on the wondrous face
(Ah! it was beautiful and fair)—and said:
"Thou art so sweet I wish Thou wert my God."
He leaned down towards the boy and softly said:
"I am thy Christ." The day they followed Him
With cross upon His shoulders, to His death,
Within the shadow of a shelt'ring rock
That little boy knelt down, and there adored,
While others cursed, the thorn-crowned Crucified.

THE CONQUERED BANNER

Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary:
  Furl it, fold it,—it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it,
And its foes now scorn and brave it:
  Furl it, hide it,—let it rest!

Take that Banner down! 'tis tattered;
Broken is its staff and shattered;
And the valiant hosts are scattered,
  Over whom it floated high.
Oh, 'tis hard for us to fold it,
Hard to think there's none to hold it,
Hard that those who once unrolled it
  Now must furl it with a sigh!

Furl that Banner—furl it sadly!
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly,
  Swore it should forever wave;
Swore that foeman's sword should never
Hearts like theirs entwined dissever,
Till that flag should float forever
  O'er their freedom or their grave!

Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
  Cold and dead are lying low;
And that Banner—it is trailing,
While around it sounds the wailing
  Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it,—
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,
  Weep for those who fell before it,
Pardon those who trailed and tore it;
And oh, wildly they deplore it,
  Now to furl and fold it so!

Furl that Banner! True, 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
  Though its folds are in the dust!
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages—
  Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly!
Treat it gently—it is holy,
  For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not—unfold it never;
Let it droop there, furled forever,—
  For its people's hopes are fled!

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT[1]

1840—1922

Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, traveler, diplomat, essayist, and poet, was born in Sussex in 1840. He was educated at St. Mary's College, Oscott.

After spending twelve years in the diplomatic service, he traveled extensively in the Orient, becoming particularly interested in the Islamic cause and in conditions among the Egyptians. Returning to England he devoted himself to the career of author, concerning himself occasionally with politics.

His most noteworthy poems appeared in the volumes, *Love Sonnets of Proteus,* and *Seven Golden Odes of Arabia,* the last being a series of translations done in collaboration with Lady Blunt. Other volumes of his are *The New Pilgrimage* and *My Diaries,* the second being an account of his life as a diplomat and as a proponent of the downtrodden.

SANCHO SANCHEZ

I

Sancho Sanchez lay a-dying in the house of Mariquita,
For his life ebbed with the ebbing of the red wound in his side.
And he lay there as they left him when he came from the Corrida
In his gold embroidered jacket and his red cloak and his pride.

II

But at cockcrow in the morning, when the convents of Sevilla
Suddenly rang aloud to matins, Sanchez wakened with a cry,
And he called to Mariquita, bade her summon his cuadrilla,
That they all might stand around him in the hour when he should die.

III

For he thought in his bold bosom, "I have ventured with them often,
And have led the way to honor upon every ring in Spain.
And now in this the hardest of the fields that I have fought in
I will choose that every face of them were witness of my pain.

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IV

"For their stern eyes would upbraid me if I went down to the battle
Without a friend to cheer me, or at least a fool to hiss.
And they hold it all unworthy men should die like fatted cattle
Stricken singly in the darkness at the shambles of Cadiz."

V

Then he bade the lamps be lighted, and he made them bring a mirror,
Lest his cheeks should have grown paler in the watches of the night.
For he feared lest his disciples should mistrust his soul of terror,
When they came to look upon him, if they saw his face was white.

VI

Oh, a long time in the mirror did he look with awful smiling
At the eyes which gazed out at him, while the women watched him mute.
And he marked how death's white fingers had been clammily defiling
The redness of God's image and had wiped the sunburns out.

VII

Then he spake, "Go fetch the carmine from the side drawer of the table,
Where Mariquita keeps it." But, when it was not found,
" 'Tis no matter," he answered, "we must do what we are able."
And he painted his cheek's paleness with the red blood of his wound.

VIII

And anon there came a murmur as of voices and a humming
On the staircase, and he knew them by their footsteps at the door.
And he leant up on his pillow that his eyes might see them coming
In their order of the plaza as they strode across the floor,

IX

And when they stood around him, in their stately mantas folded,
With a solemn grief outawing the brute laughter of their eyes,
You had deemed them in the lamplight to be bronzen statues moulded
Of the powers of Nature yielding a brave man in sacrifice.

X

But the soul of Sanchez quailed not, and he laughed in their sad faces,
Crying loud to Mariquita for the Valdepenas wine.
"A fair pig-skin, Caballeros, blushes here for your embraces.
And I drink to you your fortune, and I pray you drink to mine."

XI

Then they filled their leathern flagons, and they held them up together
In a ghastly expectation till their chief should give the sign.
And the red wine in the silence flowed like blood adown the leather.
And the red blood from the pillow trickled drop by drop like wine.

XII

Spake the master, "Ere I pledge you, look upon me, men, and harken,
For I have a thing to utter, and a dying man is wise.
Death is weighing down my eyelids. Silently your faces darken.
But another torch is lighted than the daylight in my eyes.

XIII

"Life, I see it now as never I had thought to comprehend it,
Like the lines which old Manola used to write upon the sand,
And we looked on in wonder nor guessed till it was ended
The birds and trees and faces which were growing from her hand.

XIV

"Meaning was there from the outset, glorious meaning in our calling
In the voice of emulation and our boyhood's pride of soul,
From the day when first the capa from our father's shoulders falling
We were seized with inspiration and rushed out upon the bull.

XV

"Meaning was there in our courage and the calm of our demeanor,
For there stood a foe before us which had need of all our skill.
And our lives were as the programme, and the world was our arena,
And the wicked beast was death, and the horns of death were hell.

XVI

"And the boast of our profession was a bulwark against danger
With its fearless expectation of what good or ill may come,
For the very prince of darkness shall burst forth on us no stranger
When the doors of death fly open to the rolling of the drum.

XVII

"As I lay here in the darkness, I beheld a sign from heaven,
Standing close a golden angel by the footpost of my bed,
And in his hand a letter with the seal and arms engraven
Of the glorious San Fernando which he bade me read and read.

XVIII

"And the message of his master, the blessed king my patron,
Was to bid me in his honor to hold myself at need
For this very day and morning of his feast and celebration,
And in pledge of his high favor he had sent me his own steed.

XIX

"For the lists of heaven were open, and that day they had decreed it
There should be a special function for the glory of his name.
And the beasts were Sevillanos, and a master's hand was needed
Lest the swords of heaven should falter and the Saint be put to shame.

XX

"And I heard the potro stamping in the street, and would have risen
But that Mariquita held me and the women and my wound.
And, though the angel left me, it was truth and not a vision,
And I know the Saint has called me, and the place where I am bound.

XXI

"I shall fight this day in heaven, and, though all hell shall assail me,
I have hope of a good issue, for perhaps I have some skill,
And perhaps, if I should stumble or if my hand should fail me,
There are others in the plaza who have vowed me less than ill.

XXII

"And my mantle of salvation is the faith which is our charter,
And the Virgin of the Pillar my protector and reward,
And the hosts of heaven my witness and each Spanish Saint and Martyr,
And our Lord Don Santiago himself has lent the sword."

XXIII

Thus he spake, and on his speaking fell a silence and a wonder,
While the eyes of his companions turned in awe from each to each,
And they waited in expectance for the gates to roll asunder,
And the voices of the angels to command him to the breach,—

XXIV

Waited till the sun uprising sent his glory through the chamber,
And the spent lamps paled and flickered on the shame of their dismay,
And the dying man transfigured passed in silence from his slumber,
Like a king to coronation, in the light of his new day.

XXV

Only they that stood the closest say the pale lips curved and parted,
And the eyes flashed out in battle, and the fingers sought the sword.
"'Tis the President has called him," said Fernandez the true hearted,
"He has thrown his hat behind him for the glory of the Lord!"

ON THE WAY TO CHURCH

I

There is one I know. I see her sometimes pass
In the morning streets upon her way to mass,
A calm sweet woman with unearthly eyes.
Men turn to look at her, but ever stop,
Reading in those blue depths the death of hope
And a wise chastisement for thoughts unwise.

II

Pure is her brow as of a marble Saint.
Her brown hair pencils it with ripples faint.
There is no shadow on it and no light.
Her cheeks are pale like lilies in eclipse.
Hardly a little redness on her lips
Paints the sad smile where all the rest is white.

III

Tall is she and bent forward like a reed
Which the wind toys with as she walks with speed:
Girl-like her limbs and virginal her waist.

Of the world's wonders there is none so sweet
As this, the summer lightning of her feet,
Speeding her onward like a fawn in haste.

IV

What is her secret? All the world has tried
To guess it. One I knew in guessing died
And was no wiser for his mortal pain.
Each has turned sadder from the thankless quest,
And gone back silent, even if he guessed,
Knowing all answer would be counted vain.

V

I knew her once. I know her not to-day.
Our eyes meet sometimes, but hers turn away
Quicker from mine than from the rest that look.
Her pale cheek quivers, a flush comes and goes,
As in the presence of a soul that knows.
And her hands tighten on her missal book.

VI

Men have done evil yet have won to Heaven,
Lived in blood guiltiness yet died forgiven.
May I not, I too, one day win my grace?
Ah no! The sacrilege of this worst sin
Outweighs all grace. I dare not enter in
Nor kneel, God's robber, near that angel face.

HOW SHALL I BUILD?

How shall I build my temple to the Lord,
  Unworthy I, who am thus foul of heart?
How shall I worship who no traitor word
  Know but of love to play a suppliant's part?
  How shall I pray, whose soul is as a mart,
For thoughts unclean, whose tongue is as a sword
  Even for those it loves, to wound and smart?
Behold how little I can help Thee, Lord.

The Temple I would build should be all white,
Each stone the record of a blameless day;
The souls that entered there should walk in light,
Clothed in high chastity and wisely gay.
Lord, here is darkness. Yet this heart unwise,
Bruised in Thy service, take in sacrifice.

JOHN LANCASTER SPALDING

1840—1916

John Lancaster Spalding, bishop, scholar, and essayist, was born in Kentucky in 1840. Beginning his education at Mount Saint Mary's in his native state, he proceeded to the University of Louvain, and finally entered the American College at Rome.

After ordination he served as assistant priest in the Cathedral at Louisville, later becoming chancellor of that diocese.

In 1877 he was consecrated first bishop of Peoria.

He was one of the most active of the men interested in Catholic higher education, having been particularly instrumental in the establishment of the Catholic University at Washington. Almost all his writing was directed toward the development of education.

BOOKS[1]

BOOKS are a world—they interest and amuse us; they speak to the mind and the heart; they divert from care and sorrow; they awaken the fancy and set the imagination afire. They take us round the globe, travel with us through every land, ready at a sign to recount rise and fall of nations; they linger with us in quiet vales to tell the stories of happy lovers or to rechant the songs of poets. In the agora or the forum they crave our silence while Demosthenes hurls his fierce invective or Cicero marshals the stately phrases of his lofty discourse. They transform ruins and make them loom before us in all their early splendor; from battlefields where waves the ripening grain, they evoke contending armies with all the pomp and circumstance of war. They bring to us, while we sit in our easy chair, before our

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own hearthfire, the men and women who have served and ennobled mankind,—those who have made history, founded religions, framed laws, upbuilt states, created arts and sciences, taught philosophies, withstood tyrants, and endured infinitely.

They are many worlds—they take us back to the paradisal home; they lead us to the promised land. At their bidding blind Homer grasps his harp and the Grecian hosts assemble on the windy plains of Troy. The unyoked steeds champ the golden grain beneath the starlit heavens. Hector falls before Achilles, and Priam kisses the hand which slew his son, making us feel that thousands of years ago, as now, love was more divine than strength, pity more godlike than power. To whatever spot on earth is memorable, books will take us. To whoever is in any way capable of human life, they bring refreshment and joy. In the endless variety of races and individuals, of tastes and opinions, they have wherewith to satisfy all. Is there a world to which poets do not offer themselves as guides? They dip their pens in the colors of the dawn and the twilight. The young hear them chant the praises of immortal love; the strong, the all-subduing power of will; the old, the peace of restful death. They take our every mood; they laugh, they weep, they mock; and suddenly they are afire with the courage of heroes, or are rapt in ecstasy with saints and martyrs. They are the trumpeters of patriots who battle for their country, and to nursing mothers they sing low lullabies.

In the presence of the tragedies which try great souls, they take us by the hand to show us that the innocent can suffer no wrong, and that a brave and loving heart is superior to whatever fate or senseless nature may inflict. They humanize all common things, entwining their tender thoughts about broken toys and vacant chairs and locks of faded hair. The bucket that hangs in the well, the deserted house, with its door ajar, the path choked with weeds, whisper to them of joys and sorrows, of effort and failure, of life and death. Whatever hope or despair, faith or doubt, love or hate, ecstasy or agony, has touched a mortal, lies in books, immortal. All that men have planned and done, all that they have dared and borne—their dreams and errors, their gropings and wanderings, their searchings for what others have found after they themselves had crumbled to dust, the miserable outcome of mighty undertakings, the vast results of insignificant beginnings,

the rise of obscure tribes to world power, the sinking of great nations into nothingness—all this lies in books. They are for every age, for every type, for every mood.

On this wintry night I see a million glowing hearthfires. Around gentle mothers are gathered the sweet faces of pure children, rising head above head like the steps of winding stairs; and in the vision I behold books open, while fresh and all-believing souls look out through gray and blue and brown eyes upon them. These are magicians who show things incredible. Here are the thousand tales of wonder,—Aladdin with his lamp, Fortunatus with his wishing cap, Queen Mab and her fairy world, and Mother Goose, best of all. Here are stories of wanderings afar, of adventures on sea and land, of the discovery of new worlds, of shipwreck on unknown islands. Here are songs and melodies which mothers sang to their children a thousand years ago; legends which for young hearts never grow old, of King Arthur and his knights, of Robin Hood and his good men, of Bruce and Wallace and William Tell. To think of it all is to be a child again. The long procession of the years vanishes; the toil and the trouble, the sin and the sorrow, the promise and the perjury, are no more. The world is fresh as on the primal day. Whatever the seasons bring is newly dropt from the hand of God. Death is but a dream, and life is all. We are alive, and so are our fathers and mothers, our brothers and sisters; the whole world is alive, the brooks and the birds, the gardens and the fields, and the days are long, and filled with light. We drink the perfume, we bask in the sunshine, and are at one with lambs and colts and sucking pigs. We dance with the waving corn; with leaves we whisper foolish things to the mysterious air.

If some morning we awake and find the hills hoar with frost, what is it but a new kind of life? Our young hearts leap forth to the flocking snowflakes as gleefully as to spring showers; and when we see the wide white cloth spread we know it is for a feast. We hear sleighbells jingle, we see laughing eyes gleaming from close-drawn hoods, we listen to the crackling fire, we watch the roasting apples, the popping corn; the cider is amber in the glass, the nuts are cracked, and kings and millionaires are melancholy fools compared with us. Are not the stars gleaming in the crisp air? Is not the crystal ice glistening on streams fallen asleep?

And what is that uplighting all the east, but the moon, pushing away the darkness that she may look upon our glee? On the polished steel we glide, curving as bends the river, and the silent hills are glad, reëchoing our merry shout and laugh; the naked boughs catch the thrill of life, and dream of spring,—of leaves and flowers and songs of birds, of sweet girls and smiling babes, in whose eyes the azure skies are mirrored. Ah! welladay, all this was, but is no more. Thievish time has stolen our world, and where shall we find it again but in memory made quick by the noble spirits who speak to us from books, happy that souls are still alive who are able to partake their joys?

When we move upward and the breath of life becomes more intense, when the bud of youth and maidenhood is become a full-blown flower, and we feel the throb of universal life, the stirring within ourselves of the universal power which clothes all things with strength and beauty, when we long for the desert as a dwelling-place, with one fair spirit for a minister, where shall we find nourishment for the blissful mood, if not in books? In them all divine lovers become our companions. They linger with us to speak of immortal ecstasies, as they who love, love to talk of their love. Where shall we begin? In paradise, with the hymn of the first man smitten by the charm of woman's beauty? Or shall we pause to watch the conflict of Europe with Asia, sung by Homer, and all because of love? Or shall we hear Vergil sing how Love threw himself in vain athwart the way wherein moved the destiny of Rome? Ah! well, the god was avenged, when the Power which denied love, having overcome the world, sank in the mire of mere animalism and was trampled by avenging hordes. Rather let us take no thought where we alight in the fair kingdom of fresh and tender hearts, for wherever we set foot books will welcome us and be our guides. Though we follow Dante to hell, the voice of Francesca shall make us dream it is Paradise. Shall we sit with Jessica on the violet-clad and moonlit bank and listen to the music in our hearts, or shall we lend ear to Juliet while she upbraids the hasty and officious dawn, that comes to drive from her the light and life that lie in Romeo's eyes?

Lo! it is St. Agnes' eve—the owl for all his feathers is a-cold, the hare limps trembling through the frozen grass, and suddenly upon our ears bursts the argent revelry, and we behold fair Made-

line and Porphyro, who long ages ago fled away into the storm and were rich and rich enough with only love! Or shall we turn aside to weep with Isabella over her basil pot? For hearts aflame with love, books are full of tales of love. Like bees in clover fields they may light anywhere and sip nectar. Alas! we may there also see the men who might have towered in the van of all the world, let occasion die while they did sleep in Love's Elysium. But for the young, in whom life's pulse most deeply throbs, love is but an episode. They dwell with thoughts and hopes which are athrill with heroic daring and endurance. They are straitened in the world and lack breathing room. They would discover new lands, build states, strike tyrants down, break the chains of slaves, lead captives into promised lands, and stand in the front of peoples, like saviors, to deliver them from ignorance and sensuality. What a world of noble books there is for them, from that which tells of Abraham, who went forth from his own, leaving that which had intertwined itself with the tenderest fibers of his heart, that he might found a new race and build a kingdom of God, to that in which we behold Lincoln, much enduring and much hoping man, trusting in God and in right-loving and right-discerning souls, until he saw his country emerge from the sea of blood, undivided though sorrow-crowned, to resume her divinely appointed mission to spread freedom and good-will among all peoples. But we may choose from any age or land, for, thanks to the heart which makes us men, those who greatly dare and do and suffer, have never anywhere been lacking.

There is Plutarch, name worthy of homage, who makes it possible for us to live with the founders of states, the warriors, orators, and poets, the men of power and genius, who were Greece and Rome. What is history but the biographies of great men, of those whom courage, faith, and industry have made leaders of the people and doers of memorable things? The value of such books lies largely in the enthusiasm which they inspire. They who loved justice and freedom, who for their love suffered exile, ignominy, and death, rise before us as we read their story, to bid us look away from present and apparent success, to the world of enduring things, where the wise and true, whether in life they wandered homeless and friendless or suffered the punishment of criminals, have ascended to the worth and power which cannot pass away.

For those who know how to read, history teaches as nothing else can, that a human soul, centered, in truth and right, is invincible, acts with the power of God, and like Him, prevails. But to youthful minds its pages do not make this lesson plain. They are drawn to deeds of prowess, to the flash of the orator's thought and the thunder of his voice, to the poet's song of glory and triumph, to the power of the law-giver and the thinker which tames savages, and brings reason and conscience to play upon the affairs of men. They read with the heart and the imagination; they do not yet understand what labor it costs to learn how to read as great minds read. They are hungry for sensation. They look eagerly on the panorama of nature as it unfolds itself in books, more intelligibly and more enchantingly than to the senses, for they, like all the heedless, have eyes and see not, ears and hear not. They look on the starlit heavens and think it a common sight; for them the stars are but pimples on the face of the sky; but with books as their guides they learn to find themselves at home in interstellar spaces, and perceive that the earth is but a minor rock, a mere spall, lost amid countless solar systems. Caught in the meshes of the senses, they think the little circle in which they move, in city or in village or amid the fields, a world, as it is, indeed, their world; but when they come to see themselves in books as in mirrors, they see how less than nothing is the baby world in which they have been living,—a mere fool's paradise. Their knowledge, their thoughts and deeds, have seemed to them to be of weight, to possess a power which is unrecognized; but when they have gone deeper into books, what they know becomes ignorance and what they do sheer vanity. Thus young readers, if they are destined to make themselves a home in the world of books, are taught first of all the wisdom of modesty. If they cannot learn this, the use and worth of books must remain hidden from them. So long as we live in the realm of mere happenings, real or imaginary, we live on the surface of things, and are still controlled by the instincts of barbarians. We are spectators who are fascinated by the glitter and movement of life, like children who take delight in foolish games or are carried beyond themselves by the sight of what is strange. A toy is more interesting than a thought to those who are incapable of thought.

In the plays of the great dramatists, it is the story and not the

poetry which gives pleasure. The perfect phrase, the utterance of deep wisdom, retards the action, which alone interests the multitude of spectators. Hence the noblest plays are rarely put on the stage, and as rarely read. Profound writers have few readers. It is not possible that they should interest those who live amid the shows of things and are more eager to listen to gossip than to words of wisdom. In books as in all things we seek ourselves. Narcissus-like we see in the stream of matter but the reflection of our own countenance, and when we look up to the eternal and infinite we still see our own image. In our money, our country, our friends, we love ourselves. In her child the mother finds the symbol of her virginal love, which made the world a paradise; in the lullabies she sings, she hears far-off echoes of her maiden dreams. Hence each one believes and feels that the best books are the books in which he finds himself. For a whole world of rosy cheeks and bright eyes Mother Goose is better than Plato or Shakespeare; and for a world a little older Robinson Crusoe has more worth than all the philosophies.

A boy will read a tale of adventure, but not a history of scientific research; a girl a story of love, but not a treatise on womanly virtue. Why urge your favorite dish or tipple on those by whom it is disliked? What suits us suits us, and there is an end of the matter. No, it is not so. On the contrary, it is the business of life to give us an opportunity to learn to know and love the best things. When we are children we take delight in the things of children; when we become men we still feel the charm of our early existence, but the childish has no longer power to please us. Having become other we cease to be able to find ourselves in the haunts of the olden times. They are beautiful to memory, but had we to go back to them we should find them unendurable. We cannot love the highest unless we see it; and it can be seen only by those who make themselves high. Books are not everything, but for those who wish to lead the higher life they are indispensable. "Whosoever," says De Bury, "acknowledges himself to be a zealous lover of truth, of happiness, of wisdom, of science, or even of the faith, must of necessity make himself a lover of books."

Whether we wish to live in the past, or to forecast the future, or to fill the present with delightful thoughts and images; whether we wish to gain a knowledge of law, or of medicine, or of the-

ology; whether we wish to listen to the philosophers, or the orators, or the poets, to weep over tragedies or to laugh at comedies, or to thrill at the spectacle of the heroic struggles of patriots and martyrs; whether we wish to learn how to live or how to die, —books must be our teachers. If we seek knowledge, they will impart it, if counsel, they will give it; if we want consolation, we shall find it in them, if recreation and beguilement, in them also. They are athrill with life, and the best of them being alive now some thousand years, inspire us with thoughts of immortality; and since though old they are still young, they have the power even when age bears us down, to rouse within us the fresh hope and courage of youth. "I would not barter my books and my love of reading," said Fénelon, "for kingdoms and empires." "My early and invincible love of reading," said Gibbon, "I would not exchange for the treasures of India." Cicero declared that he would part with all he possessed rather than not be permitted to live and die among his books. When Scott, returning to Abbotsford to die, was wheeled into his library, the tears burst forth; and Southey, no longer able to read, loved to kiss and stroke his books.

As we cannot fathom the wealth of life there is in a real man by occasional conversations with him, so we cannot appreciate the worth of a genuine book by simply reading it. We must study it, learn to know it as we know a friend, seek its company and return to it again and again, with expectant and joyful hearts, as we return to those we love. There are not many books which are worthy of such devotion, nor will all of these commend themselves to all. Each one must find for himself those he needs, those which stimulate him most; one or two, at least, which are precious to him he must discover, or remain inferior, never attaining true insight into the worth and beauty of life. The important thing is not what we like, but what we ought to like, questions of taste, like all questions, being questions of reason. One of our chief aims should be to form purer and higher tastes. The worse pleases us because we have not accustomed ourselves to the better. The saying—tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are—is true certainly of our spiritual nourishment. They who feed on low thoughts and desires are low men.

The best thing the youth carries from college is not knowledge, but the ardent desire to learn; and the best knowledge he gets in

school is the knowledge of how to learn. Genuine books inspire faith and courage, confirm hope, beguile sorrow, teach wisdom, fill the memory with beautiful and noble thoughts, thrill the heart with heroic aspiration, sow the mind with the seeds of truth, bring the distant and the past, with all their glories, victories, failures, and defeats, to the homes of even the poor and heavy laden, to enrich, soothe, and enlighten their weary and lonely lives. If parents, teachers, and priests would but take the trouble to get definite knowledge concerning the books which are best suited to rouse the young to mental and moral activity, and if then they would wisely direct and encourage them in their reading, they would doubtless render them higher and more lasting service than any which may result from their admonitions, lessons, and exhortations. But children are left to grope their way or are permitted to read whatever chance or the family or public library throws into their hands; and since their judgment and taste are unformed, it is more than probable that what is false and vicious will please them rather than what is genuine and good. The end of reading, as of whatever else we do, is self-improvement. The world exists for man, and its proper use is to make him more fully man. Books then are but a means of self-culture. They help us to think, to believe, to love, and to do, or they render us no service. Books which impart information are superseded as knowledge increases, but books into which genius has poured its soul, keep forever, each in its distinct place, in the world's literature. As they sprang from deep glowing minds and hearts they retain always the power to awaken and strengthen minds and hearts. They remain as a spiritual presence, to move men to diviner sympathies, to lift their thoughts to more enduring worlds. Their creators

> Shake the ashes of the grave aside
> From their calm locks, and undiscomfited
> Look steadfast truths against time's changing mask.

A work of art, like *Hamlet* or *Faust,* which may be had for a few cents, would be held above all price, if, like the Sistine Madonna or the Transfiguration, its perfect truth and beauty could be found but in a single exemplar. The book-lover, hidden and unknown, may feel that all the mighty men of words and deeds

are his servants. For his delight and instruction, they have thought and written and conquered and upbuilt. To him they resing their songs; to him they rehearse the story of their struggles and triumphs.

He who leaves a fortune leaves it to be wasted or misused; but he who leaves a genuine book, leaves a precious and imperishable heritage to all the wise of all the ages to come. What we need to make us what we are capable of becoming is not new information, but a new impulse which shall rouse us to a fuller consciousness of the infinite worth of truth and goodness, and this impulse is given by the vital books, the books of power. A library teaches at once the vanity and the nobleness of human life. Here lie the thoughts, hopes, dreams, joys, sorrows, ambitions, and works of a thousand minds, desiccated and labelled, like specimens in a museum. Into this mummy dust they have all crumbled. And yet what divine virtue must there not have been in these hearts, whose words, after the sleep of centuries, are ever ready to awaken to thrill the living with a new sense of the deathless power of truth and beauty? How is it possible to dwell here and not be pure, humble, and reverent, or not feel the godlike worth of man's thought and love? And have not those who have lived affectionately among books been in general good and deserving men? "The love of study," says Gibbon, "a passion which derives fresh vigor from enjoyment, supplies each day, each hour with a perpetual source of independent and rational pleasure."

If conversation lag I find my friend is dull; but if I take up a book which I know to be full of inspiration and power, and it prove uninteresting, I am driven to confess that the fault lies in myself. Thus books, being unchangeable, are touchstones whereby to prove ourselves. An author suggests, enlightens and instructs also; for to be impelled to think is to be impelled toward insight and knowledge. The greatest thinkers even have left us but fragments of their minds, or if they have written what seems to be a complete transcript of their inner world, that in it which we find inspiring and helpful is fragmentary, for in the world of books, as in that of men, we choose and love but what suits our taste. The higher our intellectual power and culture, the more clearly do we perceive how few there are who are capable of grasping the thought and import of a great book. In the words of the Saviour, simple

and plain as they are, how much there is which the multitude have not fathomed; nay, which philosophers even have failed to understand in all their divine significance and truth! For the right appreciation of literature, it is not sufficient to have a cultivated mind or a pure heart or a living power of imagination, but we must have them all and have them act in harmony. The evils which the habit of reading what is inferior entails, are serious. It wastes time which might be profitably employed; it leads to inattention, since poor writing invites the mind to wander, having in itself no attractiveness; it prevents the development of a taste for what is excellent, enfeebles the power of discernment, dulls the edge of the intellect, and accustoms one to content himself with the superficial and the commonplace. Its effects are similar to those which are produced by association with the foolish and vulgar. "I hate books," said Rousseau; "they teach us only to talk about what we do not know." This is true of those who read but the books of facts; it is not true of those who read the books of power. It is not difficult to find those who are indifferent to books or who have a distaste for them. Shut such a one in a library, and he is as lonely as if he were confined in a prison cell. For him the books are as dead as the walls; their presence may even irritate him and add to his wretchedness. He stays gladly with men or horses or flowers, but books are as melancholy as tombs: they give him a sense of discomfort as though they were haunted, having heard, perchance, that there is some sort of mysterious presence in them. It is the man or women, the brave, generous, thinking soul we find in the book, which makes it precious, makes it a friend.

But magazines and newspapers, like corporations, like the syndicates that publish them, are soulless. They merely represent something or nothing, like a member of Congress, whom we hardly think of as a man. A book, like a living person, may inspire love or hate; but who can love or hate magazines or newspapers? They are idle things for the idle and for idle hours. They have no power to take firm hold of us and to rouse us to self-activity. They have no character themselves, and are therefore powerless to form minds and hearts. They are for the moment, and their readers live aimlessly in the present. Their world is what happened yesterday or an hour ago, and their educational

value is not greater than that of gossip and other trivial pastimes; but since they touch upon everything, those whose reading is confined to them, talk about many things, understanding nothing. Put your daily newspaper aside for a week and then look through all the numbers, and you will need no argument to prove of how much valuable time it robs you. The newspaper reader lives in a crowd, in the midst of a mob almost; and in such environment it is difficult not to lose the sense of responsibility or to retain a sense of refinement, decency, and self-respect. He becomes callous both to what is noble and to what is vile. The deeds of heroes do not move him, and crimes and calamities only in as much as they minister to his passion for novelty. He is capable even of a semi-conscious longing for wars, famines, floods, and wrecks, that his craving for news may be fed. He tends to become like the Roman multitude, whom the sight of men butchering one another made drunk with pleasure. The houses of the powerful and the rich may be closed against us, but if we are lovers of books, we feel that we are the equals of the best, for we live in the company of prophets and apostles, of philosophers and poets. Socrates will ask us questions, Plato will admit us to his garden, and Cicero, lying at ease in his Tuscalan Villa, will discourse to us of all high things.

I rode with Milton all day long,
With Milton at his best;
He sang his high heroic song,
While I reclined at rest.

"O thou who art able to write a book," says Carlyle, "which once in two centuries or oftener there is a man gifted to do, envy not him whom they name City-builder, and inexpressibly pity him whom they name Conqueror, or City-burner." In the library of even a poor man we may easily find a company of the wisest and wittiest, gathered from many lands and ages, for his instruction and entertainment. He need but put on his wishing-cap and any one of them will begin to talk or sing.

A genuine book, like the sun, has heat and light enough for all the world through all the ages; nor does it lose what it gives, but though it have nourished and delighted a hundred generations it still retains the power to fill a hundred more with strength and

joy. He who has not learned to find pleasure in some one of the great books, of which all have heard, will not profit by making inquiry concerning what he should read; for he who loves none of the great books reads to little purpose.

"Books," says Channing, "are the true levellers." But this is doubtful praise. The aim should be not to bring all men to a common level, but to lift as many as possible to all attainable heights, that the multitude may be drawn to follow them. There is not merit in equality, unless it be equality with the best. Strive to make thyself like God, not like the crowd. A good book delights me the more when I think of all the pleasure it gave its author, of all the joy and consolation it has given to thousands. It is like a jewel which has become more precious for having sparkled on the breasts of fair and noble women. A book is not genuine unless it can be read again and again, even after the lapse of years, with new profit and delight. That which having read we care not to look at a second time, is an ephemeral thing, and should have been printed, if at all, in a newspaper. "He that walketh with the wise," says Solomon, "shall be wise." He who converseth with the best books shall be strengthened and purified.

Great minds are distinguished by power and depth rather than by newness of thought. They write what all may understand, but what they alone possess in its fulness and freshness. The truth which others passively accept, they lay hold on and work into the innermost fibers of their being. It pursues them and gives them no rest, for however they strive to utter it they feel that it is still unuttered. They perceive, as none else, its surpassing worth and application to life; and it is their faith in its beneficent and purifying power which constitutes their genius, and which more than the beauty wherewith they clothe it, gives it attractiveness and arrests attention, for when readers find in an author who does not lack ability profound conviction and seriousness, they are persuaded there must be something in him deserving study. Their interest is thus awakened, and among many a few will be found who will labor with earnestness and perseverance to master his secret. Genuinely great minds in the presence of the thought and faith which express the highest and holiest intuitions and yearnings of the soul are reverent and devout; and whoever treats these subjects with flippancy, banishes himself from the company

of the best. It is his lack of reverence and devoutness which makes it impossible to class Emerson with the great teachers. As it takes a true reader to know a genuine book. A book from which I can gain nothing has no value for me; but if it is one in which others have found profit, its failure to help me is probably my own fault. It happens that a volume which we put aside as uninteresting, will, if taken up in another mood, or when study has reformed our judgment and taste, prove to be of genuine worth and service. At all events, it is certain that books which are the expression of the experience, thought, hope, faith and aspiration of real men, are fountains of living waters for all who know how to draw from them. A book which makes us contented and thankful, resolute to bear up under adverse fortune, and to continue bravely struggling, which confirms our faith in virtue and in knowledge, and our trust in God, is good and wholesome, whatever its faults.

> We get no good
> By being ungenerous even to a book.

Brilliant qualities will not secure a permanent place in literature for a writer whose thought does not reach the inner core of truth. "Truth illuminates and gives joy," says Arnold, "and it is by the bond of joy, not of pleasure, that men's spirits are indissolubly held." Generous sentiments, wide views, a tranquil and enlightened mind, a tolerant and sympathetic nature, free from anger, envy, and all pettiness, create the spiritual atmosphere which writers who are destined to immortality breathe. What is best in the genuine books is neither ancient nor modern. It is the work of minds who, rising from out the lapses of time, utter what is eternally true and fair. The great books belong to those alone who have souls akin to the minds whose thought and love they hold; give them to kings and presidents, and they find them to be only so much paper and morocco.

If we take a survey of the classical authors, poets, philosophers, historians and orators, and note their most striking passages, we shall be impressed by the sameness of thought and sentiment which runs through them all, and thus we shall get a deeper insight into the narrowness of the circle in which even the noblest minds are condemned to move. Again and again, from age to

age, from Greece to Italy, from Jerusalem, Athens, and Rome, the same truth emerges, clothed almost in the same words. Genius itself despairs of uttering anything really new, and the man of genius, while recognizing that the best has already been said, is tempted to lament his late appearance on earth. The more familiar we are with the world's literature, the more clearly do we perceive, that apart from new theories, resulting from new discoveries, inventions, and happenings, there is little any one can say which is new. But the soul of man, being infinite in its aspirations, capable of thoughts which transcend all bounds and penetrate eternity, is never weary of contemplating the spiritual facts which constitute its being, and which, like itself, are of unfathomable import; and therefore it never loses relish for the old truth, which is forever new in its applications to life, having power, like light, to remain itself, while it clothes the world with endless variety and beauty. Hence the works of genius never grow obsolete, but flourish from generation to generation, bearing fresh flowers and rich fruit; and as no truth is exactly the same for any two minds, so is truth modified to suit the changing environment in which the race lives, now emerging with diviner power and significance, and now obscured by the passions or the heedlessness of the age. But to him who has once perceived its real nature, its infinite worth is plain. He will abandon all, if need be, to follow it. It is the pearl above price; it is joy and love. It leads to the inner world where consciousness reveals God and the soul. It makes us meek and lowly, merciful and lovers of peace; it fills us with longing for righteousness; it enables us to bear patiently persecution, poverty, and obloquy, for these affect the outer man, not him who lives within, whom truth makes free and a citizen of unseen and higher worlds, capable of the spiritual worship, whereby he recognizes his kinship with the Eternal and with all the pure and loving souls for whom the universe is a temple and God is all in all.

Since the multitude of men love to see things happen and to talk and read of them as happening, but have little capacity and less liking for reflection, it is not to be expected that they will read books which are interesting only because they rouse the intellect and compel thought. Such books will not find many readers, but the few who study them will outweigh in mental force and moral

worth whole millions who relish nothing but stories and newspapers. Though we be not able clearly to perceive the priceless treasures stored in books, let the testimony of so many of the noblest minds persuade us of their worth, and inspire us to discover for ourselves the marvellous world of which these immortal spirits have left such good report. Shakspere's advice, to study what we most affect, has worth, but may easily mislead, for most readers are pleased with what is inferior or vicious, whereas the aim of whoever wishes to improve himself should be to learn to take delight in the best. A taste for what is genuine in literature, as a taste for what is genuine in art, being an acquired taste, a main purpose of our reading should be to cultivate the power of distinguishing between what is genuine and what is spurious. In genuine books we may often find things which we cannot accept, which repel us even; but this will not prevent the earnest student from striving to get at what good there is in them. The greatest writers have their faults, and no one author teaches the whole truth. Intellectual progress, in fact, is a process of choosing from the best what is suited to our needs.

The reading as the writing of books may be a disease, the indulgence of morbid propensities, of vanity, of indolence, of a fondness for what is sensational or frivolous; and it is doubtless true that many of us spend no time more idly than that which we give to reading, which unless it rouse us to self-activity, does us harm. The case with speculative and practical truth is the same, —neither is vitally held except by those who cease not from striving to learn, whether by thinking or by doing. As it is better to know a great man than to hear others talk about him, however pleasant their discourse, so is it more profitable to study genuine books than to read about them. Literary criticism is valuable only when it wakens in us a desire to acquaint ourselves with the books which thrill with life and power; for to them and not to the critics we must go for light and strength. In writers who have merely talent thou shalt vainly look for help. If thy mind is to be made luminous and the fountain of thy heart opened, it must be done by thoughts which spring from the deepest soul of man. All of worth which even the best writer has to impart is derived from his experience; but his experience, to be interesting and fruitful, must be communicated with the tact and skill, the

correctness and adequacy, the ease and grace, which constitute the charm of a real man of letters. Reading is valuable chiefly as a stimulus to action, since the end of life is to do rather than to think. Hence what fails to rouse within us courage and the impulse to act, helps us not at all or little.

Beware of words—there is no worse delusion than that which leads us to imagine that the acceptance of the same formulas is equivalent to a union of mind and heart. Words are but symbols, and to attempt to substitute them for truth is preposterous. This verbal superstition is the more to be dreaded, because great writers have such mastery over language that their readers easily mistake the form for the substance, and worship an idol instead of God. Men rush into all kinds of danger and folly, rather than bear the imputation of cowardice or superstition, so great is the tyranny of words over unthinking minds.

The reading of many books gives pleasure, but the careful study of a few profits most.

> Who reads
> Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
> A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
> Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
> Deep versed in books and shallow in himself.

However well an author express his thought, it is not possible for him to impart the experience without which it cannot be rightly understood. As the mind grows, the aspect of things changes, as objects seen through a microscope appear other than when viewed with the naked eye. Mental culture leads us to worlds unlike that in which we grow up,—as much wider and richer than it as our modern universe is vaster and in every way more glorious than the one the ancients imagined. As our fuller insight into the laws of nature is the result of the labor of centuries and of innumerable minds, so the individual can acquire culture only by industry and observation, by patient thought and much reading; but once it is ours the pains it has cost are forgotten in the sense of freedom and strength which it imparts. "Culture," says Arnold, "is indispensably necessary, and culture is reading, but reading with a purpose to guide it, and with system. He does a good work who does anything to help this; indeed, it is the one essential service now to be rendered to education." Read with a dictionary

at your side, and never pass a word whose meaning you do not fully understand.

Most readers seek themselves in books, but an awakened mind finds all the books in himself—they but serve to call his attention to the fact that they are there. When a young student enters a great library, he is overcome by a sense of discouragement. How shall he ever learn all the wisdom which is there stored? The labor of a lifetime must still leave him on the threshold. But one who is master in the art of reading knows that a few books, thoroughly assimilated, are a key to all others, and he no more dreams of reading them all than of eating all the provisions in the market-house. Their chief use is to nourish, strengthen, and inspire, and but one in thousands has vital substance.

Original authors are rarely found interesting at first; they rather repel and give pain because they call forth in the reader the consciousness of his inferiority. But if he persevere, he learns to love them for the help he finds in them. Love indeed is the only thing which can put us at ease with the truly great, for it alone makes us glad to acknowledge their superiority. There is no author, as there is no man, who is wholly great. The best are great only on occasion or in setting forth special phases of truth, when they are fully themselves and throw all their power of thought and feeling into the matter. The reader's secret is to know when the diviner mind speaks, and to wait upon its utterance with thoroughly awakened attention, passing lightly over what is ordinary and uninspired. He seeks in each author for what he can find in him alone or at the least more perfectly in him than in any other. As a good workman does good work even with poor tools, so a true reader finds intimations of truth and beauty in books in which others see nothing. He carries himself to the task, and reads his own mind into and out of the printed page. It is not by hearing eloquent men or by visiting strange lands and venerable monuments, that we shall come to insight which they alone attain who dwell with their own thoughts and make the godward ascent from their own hearts.

"I hate this shallow Americanism," says Emerson, "which hopes to get rich by credit, to get knowledge by raps on midnight tables, to learn the economy of the mind by phrenology, or to acquire skill without study or mastery without apprenticeship." The only

essentially interesting things in the world are the struggles of men for knowledge, liberty, and virtue, and the most pathetic thing is the blind and helpless way in which they struggle. Here is America, set apart and dedicated to freedom, peopled by a chosen race, and it is already delivered into the hands of mammonites, Philistines, boodlers, thugs, and editors. How shall we have faith in the power of man to govern himself and to upbuild his being to the full height? The wicked who love not their fellowmen, but study how they may dominate and make use of them, trust to nothing so much as to the dullness, inattention and sensual indolence of the multitude. If the inert mass could be lifted to the plane where men think and care, all reforms would be made easy.

When we fail to recognize the truly great, the loss is ours, not theirs. The knowledge of books which the most have is like one's acquaintance with a chance companion. We remember that he said this or that, but the spirit and heart of the man is hidden from us.

The book is suggestive, but what does it suggest to the dull and heedless? The universe is athrill with truth and beauty, but for the multitude it means little more than bread and meat. Read what gives thee delight, thrills thee with admiration, and awakens love; but strive assiduously so to form thy judgment and taste that only the best shall please thee. The important thing for thee is not what divine truths may be found in the works of men of genius, but what thou findest in thy own mind and heart. There or nowhere is the infinite life revealed to thee. The best authors are not those who teach most, but those who inspire the love of excellence, and give their readers strength and courage to pursue it with perseverance.

> The noble deed, the perfect word,
> Undying works, is ever heard.

It is easy to find fault: appreciation requires intelligence and character.

"We have a combat to sustain," says St. Basil; "to prepare ourselves for it we must seek the company of the poets, the historians, and the orators." Play at games when thou canst not find a genuine book or a true man to entertain and enlighten thee. A volume will hold the wisdom of mankind, but it is wisdom only

for those whom reflection and experience have made wise. Carlyle and his disciples have striven to persuade us that genuine faith is not possible in the present age, which they believe hopelessly given over to insincerity and cant. It is a shallow doctrine, and one which the grim seer, whose eye was quick to pierce shams, should have plainly seen to be an unreality. The universe has not fallen to decay, nor have the brain and heart of man withered. God is in His heaven, and the world is as glorious as on the primal day. Man knows more than he has ever known, he is freer, more human and stronger than he has ever been; and it is childish to take the tone of complaint in the presence of our wider views, deeper insight, and aims more consciously worthy. The world is indeed, as it has ever been, full of insincerity, since wholly true and genuine natures are and always have been rare. This is part of the mystery of evil which we cannot fathom, but which does not weaken the faith and hope of brave hearts. The evil there is in men is plain to the dullest. The wise study the good there is in them. Thou lovest, O my soul, blue heavens and white clouds uppiled, the starry vault and moonlit sky, plain and snowy peak. Thou lovest the race of man, to which all saints and sages, heroes and poets, belong; of which are born the nursing mothers whose faces bend over sleeping infants, smiling in their sleep, watching over them until they grow to fair maidens whose thoughts are sweet and pure as flowers new blown, to youths whose hearts are fresh and strong as torrents leaping adown their rocky beds. This is God's world, my soul! thou art His child; have no fear whether thou wake or whether thou fall asleep.

In literature nothing really counts but that which sane and honest minds have written in uttermost sincerity; the rest is like a dress of ceremony which suits the occasion, but has no further use or significance. In the best literature even we feel that words fail to reveal truth and beauty, whose very nature it is to elude expression. Whether we write or paint or chisel, we pursue what cannot be overtaken; but the futility of the highest effort is recognized only by the most sincere and poetic souls. The common man is content with his common achievements. The books which never lose their power to charm are those which reflect the very life and mind of their authors: for a living soul is perennially interesting. No writer, however much genius he may have, is great, if

his spirit is perverse. The affinity of the mind is with truth, goodness, and beauty, as that of the eye with light, and a fondness for the darker sides of life is evidence of perversity. The noblest influence is that which inspires the love of truth and right. So averse is the spiritual from the sensual nature, that the preservation of the individual and the propagation of the race seem insufficient to bind the soul to this servitude, and hence it is prodded with the goad of appetite and lust, until stooping to the mire its bedraggled wings can hardly lift it again to the azure dome. Shall genius turn traitor to the soul, and become the purveyor of putridity?

The art which is at all times within the reach of all is found only in books. If one could easily meet with men and women who are at once intelligent and sympathetic, their company might be as pleasant and possibly as helpful as intercourse with books. But since such society is hardly to be had, how gladly one flees the ceaseless din of talk of one's self, and one's neighbor, of politics and business, of marriage and death, to take refuge with the noble minds, who, emancipated from the bondage of earthly life, dwell in the serene world of immortal things. A word or a hint shows the whole matter to intelligent readers. At a glance they see the author's scope, and decide whether or not he is worth studying. In quitting one book for another, as in leaving one person for another, we often feel not only that we have crossed oceans and ages, but that we have gotten into other worlds. Take thy book as thy money. If with it thou canst please and help others, be glad; but, if they are not for it, it is not therefore the less precious to thyself.

What a delightful thing it is to come upon a book scarcely known, in which there is the breath of genius. I can recall the time when I measured my progress in learning by the size of my class-book; and there are many I believe who do not think that great wisdom may be found in a little volume. It is like the prejudice against small men, or the notion that great men should have high place or live in a large city. When they speak of a little book they imply that it has little worth. A genuine book is a mirror in which we behold our proper countenance; but if we ourselves are unsightly, how shall we hope to see the reflection of a face clothed with beauty? He who gets from books only what they contain, knows not their proper use. The best service to be

had from them is not the information they impart, but the exercise of mind to which they impel. Many imagine that when an author is declared to be an atheist, a materialist, or a pantheist all that it is necessary to know of him has been said; but real minds strive to get at the thought of real minds, whatever their world-view be. The phrase does not determine the thought, but springs from it; and if we wish to understand how well an author writes we must look first to what he intends to say. When the substance is known, the fitness of the expression is easily perceived.

To have a conception which will not issue into light and form, and to struggle with it till the right word and the right phrase reveal themselves, and the thought springs forth like Minerva from the brain of Jove—this is to experience the creative force of genius. In every good style there is a quality which gives it vitality and charm, and which cannot be acquired, but is inborn. It is like the tone of voice, the manner and expression, which stamp one as a distinct individual. If the thought is clear and high, it will clothe itself in fit words. Inferior style implies inferior thinking. One might suggest Kant as an objection, but the last thing which may be asserted of his style is that it is inferior. Goethe said that to read him was like entering a well-lighted room. Confine thy reading to books which inspire and illumine, or give information on subjects in which a serious mind may take genuine interest. The time we give to newspapers would, if rightly used, bring us to philosophical insight. If a masterpiece, consecrated by the consent of the competent, please thee not, be silent. To condemn were folly, to praise, insincerity. The plaintive tone, which seems to rise from the depths of despair, sounding like the murmurs Dante heard escaping from the pool of Malebolge, and which is frequent in the writings of Renan and other religious sceptics, is a false note in literature. The author has not the right to be weak and cowardly, and if such knowledge as he has been able to get, takes from him hope and heart, he will hardly persuade us that it has worth.

The best books have given most delight to their authors. How gladly Plutarch lives among his heroes and sages; with what cheerful contentment Montaigne makes his book, feeling that thereby he is making himself; into what a serene world the Emperor Marcus rises when he writes his thoughts! Plato has the spirit and light-

heartedness of a healthful youth; Chaucer rhymes his tales as merrily as birds trill their mating songs; and to turn to minds more intense, Dante and Milton forget their exile and blindness, while they sing of the eternal abodes of men, and of eternal light and darkness. Bacon is like a mediciner, gathering healing herbs in flowery meads; and Descartes, for whom the hidden life is the good life, sat quietly looking into his own mind and into nature, until all things were clothed for him with intelligibleness. Defoe is happy on his desert island, St. Pierre would linger always with his youthful lovers, and A Kempis leads forever his devout and simple life.

They who utter original thought are single and alone: but for right minds they are more interesting than warriors with their armies, than kings with their pomp and circumstance; and the interest they inspire endures while right minds endure. The most beautiful thoughts spring from remembered things which in far-off days mellowed the soul and suffused it with light. They are like the wine which rose within the grapes of springs long gone, and which through years has grown rich and fragrant in cool and hidden cellars. There is a flavor in them which nothing but the hallowing influence of time and sorrow can give. They are filled with the colors of dawns and sunsets, they are redolent of showers and dews; there is in them the odor of new-ploughed ground, and faint echoes of the laughter of children and of the lullabies of mothers rocking their babes to sleep. The whole earth is made fair and spiritual by the monuments and works of art, which all know, whether or not they have seen them. In thinking of Jerusalem, Athens, and Rome, we become more conscious of the divine element in humanity. They are symbols of what our race is worth. In the same way a man of genius, though we know of him scarcely more than his name, ennobles us all. To these heights, we say to ourselves, one of our kind has ascended; we are not of base blood since we have such a brother. To read a book with the understanding merely is to miss its true significance and power; for a genuine book is written by the whole man, and contains not merely what he knows, but it is athrill with what he thinks, dreams, imagines, hopes, believes, and loves. It is his living vesture woven by himself out of the substance of God and all things.

They do not read books who complain of the endless making of books. A true reader is willing that thousands appear, if but one of them has worth, as the miner gladly throws up tons of earth, if here and there he find a precious stone. How is it possible to live without literature, without intercourse with books, without nourishment for the spirit which makes us men? If thou findest nothing new in the book, it has at least helped thee to see how wise thou art. The *vae soli* does not apply to those who think, for they live with the truth which makes the universe alive with God's presence. O Genius, sell not thy gifts to the rich and powerful nor yet to the rabble. They were bestowed upon thee by God, for godlike uses. "Books," says Hazlitt, "let us into the souls of men and lay open to us the secrets of our own. They are the first and last, the most homefelt, the most heartfelt of all our enjoyments."

We boast of having talked with a great poet or philosopher, whose books lie unopened on our shelves; and yet the conversation was commonplace, while what there was of genius in the man lives in these dust-covered volumes. If we could go to the tomb of a divine man and wake him and bid him speak, we should set the world agape and all men would be eager to listen. His book is his tomb, where he lies asleep, ready, if we wish, to shake off his slumber and tell us the best he knew and loved. As it is well to turn the young loose in gardens and fields, to permit them to wander in woods, over hills, and along flowing streams, so is it wise to place in their hands the best books, helping them to choose what pleases the fancy, quickens thought, raises the imagination, and purifies the heart. To say that we are responsible for what we read is but to say that we are responsible for what we think and do, love and admire, hope and believe. Books make readers, as opportunities provoke endowments. They are opportunities for spiritual growth. In them we discover not gold and precious stones, but ourselves lifted into the light and warmth of all that man knows and God has revealed. To read the best books it is not enough to be attentive. We must linger in meditation over their pages, as in studying a work of art or a beautiful landscape, we love to stand in silence before it, that so, if possible, we may drink its life and spirit.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD[1]

1843—1909

Charles Warren Stoddard, convert, journalist, teacher, poet, and essayist, was born in New York State in 1843. He went first to school in New York City. Illness prevented his attending college. He began to write verse at an early age, contributing anonymously to newspapers, but later putting out a small volume which he called *Poems by Charles Warren Stoddard.*

In 1864 he made a trip to the South Sea Islands, where he wrote his *Idyls,* a series of letters. During several trips to the South Seas he composed *Lazy Letters from Low Latitudes, The Island of Tranquil Delights,* and *The Lepers of Molokai.*

He entered the Catholic Church in 1867, later writing of his conversion in *A Troubled Heart and How It Was Comforted.* Sent on a long, roving expedition in 1873 by the San Francisco *Chronicle,* he traveled in the Orient for five years, writing his impressions.

Upon his return he was invited to occupy the chair of English literature at Notre Dame University, but ill health prevented his retaining the position for any length of time. He later held the same position at the Catholic University, from 1889 to 1902.

Among his last writings are *Exits and Entrances, With Staff and Scrip, Father Damien,* and *Confessions of a Reformed Poet.*

AVE MARIE BELLS

At dawn, the joyful choir of bells,
In consecrated citadels,
  Flings on the sweet and drowsy air
  A brief, melodious call to prayer;
For Mary, Virgin meek and lowly,
Conceived of the Spirit Holy,
  As the Lord's angel did declare.

At noon, above the fretful street,
Our souls are lifted to repeat
  The prayer, with low and wistful voice:
  "According to thy word and choice,

[1]Selections from the work of Charles Warren Stoddard are used by permission of Dodd, Mead & Company, Inc.

Though sorrowful and heavy laden,
So be it done to thy Handmaiden";
  Then all the sacred bells rejoice.

At eve with roses in the west,
The daylight's withering bequest,
  Ring, prayerful bells, while blossom bright
  The stars, the lilies of the night:
Of all the songs the years have sung us,
"The Word made Flesh had dwelt among us,"
  Is still our ever-new delight.

STIGMATA

In the wrath of the lips that assail us,
  In the scorn of the lips that are dumb,
The symbols of sorrow avail us,
  The joy of the people is come.
They parted Thy garments for barter,
  They follow Thy steps with complaint;
Let them know that the pyre of the martyr
  But purges the blood of the saint!

They have crucified Thee for a token,
  For a token Thy flesh crucified
Shall bleed in a heart that is broken
  For love of the wound in Thy side;
In pity for palms that were pleading,
  For feet that were grievously used,
There is blood on the brow that is bleeding
  And torn, as Thy brow that was bruised!

By Thee have we life, breath, and being;
  Thou hast knowledge of us and our kind;
Thou hast pleasure of eyes that are seeing,
  And sorrow of eyes that are blind;
By the seal of the mystery shown us—
  The wound that with Thy wounds accord—
O Lord, have mercy upon us!
  Have mercy upon us, O Lord!

THE BELLS OF SAN GABRIEL

(The Mission of San Gabriel Archangel, near Los Angeles, founded in 1771, was, for a time, the most flourishing mission in California.)

THINE was the corn and the wine,
The blood of the grape that nourished;
The blossom and fruit of the vine
That was heralded far away.
When the vine and fig-tree flourished.
The promise of peace and of glad increase
Forever and ever and aye.
What then wert thou, and what art now?
Answer me, O, I pray!

And every note of every bell
Sang Gabriel! rang Gabriel!
In the tower that is left the tale to tell
Of Gabriel, the Archangel.

Oil of the olive was thine;
Flood of the wine-press flowing,
Blood of the Christ was the wine—
Blood of the lamb that was slain.
Thy gifts were fat of the kine
Forever coming and going
Far over the hills, the thousand hills—
Their lowing a soft refrain.
What then wert thou, and what art now?
Answer me once again!

And every note of every bell
Sang Gabriel! rang Gabriel!
In the tower that is left the tale to tell
Of Gabriel, the Archangel.

Seed of the corn was thine—
Body of Him thus broken
And mingled with blood of the vine—
The bread and the wine of life.

Out of the good sunshine
They were given to thee as a token—
The body of Him, and the blood of Him,
When the gifts of God were rife.
What then wert thou, and what art now?
After the weary strife?

And every note of every bell
Sang Gabriel! rang Gabriel!
In the tower that is left the tale to tell
Of Gabriel, the Archangel.

Where are they now, O bells?
Where are the fruits of the Mission?
Garnered, where no one dwells,
Shepherd and flock are fled.
O'er the Lord's vineyard swells
The tide that with fell perdition
Sounded their doom and fashioned their tomb
And buried them with the dead.
What then wert thou, and what art now?
The answer is still unsaid.

And every note of every bell
Sang Gabriel! rang Gabriel!
In the tower that is left the tale to tell
Of Gabriel, the Archangel.

Where are they now, O tower!
The locusts and wild honey?
Where is the sacred dower
That the bride of Christ was given?
Gone to the wielders of power,
The misers and minters of money;
Gone for the greed that is their creed—
And these in the land have thriven.
What then wert thou, and what art now?
And wherefore hast thou striven?

And every note of every bell
Sang Gabriel! rang Gabriel!
In the tower that is left the tale to tell
Of Gabriel, the Archangel.

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

1844—1889

Gerard Manley Hopkins, poet and member of the Society of Jesus, was born at Stratford, not far from London. After a preliminary training at Cholmondeley, he proceeded to Oxford and entered Balliol College.

In his twenty-third year he was received into the Church by Cardinal Newman himself and left Oxford to teach in the oratory at Birmingham under the direct influence of the Cardinal. Two years later, in 1868, he began his career as a member of the Society of Jesus. He preached for a while in London and then returned to Oxford to serve in St. Aloysius Church. For a time he worked in the slums of Liverpool. Next he became professor at Stonyhurst. And at last he was appointed as classical examiner at Dublin, having been elected Fellow of the Royal University of Ireland in 1884. Five years afterward, having contracted a fever, he died.

Father Hopkins possessed a rare poetic gift, one which, perhaps, had the duties of his vocation been less rigorous so that its expression could have been more abundant, would have placed him high among the poets of England. Moreover, such were his endowments of personality that his friend, Dr. Robert Bridges, the poet-laureate, has written of his possessing "humor, great personal charm, and the most attractive virtues of a tender and sympathetic nature."

THE STARLIGHT NIGHT[1]

Look at the stars! lo, look up at the skies!
O look at all the fire-folk sitting in the air!
The bright boroughs, the quivering citadels there!
The dim woods quick with diamond wells; the elf-eyes!
The gray lawns cold where quaking gold-dew lies!
Wind-beat white-beam; airy abeles all on flare!
Flake-doves sent floating out at a farmyard scare!—
Ah well! it is a purchase and a prize.

[1] *Starlight Night, Habit of Perfection, Spring* and *Heaven Haven* from the works of Gerard Hopkins, are reprinted by arrangement with the Oxford University Press, owners of the copyright.

Buy then! Bid then!—What?—Prayer, patience, alms, vows—
Look, look! a May-mess, like on orchard boughs;
  Look! March-bloom, like on mealed-with-yellow sallows.
These are indeed the barn: within-doors house
The shocks. This piece-bright paling hides the Spouse
  Christ, and the mother of Christ and all his hallows.

THE HABIT OF PERFECTION

Elected Silence, sing to me
And beat upon thy whorled ear,
Pipe me to pastures still and be
The music that I care to hear.

Shape nothing, lips; be lovely-dumb:
It is the shut, the curfew sent
From there where all surrenders come
Which only make you eloquent.

Be shelled, eyes with double dark
And find the uncreated light;
This ruck and reel which you remark
Coils, keeps, and teases simple sight.

Palate, the hutch of tasty lust,
Desire not to be rinsed with wine;
The can must be so sweet, the crust
So fresh that come in fasts divine!

Nostrils, your careless breath that spend
Upon the stir and keep of pride,
What relish shall the censers send
Along the sanctuary side!

O feel-of-primrose hands, O feet
That want the yield of plushy sward,
But you shall walk the golden street,
And you unhouse and house the Lord.

And, Poverty, be thou the bride
And now the marriage feast begun,
And lily-colored clothes provide
Your spouse not labored-at, nor spun.

SPRING

Nothing is so beautiful as spring—
When weeds, in wheels, shoot long and lovely and lush;
Thrush's eggs look little low heavens, and thrush
Through the echoing timber does so rinse and wring
The ear, it strikes like lightnings to hear him sing;
The glassy pear-tree leaves and blooms, they brush
The descending blue; that blue is all in a rush
With richness; the racing lambs too have fair their fling,

What is all this juice and all this joy?
A strain of the earth's sweet being in the beginning
In Eden garden. Have, get, before it cloy,
Before it cloud, Christ, Lord, and sour with shining,
Innocent mind and Mayday in girl and boy,
Most, O maid's child, thy choice and worthy the winning.

BARNFLOOR AND WINEPRESS

Thou who on Sin's wages starvest,
Behold we have the Joy of Harvest:
For us was gathered the First-fruits,
For us was lifted from the roots,
Sheaved in cruel bands, bruisèd sore,
Scourged upon the threshing floor,
Where the upper millstone roofed His Head,
At morn we found the Heavenly Bread;
And on a thousand altars laid,
Christ our Sacrifice is made.

Thou, whose dry plot for moisture gapes,
We shout with them that tread the grapes;
For us the Vine was fenced with thorn,
Five ways the precious branches torn.
Terrible fruit was on the tree
In the acre of Gethsemane:
For us by Calvary's distress
The wine was rackèd from the press;
Now, in our altar-vessels stored,
Lo, the sweet vintage of the Lord!

In Joseph's garden they threw by
The riven Vine, leafless, lifeless, dry:
On Easter morn the Tree was forth,
In forty days reached Heaven from earth,—
Soon the whole world is overspread:
Ye weary, come into the shade.

The field where He hath planted us
Shall shake her fruit as Libanus,
When He has sheaved us in His sheaf,
When He has made us bear His leaf.
We scarcely call that banquet food,
But even our Saviour's and our blood,
We are so grafted on His wood.

HEAVEN HAVEN

A NUN TAKES THE VEIL

I HAVE desired to go
Where springs not fail,
To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail,
And a few lilies blow.

And I have asked to be
Where no storms come,
Where the green swell is in the havens dumb,
And out of the swing of the sea.

ROSA MYSTICA

THE rose is a mystery—where is it found?
Is it anything true? Does it grow upon ground?
It was made of earth's mould, but it went from men's eyes,
And its place is a secret and shut in the skies.

In the gardens of God, in the daylight divine,
Find me a place by thee, mother of mine.

But where was it formerly? Which is the spot
That was blest in it once, though now it is not?
It is Galilee's growth: it grew at God's will
And broke into bloom upon Nazareth hill.

In the gardens of God, in the daylight divine,
I shall look on thy loveliness, mother of mine.

What was its season then? How long ago?
When was the summer that saw the bud blow?
Two thousands of years are near upon past
Since its birth and its bloom and its breathing its last.

In the gardens of God, in the daylight divine,
I shall keep time with thee, mother of mine.

Tell me the name now, tell me its name.
The heart guesses easily: is it the same?
Mary the Virgin, well the heart knows,
She is the mystery, she is that rose.

In the gardens of God, in the daylight divine,
I shall come home to thee, mother of mine.

Is Mary the rose then? Mary, the tree?
But the blossom, the blossom there—who can it be?
Who can her rose be? It could but be One
Christ Jesus our Lord, her God and her son.

In the gardens of God, in the daylight divine,
Show me thy son, mother, mother of mine.

What was the color of that blossom bright?—
White to begin with, immaculate white.
But what a wild flush on the flakes of it stood
When the rose ran in crimsonings down the cross-wood!

In the gardens of God, in the daylight divine
I shall worship His wounds with thee, mother of mine.

How many leaves had it?—Five they were then,
Five, like the senses and members of men;
Five is their number by nature, but now
They multiply, multiply—who can tell?

In the gardens of God, in the daylight divine
Make me a leaf in thee, mother of mine.

Does it smell sweet, too, in that holy place?
Sweet unto God and the sweetness is grace:
The breath of it bathes great heaven above
In grace that is charity, grace that is love.

To thy breast, to thy rest, to thy glory divine
Draw me by charity, mother of mine.

JOHN BANNISTER TABB[1]

1845—1909

John Bannister Tabb, teacher, priest, and poet, was born in Virginia in 1845. He began his education under private tutors, but at the age of fourteen he was forced to stop study because of failing sight. From books, therefore, he turned to music, in which he became highly proficient.

At the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted in the Confederate navy, serving until 1864, when he was taken prisoner and confined at

[1]Selections from the work of John Bannister Tabb are reprinted from *Later Poems* by permission of, and arrangement with, Mr. Mitchell Kenerley, owner of the copyright.

Point Lookout. Released from prison almost a year later, he found a position as a teacher in Baltimore.

In 1872 he entered the Catholic Church and attended St. Charles College in preparation for the priesthood. Upon completing his studies, however, he was retained as a teacher of English. Hence his theological studies were interrupted for several years, postponing his ordination until 1884.

After being ordained he nevertheless remained at St. Charles College to teach English. In fact, teaching was the principal occupation of his life, until total blindness came upon him.

Although officially he was a teaching priest, he must remain for posterity a poet. Possessed of a gifted mind, a cultivated taste, and a talent for music to a more than ordinary degree, he wrote poems that were eagerly sought by the highest type magazines and read with avidity by an ever increasing circle of readers.

Always short, always perfectly symmetrical, and always concretely personal, his poems, as successive collections of them appeared, have become a permanent contribution to American literature.

MY NEIGHBOR

My neighbor as myself to love,
Thou hast commanded me,
And in obedience I prove
That Thou Thyself art he.

THE BIRTHDAY

Another blossom blooms for thee
Upon the never-failing Tree
Of Life—the same in breath and hue
As was the first that drank the dew,
When God within His garden stood
Alone, and found it "very good."

So be it, when—thy garden done,
And all thy labors one by one
Recorded—thro' the twilight dim
He comes to bid thee walk with Him
Into a vaster solitude,
Thou too behold it very good!

THE GOOD THIEF

If thou, like Zacheus, wouldst see
Thy Lord and Master, climb the tree,
And for His passing wait with me.

Here, nearer to its native skies,
No intervening darkness lies
Between the soul and Paradise.

Was ever mortal penance brief
As mine? A moment of belief—
Turnkey of Heaven, beware—a thief!

ALICE MEYNELL[1]

1850—1923

Alice Meynell(*née* Thompson), poet, was born in London in 1850. She was educated at home, but spent much of her early life in Italy. Her first book of verse, *Preludes,* was published in 1876. Her life was quiet and uneventful, spent for the most part in literary pursuits in company with Wilfrid Meynell, editor and critic, with whom she contracted an early marriage, and with Francis Thompson, for whom she and her husband acted as friends and patrons.

Mrs. Meynell's verse is highly intellectualized but permeated throughout with a degree of spirituality and religious emotion that is to be compared only with the work of Francis Thompson.

"I AM THE WAY"

Thou art the Way.
Hadst Thou been nothing but the goal,
  I cannot say
If Thou hadst ever met my soul.

[1]Selections from the work of Alice Meynell are reprinted by permission of, and arrangement with, Charles Scribner's Sons, owners of the copyright.

I cannot see—
I, child of process—if there lies
An end for me,
Full of repose, full of replies.

I'll not reproach
The road that winds, my feet that err.
Access, approach,
Art Thou, Time, Way, and Wayfarer.

CHRIST IN THE UNIVERSE

With this ambiguous earth
His dealings have been told us. These abide:
The signal to a maid, the human birth,
The lesson, and the young Man crucified.

But not a star of all
The innumerable host of stars has heard
How He administered this terrestrial ball.
Our race have kept their Lord's entrusted Word.

Of His earth-visiting feet
None knows the secret, cherished, perilous,
The terrible, shamefast, frightened, whispered, sweet,
Heart-shattering secret of His way with us.

No planet knows that this
Our wayside planet, carrying land and wave,
Love and life multiplied, and pain and bliss,
Bears, as chief treasure, one forsaken grave.

Nor, in our little day,
May His devices with the heavens be guessed,
His pilgrimage to thread the Milky Way,
Or His bestowals there be manifest.

But in the eternities
Doubtless we shall compare together, hear
A million alien Gospels, in what guise
He trod the Pleiades, the Lyre, the Bear.

O, be prepared, my soul!
To read the inconceivable, to scan
The million forms of God those stars unroll
When, in our turn, we show to them a Man.

RENOUNCEMENT

I MUST not think of thee; and, tired yet strong,
I shun the thought that lurks in all delight—
The thought of thee—and in the blue Heaven's height,
And in the sweetest passage of a song.

Oh, just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng
This breast, the thought of thee waits, hidden yet bright;
But it must never, never come in sight;
I must stop short of thee the whole day long.

But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,
And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,

Must doff my will as raiment laid away,—
With the first dream that comes with the first sleep,
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart.

THE CRUCIFIXION

"A PALTRY SACRIFICE"

(*Preface to a Play*)

OH, MAN'S capacity
For spiritual sorrow, corporal pain!
Who has explored the deepmost of that sea,
With heavy links of a far-fathoming chain?

That melancholy lead,
Let down in guilty and in innocent hold,
Yea into childish hands delivered,
Leaves the sequestered floor unreached, untold.

One only has explored
The deepmost; but He did not die of it.
Not yet, not yet He died. Man's human Lord
Touched the extreme; it is not infinite.

But, over the abyss
Of God's capacity for woe He stayed
One hesitating hour; what gulf was this?
Forsaken He went down, and was afraid.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

1852—1924

Maurice Francis Egan, editor, teacher, diplomat, and author, was born in Philadelphia in 1852. He was educated at Martin's Latin school of that city, at La Salle College, and at Notre Dame University.

After graduation he became sub-editor and editor of a number of Catholic journals before going to Notre Dame as professor of English literature. In 1907, continuing his career as an academic, he became dean at the Catholic University.

A year later, however, President Roosevelt appointed him minister to Denmark, a post which he held with distinction until a few years before his death, in 1924.

Dr. Egan was the author of many books, the most distinguished among them being, perhaps, *Songs and Sonnets, The Ghost in Hamlet and Other Essays,* and *The Wiles of Sexton Maginnis.*

THE SOUL OF MAGINNIS[1]

From THE WILES OF MAGINNIS

SISTER MARGARET'S rosy face looked more rosy as the fresh, frosty air struck her cheeks. The convent habit—supposed by the romancers to represent a pensive soul dead to all human interests—had no manner of special detachment in

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her case; it fitted very well with the air of bustle that pervaded the city landscape. Every negro for miles around was shoveling snow from pavements, and Sister Margaret, who was of an energetic turn, clasped her hands in despair within her spotless sleeves as she viewed the movements of two black "boys" of forty and sixty on the pavement of the convent. Pompey and Caesar turned their spades with the graceful languor of those who wave fans in the heat of summer.

"It's me—it's I," she said, correcting herself, for, although Sister Margaret was not a teaching sister, she was a grammatical purist—"it's I that would like to tuck up my habit and get down amongst them. Sure, one Kerry man would do more in half an hour with his hands than all of them with their wooden spades."

There had been a ring at the convent doorbell, and Sister Margaret had, in the temporary absence of the portress, opened it; but no one was in sight.

Sister Margaret, from her position on the high steps, looked about sharply. A young girl with dancing blue eyes, a sprightly step, and high bows in her hat as blue as her eyes, went by, smiling and nodding at the good sister.

"Mary Ann Magee," she said to herself; "and it's Mary Ann Magee here and Mary Ann Magee there, with her blue bows and her gay ways, and the foolish young men paying her attention, and her mother working away at the wash-tub. 'Tis the way with Irish mothers—they're foolish and tender with their children. Mrs. Magee is a Tipperary woman, and Tipperary isn't Kerry. And what did *you* want?"

Sister Margaret was accustomed to tramps. The convent was by no means rich, and the prioress, Mother Juliet, had some economic notions about the treatment of the poor who could work; but nevertheless, and in spite of Sister Margaret's cool and deliberate gaze, which pierced through the excuses of men, the weary if not always worthy wanderer found the convent alms plain but bounteous.

The man who had suddenly bobbed up from under the iron steps had a gray kitten in his hand. His reddish, uncut hair had made its way under the battered crown of his hat. His upper garment, buttoned close to the chin, was a coat of the kind once called "Prince Albert," glossy, worn; and it had evidently been made for

a much shorter person, and this man was very tall. His shoes were tied with rope, and his pink, frost-bitten wrists shone below the frayed sleeves of the glossy coat.

"Another drinking man, I suppose," thought Sister Margaret, discontentedly.

One look at the clear complexion, marred by several weeks' growth of sandy-colored hair, undeceived her. She knew her world well, and tramps were as much of her world as the innocent little boys who beseeched her for molasses and bread between school hours. There was an honest look in the helpless brown eyes of the man that to her experienced gaze showed that he was not of the vicious class.

"It's some woman to manage him—poor creature!—he needs. It's the way with half the men—their mothers don't live long enough, and the wives most of them get are without gumption at all. Well, what is it, my good man?" she asked in her professional tone.

"I am sorry to keep you waitin', sisther," said the man, with a rich brogue, "but I just jumped down to pick up this poor omadhaun of a little cat, that's got itself almost frozen."

The sister examined the stiff ball of gray fur.

"I'll take it. Sure, if Sister Rosalie can't bring it to life by the kitchen fire it must be dead entirely."

"Is there any work for me, sisther?"

That brogue—the brogue of her place in Kerry—went to Sister Margaret's heart. She knew that Mother Juliet's economic theories would not be softened by the fact that a tramp had a Kerry brogue, for the poor prioress, with all her learning, scarcely knew the brogue when she heard it! She was well aware, too, that the helplessness of any man would never appeal sufficiently to Mother Juliet to cause her to make work for him when the resources of the convent were taxed to pay the retainers absolutely needed for the care of the heating apparatus and other details which Sister Margaret's capable hands could not touch. Something to eat, and perhaps a note of appeal for him to some kind priest, were all Sister Margaret saw, in her mind's eye, for the pathetic Kerry man.

Still, Mother Juliet had one weakness, and this was for souls. She would go far for a strayed sheep; and if this man's soul were in danger, he might be taken on to sift the ashes and to help with

the boiler until his spiritual health should be restored. With fear and trembling and the sound of the old homely inflection in her ears, Sister Margaret asked the question:

"Do you go regularly to mass, my good man?"

The man hung his head, and even the wisp of hair that straggled beneath his hat seemed to grow redder. Sister Margaret's face was illuminated with a beautiful and hopeful smile.

"Tell the truth, now, as you're an honest man," she said.

"To tell the truth as an honest man," replied the applicant, with lead on his voice, "I've been neglectful. I've been to mass off and on the year, but not reg'lar."

"And have you gone to your duties?" continued Sister Margaret, knowing well that her hopes for her compatriot depended largely on his having not done nearly everything he ought to have done. The man blushed and hesitated. Sister Margaret tried to assume a professional manner as portress.

"I've not been reg'lar," he said. "If I were near the holy sisthers, and workin' for them, maybe God would give me the grace——"

"Have you been away from your duties for more than a year?" asked Sister Margaret, with apprehension.

"Oh, it's me that's ashamed to confess it!" said the man. "It's me that's ashamed sisther, to say three years and more, come Easther."

"Thanks be to God!" said Sister Margaret, involuntarily. "You're in mortal sin, man! Go back to the kitchen gate, and I'll tell Mother Juliet."

Mother Juliet had just come into the old-fashioned parlor through the great mahogany doors of Henry Clay's time when Sister Margaret entered. She held Street's "Economics for Young Minds," and the chapter on "Money" was marked by a lace-edged picture of St. Stephen with a large arrow in his side. Her most important class was over, and as she had put her whole heart in it, she was tired and absent-minded. Sister Margaret loved and revered her; but, as she was a convert and not from Kerry, Sister Margaret often felt that she needed unusual management.

"Well, my dear sister?" asked the prioress, looking, in her whilte robe, like a very tired and well-bred statue.

"It's a soul, reverend mother, that's waiting nourishment and work at the back gate," said Sister Margaret—"a soul——"

"Yes, yes," said the prioress. "Well, sister, you know what to do. There are tickets for the Charitable Association on the mantelpiece in the kitchen. Although, of course, I agree with the traditions of the Church as to alms-giving, yet I connot help thinking that the sanest way in which to treat our fellow-creatures must be based on scientific principles. In the Holy Fathers' encyclical on labor——"

"Ah, since I heard Father Dudley's sermon on 'The Husks of Science,' it's little I care for it, reverend mother. There's a poor soul at the gate, mother, that hasn't been to his duty for three years, and the number of times he has missed mass I can't——"

"Dear, dear! You don't tell me so, Sister Margaret!"

"And it's little good the tickets of the Charitable Association will do a poor man in a state of sin."

"Give him a good cup of coffee, and send him with a note to Father Dudley. He will touch the poor man's heart and lead him to confession. Sister Margaret, I notice that the window-panes in the laundry are not so clear——"

"It's little you know of the heart of man, reverend mother," said Sister Margaret; "little you know! It's not the higher education that will help you there. If you were brought up with the farming-folk in the old country, things would be different. The heart of a man——"

A smile hovered about the edges of the prioress's lips. She understood the heart of woman well enough to see dimly into Sister Margaret's plan.

"Well," she said, with the impatience of these details caused by absorption in her thoughts of her own teaching—"well, do what you can; but remember, we are poorer than even our vow of poverty requires, Sister Margaret. You, in your great kindness, forget that our resources are not what they once were since the railway, with its locomotives crossing the street, has injured the school. Give him something for doing the laundry windows."

"I can't forget, reverend mother," said Sister Margaret, "that there's a soul to be saved."

"Set him to work then," answered the prioress, growing graver at once, "and I will go," she added rather timidly, "and read some-

thing spiritual to him. There are some beautiful passages in St. Francis de Sales, and he may be an intelligent man."

"Little she knows, God help her!" thought Sister Margaret. "Sure, a good talk of old Kerry days will be better for the boy than all the spiritual reading in the world."

The prioress was relieved by the look of hesitancy on Sister Margaret's face.

"You know better, sister, how to deal with the case; but get the poor man off to Father Dudley at once, just as soon as you see him softening a little."

"It's strange," thought the prioress, with a gentle perception of the situation, "that all Sister Margaret's distressed souls are Irish."

In a few minutes Lewis Maginnis was at work, on a ladder in the laundry, battling with that small amount of matter that seldom gets out of place in a convent. His story was plain. He had drifted from a Kerry farm. It was evident that he was simple, good-natured, rather soft in temperament, and at the beck of circumstances. He had worked when he could find work for his unskilled hands; when the winter came on he had drifted again—southward this time.

In the course of a long and busy life Sister Margaret had never enjoyed herself so much as on the afternoon of her meeting with Lewis Maginnis. Here was material made for her molding hand, clay ready for the potter; here was an opportunity of furthering the progress, spiritual and material, of a soul from her part of Ireland, and of having her own way in a good cause.

Sister Rosalie, who ruled the kitchen, was urged to unusual efforts in the way of coffee and waffles by a graphic description of Lewis Maginnis's aptitude for fetching and carrying, for this serving sister had reason to regard the colored masculine aids as trifling.

Maginnis himself was delightfully docile and sufficiently respectful. In the twenty-five years of his life he had never done anything but what circumstances compelled him to do. It was cordial indeed to find circumstances impersonated by such a kindly and motherly force as Sister Margaret.

When he had finished the laundry windows, refreshed himself with unlimited waffles and coffee, and sifted the ashes, Sister

Margaret sent him over to the Widow Magee's to enter there as a lodger until her inventive mind could discover some new means of employment for him.

"He has the making of a decent man in him," Sister Margaret thought, as she watched him cross the wide street. "Heaven knows how he's to pay for his lodging at the end of the week; but God is good. It wouldn't be safe to send him over there with Mary Ann about, if I knew she wouldn't try to make a fool of him,—at least, till he has a new suit of clothes,—the creature!"

Still, Sister Margaret had her doubts. She respected the Widow Magee's virtues, and she helped her in many ways, but she felt that, once out of her sight, the widow was the abject slave of her frivolous daughter with the aggressive blue bows.

Lewis Maginnis was provided with a warm room for the present, and Sister Margaret, at the sound of one of the many bells which are as the voice of God, dismissed him from her mind. He appeared on the next morning early, very much improved by a bath and a razor, and with a hat, a little too large, which had once belonged to the late lamented Magee.

Mother Juliet, absorbed as she was, could not help observing that Maginnis seemed to be gradually replacing all the other intermittent "help." The colored "boys" disappeared, Pompey—whose soul had been saved several times, and who had spiritual relapses whenever he wanted unusual attention—going last.

"Maginnis seems to be a hard worker," Mother Juliet said one day as she examined the crystal-clear laundry windows.

"He is *that*, reverend mother," answered Sister Margaret, with a just pride; "and Father Dudley has him to serve his mass nearly every day, and sometimes he blows the organ when there's a funeral in the chapel."

"I trust he will not neglect our work," said the prioress, in alarm.

"You can depend on that, reverend mother," answered Sister Margaret. "Such a conscientious worker with the ashes I never saw."

Mother Juliet looked pleased. To have a man at peace with his Creator and capable of looking after the boiler and the ashes was an unusual thing.

Sister Margaret's plans for the advancement of Lewis Magin-

nis were more and more successful; and Mrs. Magee, who now received a modest stipend from her lodger, seconded them warmly. Maginnis of April 30 was no longer Maginnis of February 3. A transformation had taken place. He was erect, respectably clad, alert, well shaven on Wednesdays and Sundays, and still the very symbol of docility. If Sister Margaret had been devoid of artistic feeling, she would have let the result of her work alone; but a retainer of the church retired from active service, and Sister Margaret at once suggested her protégé to Father Dudley.

One of the colored "boys"—Pompey—was recalled to make up the lapses in convent attendance. Mother Juliet was alarmed; there was a noticeable difference in the laundry windows.

"It's for the good of his soul that he should be as near Father Dudley as possible, reverend mother," spoke Sister Margaret.

Mother Juliet had nothing to say to this, but she could not help hoping that Sister Margaret's next treasure would have a less sensitive soul.

Maginnis rose more and more in favor with the fathers at the church. This Sister Margaret noticed with pleasure. The artist was strong within her, and already she had forgotten the interests of the convent in the vision of Lewis Maginnis as sexton of the big church.

"A Kerry boy, too," she said to herself; "and he'll soon be with a button-hole bouquet in his coat, showing the sisters to their pew of a Sunday."

Pompey was at work for good—or for bad—and Caesar had returned; Maginnis came only with messages from the church, or to give counsel when something went wrong with the boiler. Mother Juliet missed him, but she was silent; she had become tired of his soul.

On Easter Sunday Sister Margaret's dream was realized. Beaming with pride, his red hair shining above his black coat, which held a large red rosebud, stood Lewis Maginnis beside the church door, waiting for the sisters to arrive. They came, and, as Maginnis led the way to their pew, Sister Margaret felt all the justifiable pride of a sculptor whose statue has been bought by a really appreciative patron.

In the afternoon Maginnis came to the convent—by the front door, as he had at first come. He asked for Sister Margaret, and

laid his glossy silk hat on the big volume of Butler's "Lives of the Saints" that graced the table.

"Well, Lewis Maginnis," said Sister Margaret, entering with Sister Rosalie. "'Tis a happy man you ought to be."

"And I am, sisther—thanks be to God and you."

"It is I had little to do with it, Maginnis," said Sister Margaret, with much humility.

Maginnis blushed.

"If it wasn't for you, sisther, I'd never have met her."

There was a pause. A light flashed upon Sister Margaret.

"And so you're going to settle down—and it's well," said Sister Margaret, nodding as one who knows the heart of man. "There is no better woman living than Mrs. Magee. And I hope you'll both keep that Mary Ann in order."

"It was Mrs. Magee I thought of first," said Maginnis, with simplicity, "but Herself thought I'd better take Mary Ann, as it would steady her; and Magee in his grave only ten months would set the neighbors talking."

Sister Margaret did not speak. A vision of the high blue bows obscured the ruddy smile of Lewis Maginnis. When she spoke it was as if to a far-distant man.

She had assisted him successfully in his evolution. Spiritually, he was in a state of grace; physically, he was as the dragon-fly to the tadpole; artistically, he was what she had conceived he ought to be. He looked, as he stood in the parlor, with a rosebud in his lapel, the ideal sexton. And yet——

FRANCIS THOMPSON[1]

1859—1907

Francis Thompson, poet and critic, was born in Lancashire in 1859 to parents who were converts to the faith. His father was a physician, and the young Thompson was early designed for that profession. Obtaining his primary education at Ushaw, he later entered Owens College at Manchester to study medicine. But medicine held no attraction for him.

[1]Selections from the work of Francis Thompson are reprinted by the kind permission of Mr. Wilfrid Meynell owner of the copyright.

He soon found his way to London to launch himself as a writer. After experiences as tragic as those undergone by the youthful Chatterton he was found by Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, editor of *Merry England,* who made it possible for him to pursue his literary career.

His first publication was *Poems,* which appeared in 1893. Next came *Sister Songs* in 1895. His third volume, *New Poems,* was published in 1897. During the remaining ten years of his life he wrote little besides his *Life of St. Ignatius* except a few discerning reviews.

Soon after his death in 1907, however, appeared his *Shelley,* than which there is probably no better example of subjective criticism in English literature. It was this essay that began his fame, a fame that has been gradually upon the increase ever since, until now the name of Francis Thompson is fast becoming recognized as that of a great poet, if not, indeed, that of a rare genius.

TO MY GODCHILD—FRANCIS M. W. M.

This laboring, vast, Tellurian galleon,
Riding at anchor off the orient sun,
Had broken its cable, and stood out to space
Down some frore Arctic of the aërial ways:
And now, back warping from the inclement main,
Its vaporous shroudage drenched with icy rain,
It swung into its azure roads again;
When, floated on the prosperous sun-gale, you
Lit, a white halcyon auspice, 'mid our frozen crew.

To the Sun, stranger, surely you belong,
Giver of golden days and golden song;
Nor is it by an all-unhappy plan
You bear the name of me, his constant Magian.
Yet ah! from any other that it came,
Lest fated to my fate you be, as to my name.
When at the first those tidings did they bring,
My heart turned troubled at the ominous thing:
Though well may such a title him endower,
For whom a poet's prayer implores a poet's power.
The Assisian, who kept plighted faith to three,
To Song, to Sanctitude, and Poverty,
(In two alone of whom most singers prove
A fatal faithfulness of during love!);

He the sweet Sales, of whom we scarcely ken
How God he could love more, he so loved men;
The crown and crowned of Laura and Italy;
And Fletcher's fellow—from these, and not from me,
Take you your name, and take your legacy!

Or, if a right successive you declare
When worms, for ivies, intertwine my hair,
Take but this Poesy that now followeth
My clayey hest with sullen servile breath,
Made then your happy freedman by testating death.
My song I do but hold for you in trust,
I ask you but to blossom from my dust.
When you have compassed all weak I began,
Diviner poet, and ah! diviner man;
The man at feud with the perduring child
In you before Song's altar nobly reconciled;
From the wise heavens I half shall smile to see
How little a world, which owned you, needed me.
If, while you keep the vigils of the night,
For your wild tears make darkness all too bright,
Some lone orb through your lonely window peeps,
As it played lover over your sweet sleeps.
Think it a golden crevice in the sky,
Which I have pierced but to hold you by!

And when, immortal mortal, droops your head,
And you, the child of deathless song, are dead;
Then, as you search with unaccustomed glance
The ranks of Paradise for my countenance,
Turn not your tread along the Uranian sod
Among the bearded counsellors of God;
For if in Eden as on earth are we,
I sure shall keep a younger company:
Pass where beneath their ranged gonfalons
The starry cohorts shake their shielded suns,
The dreadful mass of their enridged spears;
Pass where majestical the eternal peers,

The stately choice of the great Saintdom, meet—
A silvern segregation, globed complete
In sandaled shadow of the Triune feet;
Pass by where wait, young poet-wayfarer,
Your cousined clusters, emulous to share
With you the roseal lightnings burning 'mid their hair;
Pass the crystalline sea, the Lampads seven:—
Look for me in the nurseries of Heaven.

LITTLE JESUS

Ex ore infantium, Deus, et lacentium perfecisti laudem

Little Jesus, wast Thou shy
Once, and just so small as I?
And what did it feel like to be
Out of Heaven, and just like me?
Didst Thou sometimes think of *there,*
And ask where all the angels were?
I should think that I would cry
For my house all made of sky;
I would look about the air,
And wonder where my angels were;
And at waking 'twould distress me—
Not an angel there to dress me!
Hadst Thou ever any toys,
Like us little girls and boys?
And didst Thou play in Heaven with all
The angels that were not too tall,
With stars for marbles? Did the things
Play *Can you see me?* through their wings?
And did Thy Mother let Thee spoil
Thy robes, with playing on *our* soil?
How nice to have them always new
In Heaven, because 'twas quite clean blue!

Didst Thou kneel at night to pray,
And didst Thou join Thy hands, this way?
And did they tire sometimes, being young,
And make the prayer seem very long?

And dost Thou like it best, that we
Should join our hands to pray to Thee?
I used to think, before I knew,
The prayer not said unless we do.
And did Thy Mother at the night
Kiss Thee, and fold the clothes in right?
And didst Thou feel quite good in bed,
Kissed, and sweet, and Thy prayers said?
Thou canst not have forgotten all
That it feels like to be small:
And Thou know'st I cannot pray
To Thee in my father's way—
When Thou was so little, say,
Couldst Thou talk Thy Father's way?—

So, a little Child, come down
And Hear a child's tongue like Thy own;
Take me by the hand and walk,
And listen to my baby-talk.
To Thy Father show my prayer
(He will look, Thou art so fair),
And say: "O Father, I, Thy Son,
Bring the prayer of a little one."

And he will smile, that children's tongue
Has not changed since Thou wast young!

THE HOUND OF HEAVEN

I FLED Him, down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
Up vistaed hopes I sped;
And shot, precipitated,
Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears,
From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.

But with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbed pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat—and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet—
"All things betray thee, who betrayest Me."

I pleaded, outlaw-wise,
By many a hearted casement, curtained red,
Trellised with intertwining charities;
(For, though I knew His love Who followed,
Yet was I sore adread
Lest, having Him, I must have naught beside).
But, if one little casement parted wide,
The gust of His approach would clash it to:
Fear wist not to evade, as Love wist to pursue.
Across the margent of the world I fled,
And troubled the gold gateways of the stars,
Smiting for shelter on their clangèd bars;
Fretted to dulcet jars
And silvern chatter the pale ports o' the moon.
I said to Dawn: Be sudden—to Eve: Be soon;
With thy young skiey blossom heap me over
From this tremendous Lover—
Float thy vague veil about me, lest He see!
I tempted all His servitors, but to find
My own betrayal in their constancy,
In faith to Him their fickleness to me,
Their traitorous trueness, and their loyal decit.
To all swift things for swiftness did I sue;
Clung to the whistling mane of every wind.
But whether they swept, smoothly fleet,
The long savannahs of the blue;
Or whether, Thunder-driven,
They clanged his chariot 'thwart a heaven,
Plashy with flying lightnings round the spurn o' their feet:—
Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to pursue.
Still with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbèd pace,

Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
Came on the following Feet,
And a Voice above their beat—
"Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter Me."

I sought no more that after which I strayed
In face of man or maid;
But still within the little children's eyes
Seems something, something that replies,
They at least are for me, surely for me!
I turned me to them very wistfully;
But just as their young eyes grew sudden fair
With dawning answers there,
Their angel plucked them from me by the hair.
"Come then, ye other children, Nature's—share
With me" (said I) "your delicate fellowship;
Let me greet you lip to lip,
Let me twine with you caresses,
Wantoning
With our Lady-Mother's vagrant tresses,
Banqueting
With her in her wind-walled palace,
Underneath her azured dais,
Quaffing, as your taintless way is,
From a chalice
Lucent-weeping out of the dayspring."
So it was done:
I in their delicate fellowship was one—
Drew the bolt of Nature's secrecies.
I knew all the swift importings
On the wilful face of skies;
I knew how the clouds arise
Spumed of the wild sea-snortings;
All that's born or dies
Rose and drooped with; made them shapers
Of mine own moods, or wailful or divine;
With them joyed and was bereaven.
I was heavy with the even,
When she lit her glimmering tapers

Round the day's dead sanctities.
I laughed in the morning's eyes.

I triumphed and I saddened with all weather,
Heaven and I wept together,
And its sweet tears were salt with mortal mine;
Against the red throb of its sunset-heart
I laid my own to beat,
And share commingling heat;
But not by that, by that, was eased my human smart.
In vain my tears were wet on Heaven's gray cheek.
For ah! we know not what each other says,
These things and I; in sound I speak—
Their sound is but their stir, they speak by silences.
Nature, poor stepdame, cannot slake my drouth;
Let her, if she would owe me,
Drop yon blue bosom-veil of sky, and show me
The breasts o' her tenderness:
Never did any milk of hers once bless
My thirsting mouth.
Nigh and nigh draws the chase,
With unperturbed pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy;
And past those noised Feet
A voice comes yet more fleet—
"Lo! naught contents thee, who contents not Me."

Naked I wait Thy love's uplifted stroke!
My harness piece by piece Thou hast hewn from me,
And smitten me to my knee;
I am defenceless utterly.
I slept, methinks, and woke,
And, slowly gazing, find me stripped in sleep.
In the rash lustihead of my young powers,
I shook the pillaring hours
And pulled my life upon me; grimed with smears,
I stand amid the dust o' the mounded years—
My mangled youth lies dead beneath the heap.
My days have crackled and gone up in smoke,

Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on a stream.
Yea, faileth now even dream
The dreamer, and the lute the lutanist;
Even the linked fantasies, in whose blossomy twist
I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist,
Are yielding; cords of all too weak account
For earth with heavy griefs so overplussed.
Ah, is Thy love indeed
A weed, albeit an amaranthine weed,
Suffering no flowers except its own to mount?
Ah! must—
Designer infinite!—
Ah! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn with it?
My freshness spent its wavering shower i' the dust;
And now my heart is as a broken fount,
Wherein tear-drippings stagnate, spilt down ever
From the dank thoughts that shiver
Upon the sighful branches of my mind.
Such is; what is to be?
The pulp so bitter, how shall taste the rind?
I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds;
Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
From the hid battlements of Eternity;
Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
Round the half-glimpsed turrets slowly wash again.
But not ere him who summoneth
I first have seen, enwound
With glooming robes purpureal, cypress-crowner;
His name I know, and what his trumpet saith.
Whether man's heart or life it be which yields
Thee harvest, must Thy harvest-fields
Be dunged with rotten death?

Now of that long pursuit
Comes on at hand the bruit;
That Voice is round me like a bursting sea;
"And is the earth so marred,
Shattered in shard on shard?
Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me!

Strange, piteous, futile thing!
Wherefore should any set thee love apart?
Seeing none but I makes much of naught" (He said),
"And human love needs human meriting:
How hast thou merited—
Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot?
Alack, thou knowest not
How little worthy of any love thou art!
Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee,
Save Me, save only Me?
All which I took from thee I did but take,
Not for thy harms,
But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms.
All which thy child's mistake
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home:
Rise, clasp My hand, and come,"
Halts by me that footfall:
Is my gloom, after all,
Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?
"Ah, fondest blindest, weakest,
I am He Whom thou seekest!
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me."

TO THE DEAD CARDINAL OF WESTMINSTER

I WILL not perturbate
Thy Paradisal state
With praise
Of thy dead days;

To the new-heavened say,
"Spirit, thou wert fine clay":
This do,
Thy praise who knew.

Therefore my spirit clings
Heaven's porter by the wings,
And holds
Its gated golds

Apart, with thee to press
A private business;—
Whence,
Deign me audience.

Anchorite, who didst dwell
With all the world for cell.
My soul
Round me doth roll

A sequestration bare.
Too far alike we were
Too far
Dissimilar.

For its burning fruitage I
Do climb the tree o' the sky:
Do prize
Some human eyes.

You smelt the Heaven-blossoms,
And all the sweet embosoms,
The dear
Uranian year.

Those Eyes my weak gaze shuns,
Which to the suns are Suns,
Did
Not affray your lid.

The carpet was let down
(With golden moultings strown)
For you
Of the angel's blue.

But I, ex-Paradised,
The shoulder of your Christ
Find high
To lean thereby.

So flaps my helpless sail,
Belying with neither gale,
Of Heaven
Nor Orcus even.

Life is a coquetry
Of Death, which wearies me,
Too sure
Of the amour;

A tiring-room where I
Death's divers garments try,
Till fit
Some fashion sit.

It seemeth me too much
I do rehearse for such
A mean
And single scene.

The sandy glass hence bear—
Antique remembrancer:
My veins
Do spare its pains.

With secret sympathy
My thoughts repeat in me
Infirm
The turn o' the worm

Beneath my appointed sod;
The grave is in my blood;
I shake
The winds that take

Its grasses by the top;
The rains thereon that drop
Perturb
With drip acerb

My subtly answering soul;
The feet across its knoll
Do jar
Me from afar.

As sap foretastes the spring;
As Earth ere blossoming
Thrills
With far daffodils,

And feels her breast turn sweet
With the unconceivèd wheat;
So doth
My flesh foreloathe

The abhorrèd spring of Dis,
With seething presciences
Affirm
The preparate worm.

I have no thought that I,
When at the last I die,
Shall reach
To gain your speech.

But you, should that be so,
May very well, I know,
May well
To me in hell

With recognizing eyes
Look from your Paradise—
"God bless
Thy hopelessness!"

Call, holy soul, O call
The hosts angelical,
And say,—
"See, far away

"Lies one I saw on earth;
One stricken from his birth
With curse
Of destinate verse.

"What place doth He ye serve
For such sad spirit reserve,—
Given,
In dark lieu of Heaven,

"The impitiable Daemon,
Beauty, to adore and dream on,
To be
Perpetually

"Hers, but she never his?
He reapeth miseries;
Foreknows
His wages woes;

"He lives detachèd days;
He serveth not for praise;
For gold
He is not sold;

"Deaf is he to world's tongue;
He scorneth for his song
The loud
Shouts of the crowd;

"He asketh not world's eyes;
Not to world's ears he cries;
Saith,—'These
Shut, if ye please!'

"He measureth world's pleasure,
World's ease, as Saints might measure;
For hire
Just love entire

"He asks, not grudging pain;
And knows his asking vain,
And cries—
'Love! Love!' and dies,

"In guerdon of long duty,
Unowned by Love or Beauty;
And goes—
Tell, tell, who knows!

"Aliens from Heaven's worth,
Fine beasts who nose i' the earth,
Do there
Reward prepare.

"But are his great desires
Food but for nether fires?
Ah me,
A mystery!

"Can it be his alone,
To find when all is known,
That what
He solely sought

"Is lost, and thereto lost
All that its seeking cost?
That he
Must finally,

"Through sacrificial tears,
And anchoretic years,
Tryst
With the sensualist?"

So ask; and if they tell
The secret terrible,
Good friend,
I pray thee send

Some high gold embassage
To teach my unripe age.
Tell!
Lest my feet walk hell.

A CORYMBUS FOR AUTUMN

Hearken my chant, 'tis
As a Bacchante's,
A grape-spurt, a vine-splash, a tossed tress, flown vaunt 'tis!
Suffer my singing,
Gipsy of Seasons, ere thou go winging;
Ere Winter throws
His slaking snows
In thy feasting-flagon's impurpurate glows!
The sopped sun—toper as ever drank hard—
Stares foolish, hazed,
Rubicund, dazed,
Totty with thine October tankard.
Tanned maiden! with cheeks like apples russet,
And breast a brown agaric faint-flushing at tip,
And a mouth too red for the moon to buss it
But her cheek unvow its vestalship;
Thy mists enclip
Her steel-clear circuit illuminous,
Until it crust
Rubiginous
With the glorious gules of a glowing rust.

Far other saw we, other indeed,
The crescent moon, in the May-days dead,
Fly up with its slender white wings spread
Out of its nest in the sea's waved mead.
How are the veins of thee, Autumn, laden?
Umbered juices,
And pulped oozes
Pappy out of the cherry-bruises,
Froth the veins of thee, wild, wild maiden!

With hair that musters
In globed clusters,
In tumbling clusters, like swarthy grapes,
Round thy brow and thine ears o'ershaden;
With the burning darkness of eyes like pansies,
Like velvet pansies
Wherethrough escapes
The splendid might of thy conflagrate fancies;
With robe gold-tawny that does not veil
Feet where the red
Is meshed in the brown,
Like a rubied sun in a Venice-sail.

The wassailous heart of the Year is thine!
His bacchic fingers disentwine
His coronal
At thy festival;
His revelling fingers disentwine
Leaf, flower, and all,
And let them fall
Blossom and all in thy wavering wine.
The Summer looks out from her brazen tower,
Through the flashing bars of July.
Waiting thy ripened golden shower;
Whereof there cometh, with sandals fleet,
The North-west flying viewlessly,
With a sword to sheer, and untameable feet,
And the gorgon-head of the Winter shown
To stiffen the gazing earth as stone.

In crystal Heaven's magic sphere
Posed in the palm of thy fervid hand,
Thou seest the enchanted shows appear
That stain Favonian firmament;
Richer than ever the Occident
Gave up to bygone Summer's wand.
Day's dying dragon lies drooping his crest,
Panting red pants into the West.

Or the butterfly sunset claps its wings
With flitter alit on the swinging blossom,
The gusty blossom, that tosses and swings,
Of the sea with its blown and ruffled bosom;
Its ruffled bosom wherethrough the wind sings
Till the crisped petals are loosened and strown
Overblown, on the sand;
Shed, curling as dead
Rose-leaves curl, on the flecked strand.

Or higher, holier, saintlier when, as now,
All Nature sacerdotal seems, and thou.
The calm hour strikes on yon golden gong,
In tones of floating and mellow light
A pleading summons to even-song:
See how there
The cowled Night
Kneels on the Eastern sanctuary-stair.
What is this feel of incense everywhere?
Clings it round folds of the blanch-amiced clouds,
Upwafted by the solemn thurifer,
The mighty Spirit unknown,
That swingeth the slow earth before the embannered Throne?
Or is't the Season under all these shrouds
Of light, and sense, and silence, makes her know
A presence everywhere,
An inarticulate prayer,
A hand on the soothed tresses of the air?
But there is one hour scant
Of this Titanian, primal liturgy;
As there is but one hour for me and thee,
Autumn, for thee and thine hierophant,
Of this grave-ending chant.
Round the earth still and stark
Heaven's death-lights kindle, yellow spark by spark,
Beneath the dreadful catafalque of the dark.

And I had ended there:
But a great wind blew all the stars to flare,

And cried, "I sweep the path before the moon!
Tarry ye now the coming of the moon,
For she is coming soon";
Then died before the coming of the moon.
And she came forth upon the trepidant air,
In vesture unimagined-fair,
Woven as woof of flag-lilies;
And curdled as of flag-lilies
The vapor at the feet of her,
And a haze about her tinged in fainter wise;
As if she had trodden the stars in press,
Till the gold wine spurted over her dress,
Till the gold wine gushed out round her feet;
Spouted over her stained wear,
And bubbled in golden froth at her feet,
And hung like a whirlpool's mist round her.

Still, mighty Season, do I see't,
Thy sway is still majestical!
Thou hold'st of God, by title sure,
Thine indefeasible investiture,
And that right round thy locks are native to;
This huge terrene thy ball.

THE DREAD OF HEIGHT

If ye were blind, ye should have no sin: but now ye say: We see: your sin remaineth. JOHN ix. 41.

NOT the Circean wine
Most perilous is for pain:
Grapes of the heavens' star-loaden vine,
Whereto the lofty-placed
Thoughts of fair souls attain,
Tempt with a more retributive delight,
And do disrelish all life's sober taste.
'Tis to have drunk too well
The drink that is divine,
Maketh the kind earth waste,
And breath intolerable.

Ah me!
How shall my mouth content it with mortality?
Lo, secret music, sweetest music,
From distances of distance drifting its lone flight,
Down the arcane where Night would perish in night,
Like a god's loosened locks slips undulously:
Music that is too grievous of the height
For safe and low delight,
Too infinite
For bounded hearts which yet would girth the sea!

So let it be,
Though sweet be great, and though my heart be small:
So let it be,
O music, music, though you wake in me
No joy, no joy at all;
Although you only wake
Uttermost sadness, measure of delight,
Which else I could not credit to the height,
Did I not know,
That ill is statured to its opposite;
Did I not know,
And even of sadness so,
Of utter sadness, make
Of extreme sad a rod to mete
The incredible excess of unsensed sweet,
And mystic wall of strange felicity.
So let it be,
Though sweet be great, and though my heart be small,
And bitter meat
The food of gods for men to eat;
Yea, John ate daintier, and did tread
Less ways of heat,
Than whom to their wind-carpeted
High banquet-hall,
And golden love-feasts, the fair stars entreat.

But ah! withal,
Some hold, some stay,
O difficult Joy, I pray,

Some arms of thine,
Not only, only arms of mine!
Lest like a weary girl I fall
From clasping love so high,
And lacking thus thine arms, then may
Most hapless I
Turn utterly to love of basest rate;
For low they fall whose fall is from the sky.
Yea, who me shall secure
But I, of height grown desperate,
Surcease my wing, and my lost fate
Be dashed from pure
To broken writhings in the shameful slime:
Lower than man, for I dreamed higher,
Thrust down, by how much I aspire,
And damned with drink of immortality?
For such things be,
Yea, and the lowest reach of reeky Hell
Is but made possible
By foreta'en breath of Heaven's austerest clime.

These tidings from the vast to bring
Needeth not doctor nor divine,
Too well, too well
My flesh doth know the heart-perturbing thing;
That dread theology alone
Is mine,
Most native and my own;
And ever with victorious toil
When I have made
Of the deific peaks dim escalade,
My soul with anguish and recoil
Doth like a city in an earthquake rock,
As at my feet the abyss is cloven then,
With deeper menace than for other men,
Of my potential cousinship with mire;
That all my conuqered skies do grow a hollow mock,
My fearful powers retire,

No longer strong,
Reversing the shook banners of their song.
Ah, for a heart less native to high Heaven,
A hooded eye, for jesses and restraint,
Or for a will accipitrine to pursue!—
The veil of tutelar flesh to simple livers given,
Or those brave-fledging fervors of the Saint,
Whose heavenly falcon-craft doth never taint,
Nor they in sickest time their ample virtue mew.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY[1]

1861—1920

Louise Imogen Guiney was born in Boston in 1861. She was educated for the most part at home, although for a time she attended the Elmhurst Academy at Providence, Rhode Island. After 1901 she lived in England.

Miss Guiney was essentially a poet. In spite of the fact that at times her verse attains no great height of imagery, there is about it a sensitivity to spiritual values that renders it noteworthy if not distinguished. Moreover, the responsiveness of her ear to the rhythms inherent in her ideas and her ability to give them form will maintain for her a place in the literature long after many of more robust talent will have been forgotten.

THE KINGS

A MAN said unto his Angel:
"My spirits are fallen low,
And I cannot carry this battle:
O brother! where might I go?

"The terrible Kings are on me
With spears that are deadly bright;
Against me so from the cradle
Do fate and my fathers fight."

[1]The selections from the work of Miss Guiney are reprinted with the permission of, and by arrangement with, the Houghton Mifflin Company, owners of the copyright.

Then said to the man his Angel:
"Thou wavering witless soul,
Back to the ranks! What matter
To win or to lose the whole,

"As judged by the little judges
Who hearken not well, nor see?
Not thus, by the outer issue,
The Wise shall interpret thee.

"Thy will is the sovereign measure
And only event of things:
The puniest heart, defying
Were stronger than all these Kings.

"Though out of the past they gather,
Mind's Doubt, and Bodily Pain,
And pallid Thirst of the Spirit
That is kin to the other twain,

"And Grief, in a cloud of banners,
And ringletted Vain Desires,
And Vice, with the spoils upon him
Of thee and thy beaten sires,—

"While Kings of eternal evil
Yet darken the hills about,
Thy part is with broken saber
To rise on the last redoubt;

"To fear not sensible failure,
Nor covet the game at all,
But fighting, fighting, fighting,
Die, driven against the wall."

FIVE CAROLS FOR CHRISTMASTIDE

I

The Ox he openeth wide the Doore,
And from the Snowe he calls her inne,
And he hath seen her Smile therefor,
Our Ladye without Sinne.
Now soone from Sleep
A starre shall leap,
And soone arrive both King and Hinde:
Amen, Amen:
But O, the Place co'd I but finde!

The Ox hath hush'd his voyce and bent
Trewe eyes of Pitty ore the Mow,
And on his lovelie Neck, forspent,
The Blessed layes her Browe.
Around her feet
Full Warme and Sweete
His bowerie Breath doth meeklie dwell:
Amen, Amen:
But sore am I with Vaine Travel!

The Ox is host in Judah stall
And Host of more than onelie one,
For close she gathereth withal
Our Lorde her littel Sonne.
Glad Hinde and King
Their Gyfte may bring,
But wo'd to-night my Teares were there,
Amen, Amen:
Between her Bosom and His hayre!

II

Vines branching stilly
Shade the open door,
In the house of Zion's Lily,
Cleanly and poor.

Oh, brighter than wild laurel
The Babe bounds in her hand,
The King, who for apparel
Hath but a swaddling-band,
And sees her heavenlier smiling than stars in
His command!

Soon, mystic changes
Part Him from her breast,
Yet there awhile He ranges
Gardens of rest:
Yea, she the first to ponder
Our ransom and recall,
Awhile may rock Him under
Her young curls' fall
Against that only sinless love-loyal heart of all.

What shall inure Him
Unto the deadly dream,
When the Tetrarch shall abjure Him,
The thief blaspheme,
And scribe and soldier jostle
About the shameful tree,
And even an Apostle
Demand to touch and see?—
But she hath kissed her Flower where the
Wounds are to be.

III

Three without slumber ride from afar,
Fain of the roads where palaces are;
All by a shed as they ride in a row,
"Here!" is the cry of their vanishing Star.

First doth a greybeard, glittering fine,
Look on Messiah in slant moonshine:
"This have I bought for Thee!" Vainly: for lo,
Shut like a fern is the young hand divine.

Next doth a Magian, mantled and tall,
Bow to the Ruler that reigns from a stall:
"This have I sought for Thee." Though it be rare,
Loath little fingers are letting it fall.

Last doth a stripling, bare in his pride,
Kneel by the Lover as if to abide:
"This have I wrought for Thee!" Answer him there
Laugh of a Child, and His arms opened wide.

IV

Was a Soule from farre away
Stood wistful in the Hay,
And of the Babe a-sleeping hadde a sight:
Neither reck'd hee any more
Men behind him and before,
Nor a thousand busie Winges, flitting light:
But in middle of the night
This few-worded wight
(*Yule! Yule!*)
Bespake Our Ladye bright:

"Fill mee, ere my corage faints,
With the lore of all the Saints:
Harte to harte against my Brother let mee be.
By the Fountaines that are His
I wo'd slumber where Hee is:
Prithee, Mother, give the other Brest to mee!"
The Soule that none co'd see
She hath taken on her knee:
(*Yule! Yule!*)
Sing prayse to Our Ladye.

V

The Ox and the Ass,
Tell aloud of them:
Sing their pleasure as it was
In Bethlehem.

Still as blowing rose, sudden as a sword,
Maidenly the Maiden bare Jesu Christ the Lord;

Yet for very lowlihood, such a Guest to greet,
Goeth in a little swoon while kissing of His feet.

Mary, drifted snow on the earthen floor,
Joseph, fallen wondrous weak now he would adore,—
(Oh, the surging might of love! Oh, the drowning bliss!)
Both are rapt to Heaven and lose their human Heaven that is.

From the Newly Born trails a lonely cry.
With a mind to heed, the Ox turns a glowing eye;
In the empty byre the Ass thinks her heart to blame:
Up for comforting of God the beasts of burden came,

Softly to inquire, thrusting as for cheer
There between the tender hands, furry faces dear.
Blessing on the honest coats! tawny coat and gray
Friended Our Delight so well when warmth had strayed away.

Crooks are on the sill; scepters sail the wave;
All the hopes of all the years are thronging to the Cave.
Mother slept not long, nor long Father's sense was dim,
But another twain the while stood parent-wise to Him.

The Ox and the Ass,
Be you glad for them
Such a moment came to pass
In Bethlehem!

THE WILD RIDE

I HEAR in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses
All day, on the road, the hoofs of invisible horses,
All night, from their stalls, the importunate pawing and neighing.

Let cowards and laggards fall back! but alert to the saddle
Weather-worn and abreast, go men of our galloping legion,
With a stirrup-cup each to the lily of women that loves him.

The trail is through dolor and dread, over crags and morasses;
There are shapes by the way, there are things that appal or entice us:
What odds? We are Knights of the Grail, we are vowed to the riding.

Thought's self is a vanishing wing, and joy is a cobweb,
And friendship a flower in the dust, and glory a sunbeam:
Not here is our prize, nor, alas! after these our pursuing.

A dipping of plumes, a tear, a shake of the bridle,
A passing salute to this world and her pitiful beauty:
We hurry with never a word in the track of our fathers.

(I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses
All day, on the road, the hoofs of invisible horses,
All night, from their stalls, the importunate pawing and neighing.)

We spur to a land of no name, out-racing the storm-wind;
We leap to the infinite dark like sparks from an anvil.
Thou leadest, O God! All's well with Thy troopers that follow.

SAINT FRANCIS ENDETH HIS SERMON

"And now, my clerks who go in fur or feather
Or brighter scales, I bless you all. Be true
To your true Lover and Avenger, whether
By land or sea ye die the death undue.
Then proffer man your pardon; and together
Track him to Heaven, and see his heart made new.

"From long ago one hope hath in me thriven,
Your hope, mysterious as the scented May:
Not to Himself your titles God hath given
In vain, nor only for our mortal day.
O doves! how from The Dove shall ye be driven?
O darling lambs! ye with The Lamb shall play."

SUMMUM BONUM

Waiting on Him who knows us and our need,
Most need have we to dare not, nor desire,
But as He giveth, softly to suspire
Against His gift with no inglorious greed,
For this is joy, though still our joys recede;
And, as in octaves of a noble lyre.
To move our minds with His, and clearer, higher,
Sound forth our fate: for this is strength indeed.

Thanks to His love let earth and man dispense
In smoke of worship when the heart is stillest,
A praying more than prayer: "Great good have I,
Till it be greater good to lay it by;
Nor can I lose peace, power, permanence,
For these smile on me from the thing Thou willest!"

ERNEST CHRISTOPHER DOWSON[1]

1867—1900

Ernest Dowson, convert and poet, was born in Kent in 1867. Much of his early life was spent in Italy and France. His education was irregular and incomplete, most of it being obtained through more or less desultory reading, although he studied for a time at Queen's College, Oxford. At the age of twenty, however, he left Oxford, and spent the remainder of his short life either in London or in France.

About the time he left Oxford he was received into the Catholic Church, one of the first of those whose conversion to the Faith during the late eighties and early nineties forms a curious comment upon that strangely hectic period.

Dowson's verse, naturally, is the product of his temperament and the elements of his training. At times decadent to a degree almost incomprehensible in the light of his other moments, it rises just as frequently to levels among the highest reaches and is there sustained in perfect harmonies.

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[1]Selections from the work of Ernest Christopher Dowson are used by permission of Dodd, Mead & Company, Inc.

NUNS OF THE PERPETUAL ADORATION

Calm, sad, secure; behind high convent walls,
These watch the sacred lamp, these watch and pray:
And it is one with them when evening falls,
And one with them the cold return of day.

These heed not time; their nights and days they make
Into a long, returning rosary,
Whereon their lives are threaded for Christ's sake:
Meekness and vigilance and chastity.

A vowed patrol, in silent companies,
Life-long they keep before the living Christ:
In the dim church, their prayers and penances
Are fragrant incense to the Sacrificed.

Outside, the world is wild and passionate;
Man's weary laughter and his sick despair
Entreat at their impenetrable gate:
They heed no voices in their dream of prayer.

They saw the glory of the world displayed;
They saw the bitter of it, and the sweet;
They knew the roses of the world should fade,
And be trod under by the hurrying feet.

Therefore they rather put away desire,
And crossed their hands and came to sanctuary;
And veiled their heads and put on coarse attire:
Because their comeliness was vanity.

And there they rest; they have serene insight
Of the illuminating dawn to be:
Mary's sweet Star dispels for them the night,
The proper darkness of humanity.

Calm, sad, secure; with faces worn and mild:
Surely their choice of vigil is the best?
Yea! for our roses fade, the world is wild;
But there, beside the altar, there, is rest.

EXTREME UNCTION

Upon the eyes, the lips, the feet,
  On all the passages of sense,
The atoning oil is spread with sweet
  Renewal of lost innocence.

The feet, that lately ran so fast
  To meet desire, are soothly sealed;
The eyes, that were so often cast
  On vanity, are touched and healed.

From troublous sights and sounds set free;
  In such a twilight hour of breath,
Shall one retrace his life, or see,
  Through shadows, the true face of death?

Vials of mercy! Sacring oils!
  I know not where nor when I come,
Nor through what wanderings and toils,
  To crave of you Viaticum.

Yet, when the walls of flesh grow weak,
  In such an hour, it well may be,
Through mist and darkness, light will break,
  And each anointed sense will see.

CARTHUSIANS

Through what long heaviness, assayed in what strange fire,
  Have these white monks been brought into the way of peace,
Despising the world's wisdom and the world's desire,
  Which from the body of this death bring no release?

Within their austere walls no voices penetrate;
  A sacred silence only, as of death, obtains;
Nothing finds entry here of loud or passionate;
  This quiet is the exceeding profit of their pains.

From many lands they came, in divers fiery ways;
Each knew at last the vanity of earthly joys;
And one was crowned with thorns, and one was crowned with bays,
And each was tired at last of the world's foolish noise.

It was not theirs with Dominic to preach God's holy wrath,
They were too stern to bear sweet Francis' gentle sway:
Theirs was a higher calling and a steeper path,
To dwell alone with Christ, to meditate and pray.

A cloistered company, they are companionless,
None knoweth here the secret of his brother's heart:
They are but come together for more loneliness,
Whose bond is solitude and silence all their part.

O beatific life! Who is there shall gainsay,
Your great refusal's victory, your little loss,
Deserting vanity for the more perfect way,
The sweeter service of the most dolorous Cross.

Ye shall prevail at last! Surely ye shall prevail!
Your silence and austerity shall win at last:
Desire and mirth, the world's ephemeral lights shall fail,
The sweet star of your queen is never overcast.

We fling up flowers and laugh, we laugh across the wine;
With wine we dull our souls and careful strains of art;
Our cups are polished skulls round which the roses twine;
None dares to look at Death who leers and lurks apart.

Move on, white company, whom that has not sufficed!
Our viols cease, our wine is death, our roses fail:
Pray for our heedlessness, O dwellers with the Christ!
Though the world fall apart, surely ye shall prevail.

BRETON AFTERNOON

HERE, where the breath of the scented-gorse floats through the sun-stained air,
One a steep hill-side, on a grassy ledge, I have lain hours long and heard
Only the faint breeze pass in a whisper like a prayer,
And the river ripple by and the distant call of a bird.

On the lone hill-side, in the gold sunshine, I will hush me and repose,
And the world fades into a dream and a spell is cast on me;
And what was all the strife about, for the myrtle or the rose,
And why have I wept for a white girl's paleness passing ivory!

Out of the tumult of angry tongues, in a land alone, apart,
In a perfumed dream-land set betwixt the bounds of life and death,
Here will I lie while the clouds fly by and delve an hole where my heart
May sleep down with the gorse above and red, red earth beneath.

Sleep and be quiet for an afternoon, till the rose-white angelus
Softly steals my way from the village under the hill:
Mother of God, O Misericord, look down in pity on us,
The weak and blind who stand in our light and wreak ourselves such ill.

IMPENITENTIA ULTIMA

BEFORE my light goes out for ever if God should give me a choice of graces,
I would not reck of length of days, nor crave for things to be;
But cry: "One day of the great lost days, one face of all the faces,
Grant me to see and touch once more and nothing more to see.

"For, Lord, I was free of all Thy flowers, but I chose the world's sad roses,
And that is why my feet are torn and mine eyes are blind with sweat,
But at Thy terrible judgment-seat, when this my tired life closes
I am ready to reap whereof I sowed, and pay my righteous debt.

"But once before the sand is run and the silver thread is broken,
Give me a grace and cast aside the veil of dolorous years,
Grant me one hour of all mine hours, and let me see for a token
Her pure and pitiful eyes shine out, and bathe her feet with tears."

Her pitiful hands should calm, and her hair stream down and blind me,
Out of the sight of night, and out of the reach of fear,
And her eyes should be my light whilst the sun went out behind me,
And the viols in her voice be the last sound in mine ear.

Before the ruining waters fall and my life be carried under,
And Thine anger cleave me through as a child cuts down a flower,
I will praise Thee, Lord, in Hell, while my limbs are racked asunder,
For the last sad sight of her face and the little grace of an hour.

BENEDICTIO DOMINI

Without, the sullen noises of the street!
The voice of London, inarticulate,
Hoarse and blaspheming, surges in to meet
The silent blessing of the Immaculate.

Dark is the church, and dim the worshippers,
Hushed with bowed heads as though by some old spell,
While through the incense-laden air there stirs
The admonition of a silver bell.

Dark is the church, save where the altar stands,
  Dressed like a bride, illustrious with light,
Where one old priest exalts with tremulous hands
  The one true solace of man's fallen plight.

Strange silence here: without, the sounding street
  Heralds the world's swift passage to the fire:
O Benediction, perfect and complete!
  When shall men cease to suffer and desire?

LIONEL JOHNSON[1]

1867—1902

Lionel Johnson, journalist, critic, and poet, was born in Kent in 1867. He went first to school at Winchester and eventually entered New College, Oxford.

Soon after coming of age he became a convert to the Catholic faith.

The remainder of his short life was spent in London as a journalist. He had, however, begun to write verse at an early age, publishing his first work in 1883. His first recognition came in 1894 with the appearance of his *Art of Thomas Hardy*. Two slender volumes of verse followed, *Poems* in 1895, and *Ireland, with Other Poems* in 1897. He died in 1902.

There is about his poetry an unworldliness, a mystical charm, and a musical quality that have won for him a permanent place among the minor poets.

OUR LADY OF THE MAY

O FLOWER of flowers, our Lady of the May!
  Thou gavest us the World's one Light of Light:
Under the stars, amid the snows, He lay;
  While Angels, through the Galilean night
    Sang glory and sang peace:
    Nor doth their singing cease,

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For thou their Queen and He their King sit crowned
Above the stars, above the bitter snows;
They chaunt to thee the Lily, Him the Rose
With white Saints kneeling round.
Gone is cold night: thine now are spring and day:
O Flower of flowers, our Lady of the May!

O Flower of flowers, our Lady of the May!
Thou gavest us the blessed Christmas mirth:
And now, not snows, but blossoms, light thy way;
We give thee the fresh flower-time of the earth.
These early flowers we bring,
Are angels of the spring,
Spirits of gracious rain and light and dew.
Nothing so like to thee the whole earth yields,
As these pure children of her vales and fields,
Bright beneath skies of blue.
Hail, Holy Queen! their fragrant breathings say:
O Flower of flowers, our Lady of the May!

O Flower of flowers, our Lady of the May!
Breathe from God's garden of eternal flowers
Blessing, when we thy little children pray:
Let thy soul's grace steal gently over ours.
Send on us dew and rain,
That we may bloom again,
Nor wither in the dry and parching dust.
Lift up our hearts, till with adoring eyes,
O Morning Star! we hail thee in the skies,
Star of our hope and trust!
Sweet Star, sweet Flower, there bid thy beauty stay:
O Flower of flowers, our Lady of the May!

O Flower of flowers, our Lady of the May!
Thou leftest lilies rising from thy tomb:
They shone in stately and serene array,
Immaculate amid death's house of gloom.
Ah, let thy graces be
Sown in our dark heart! We

Would make our hearts gardens for thy dear care;
Watered from wells of Paradise, and sweet
With balm winds flowing from the Mercy Seat,
And full of heavenly air:
While music ever in thy praise should play,
O Flower of flowers, our Lady of the May!

O Flower of flowers, our Lady of the May!
Not only for ourselves we plead, God's Flower!
Look on thy blinded children, who still stray,
Lost in this pleasant land, thy chosen Dower!
Send us a perfect spring:
Let faith arise and sing,
And England from her long, cold winter wake.
Mother of Mercy! turn upon her need
Thine eyes of mercy: be their spring indeed:
So shall thine Angels make
A starrier music, than our hearts can say,
O Flower of flowers, our Lady of the May!

TO MORFYDD DEAD

I

Would, to the glory of thine eyes might change,
Impassionate strange surprise,
Lightning, that in darkness flies!

Oh, fairer yet! would, an unbending sheaf
Of steel my grief might end,
And to thine my freed soul send!

Would, I might meet swift death from flight of spears!
I waste in tears the night,
Morfydd, O my lost delight!

I would, that on the fiercest field of blood,
Morfydd! I stood, no shield
Sheltering my breast unsteeled!

I would, that swords of death rang round my way,
This weary day, and found
Home within the heart, thine crowned!

I would, that my freed soul within the wind
Might fly, and find, and win
Thine, and joy of death begin!

I would, that with eternal wings we went,
All sorrow spent, all things
Ended, save the song love sings!

Sweet spears and swords, who send his due to death!
My sad heart saith not you
Nay: ah, swift then, pierce it through!

II

Morfydd at midnight
Met the Nameless Ones:
Now she wanders on the winds.
White and lone.
I would give the light
Of eternal suns,
To be with her on the winds,
No more lone.

Oh, wild sea of air!
Oh, night's vast sweet noon!
We would wander through the night,
Star and Star.
Nay! but she, most fair!
Sun to me and moon:
I the vassal of her flight,
Far and far.

Morfydd at midnight
Met the Nameless Ones:
Now she wanders on the winds,
White and lone.
Take from me the light,
God! of all Thy suns:
Give me her, who on the winds
Wanders lone!

THE DARKNESS

MASTER of spirits! hear me: King of souls!
I kneel before Thine altar, the long night,
Besieging Thee with penetrable prayers:
And all I ask, light from the Face of God.
Thy darkness Thou hast given me enough,
The dark clouds of Thine angry majesty:
Now give me light! I cannot always walk
Surely beneath the full and starless night.
Lighten me, fallen down, I know not where,
Save, to the shadows and the fear of death.
Thy Saints in light see light, and sing for joy:
Safe from the dark, safe from the dark and cold.
But from my dark comes only doubt of light:
Disloyalty, that trembles to despair.
Now bring me out of night, and with the sun
Clothe me, and crown me with Thy seven stars,
Thy spirits in the hollow of Thine hand.
Thou from the still throne of Thy tabernacle
Wilt come to me in glory, O Lord God!
Thou wilt, I doubt Thee not: I worship Thee
Before Thine holy altar, the long night.
Else have I nothing in the world, but death:
Thine hounding winds rush by me day and night,
Thy seas roar in mine ears: I have no rest,
No peace, but am afflicted constantly,
Driven from wilderness to wilderness.
And yet Thou hast a perfect house of light,
Above the four great winds, an house of peace:

Its beauty of the crystal and the dew,
Guard Angels and Archangels, in their hands
The blade of a sword shaken. Thither bring
Thy servant: when the black night falls on me,
With bitter voices tempting in the gloom,
Send out Thine armies, flaming ministers,
And shine upon the night: for what I would,
I cannot, save these help me. O Lord God!
Now, when my prayers upon Thine altar lie,
When Thy dark anger is too hard for me:
Through vision of Thyself, through flying fire,
Have mercy, and give light, and stablish me!

CHRISTMAS

I

Sing Bethlehem! Sing Bethlehem!
You daughters of Jerusalem!
Keep sorrow for Gethsemani,
And mourning for Mount Calvary!

Why are your lids and lashes wet?
Here is no darkling Olivet.
Sing Bethlehem! Sing Bethlehem!
You daughters of Jerusalem!

How should we sing of Bethlehem,
We, daughters of Jerusalem?
We are the people of the Jews:
Our balms would soothe Him not, but bruise.

Ah, Calvary! ah, Calvary!
We wretched women cry to thee:
We daughters of Jerusalem;
And enemies of Bethlehem.

With faces cast upon the dust,
We weep those things, which do we must:
Our tears embitter Calvary,
And water thee, Gethsemani!

Nay, Bethlehem! Sing Bethlehem!
Poor daughters of Jerusalem!
You know not, what you do: but He
Will pardon you on Calvary.

II

THE last week before Christmas,
Hoar lies the orchard grass
From pear tree unto apple tree,
Where feet well shod must pass:
By dripping trees a woodman's fire
Burns the last leaves, alas!
And the blue smoke drifts through the air,
Above the branches bare.

The last week before Christmas,
The last before the snow:
Stand steaming cattle by the hedge,
With meek heads bending low:
The chattering rivulet flows fast,
While there is time to flow:
And the blue smoke drifts through the air,
Above the branches bare.

The last week before Christmas,
Red berries few to find:
The brown fir cones upon the bough
Move to a gentle wind:
Down the gray sky go chilly gleams,
Bringing the sun to mind:
And the blue smoke drifts through the air,
Above the branches bare.

Oh! last week before Christmas,
Second before New Year:
Heap heart of oak upon the hearth,
And keep you now good cheer:
With *Christus natus* for an health,
And *Christi Mater* dear:
Then blue's the sky, and bright's the air,
Above the blossoms fair!

III

Tres.

Hail to our brother Gabriel!
Now we, thy brothers, Michael,
And Raphael,
And Uriel,
Hail thee, come home from Israel!

Gabriel.

I saw among the lilies dwell
Mary our Queen, who pleaseth well
The spirit of our God. All hail,
Mary our Queen! Sing, thou in mail,
Lord Michael! Sing, Uriel; thou,
Clothed with the sun upon thy brow!
And sing thou Hail! whose pilgrims now
Shall climb the steep ways out of Hell,
Joy of poor pilgrims, Raphael!

Michael.

I, Captain of the Lord God's host,
Give glory to the Holy Ghost,
And give to Mary, loved of Him!

Uriel.

I, Chief of the white Cherubim,
Give thanks to Mary: and to Him,
That Holy Child, Who shall be born,
King Jesus Christ, on Christmas morn.

Raphael.

I, Prince of burning Seraphim,
Give praise, give praise, to Mary Queen,
With whom the Grace of God hath been.

Omnes.

Now play through Heaven the Angel bell:
Make music of the Angelus!
The King is come to Israel:
The Queen of Heaven is found for us.

IV

Christ hath Christ's Mother
Dicamus! Canamus!
Borne, our dear Brother,
Canamus! Dicamus!
In the stall of Bethlehem.
Then leave we all Jerusalem,
To kiss the King of Bethlehem:
Cui vocibus gaudentibus
Dicamus! Canamus!
Gloriam.

Come from the city!
Dicamus! Canamus!
God hath had pity
Canamus! Dicamus
On His people Israel.
And pity will He have as well
On Gentiles beyond Israel:
Nunc vocibus gaudentibus
Dicamus! Canamus!
Gloriam.

Laud in the highest!
Dicamus! Canamus!
Now, Death, thou diest:
Canamus! Dicamus!
Lo! God goeth to His grave
Us dead and dying men to save,
And bring the captives from the grave:
Quo vocibus gaudentibus
Dicamus! Canamus!
Gloriam.

Snows the land cover!
Dicamus! Canamus!
Lo! comes our Lover:
Canamus! Dicamus!

Comes a glory, comes a light:
Gold on snow and in the height:
Glory from the Light of Light!
Quin vocibus gaudentibus
Dicamus! Canamus!
Gloriam.

Praise to the Father!
Dicamus! Canamus!
Now will He gather
Canamus! Dicamus!
Us His helpless little ones
From endless Death's dominions:
Us, God the Father's little ones.
Cui vocibus gaudentibus,
Dicamus! Canamus!
Gloriam.

Praise to Son Jesus!
Dicamus! Canamus!
Him, whose Cross frees us
Canamus! Dicamus!
From the cruel hand of sin.
Now first to Him our songs begin,
Since now our hearts have donne with sin.
Sic vocibus gaudentibus
Dicamus! Canamus!
Gloriam.

Praise Mary Mother!
Dicamus! Canamus!
Mary, none other,
Canamus! Dicamus!
Welcome might the Holy Ghost,
Because her soul was pure the most:
Now praise be to the Holy Ghost!
Cui vocibus gaudentibus
Dicamus! Canamus!
Gloriam.

Praise, praise, and praises,
Dicamus! Canamus!
Earth with Heaven raises
Canamus! Dicamus!
To the glorious Trinity!
Sons of new morning, mingle we
With morning stars our melody:
Et vocibus gaudentibus
Dicamus! Canamus!
Gloriam.

BEFORE THE CLOISTER

Sorrow, O sister Sorrow, O mine own!
Whither away hast flown?
Without thee, fiery is the flowery earth,
A flaming dance of mirth,
A marvel of wild music: I grow frail
Amid the perfumed gale,
The rushing of desires to meet delights.
Sweet Queen of holy nights,
Lady of gray, wise hours! come back to me:
Voice of the sighing sea,
Voice of the ancient wind, infinite voice!
Thine austere chaunts rejoice
Mine heart, thine anthems cool me: I grow strong,
Drinking thy bitter song,
Rich with true tears and medicinal dews,
O thou Uranian Muse!
Come, vestal Lady! in my vain heart light
Thy flame, divinely white!
Come, Lady of the Lilies; blaunch to snow
My soul through sacred woe!
Come thou, through whom I hold in memory
Moonlit Gethsemani:
Come, make a vesper silence round my ways,
And mortify my days:
O Sorrow! come, through whom alone I keep
Safe from the fatal sleep:

Through whom I count the world a barren loss,
And beautiful the Cross:
Come, Sorrow! lest in surging joy I drown,
To lose both Cross and Crown.

JOYCE KILMER

1886—1918

Joyce Kilmer, convert, teacher, journalist, soldier, and poet, was born in New Jersey in 1886. Obtaining his early education in the public schools, he attended first Rutgers College and later Columbia University, from which he graduated in 1906.

After graduation he engaged in a variety of pursuits, seeking an outlet for the talents with which he was richly endowed, but unfortunately his death occurred before he had had time to find himself.

His entrance into the Church helped him somewhat to focus his gift of poetry and brought him the degree of concentration necessary for the sustained flights of imagery with which his verse is replete. But his life was all too short for full development. The war, into which he plunged with the fervor characteristic of everything he undertook, cut short a career which would, in all likelihood, have ripened into one of high distinction.

He produced in all three volumes of verse, *Summer of Love, Trees and Other Poems,* and *Main Street and Other Poems,* and one volume of essays, *The Circus and Other Essays.*

THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS[1]

OF COURSE, people still ride on the elevated railways. But not the people who used to be taken over by their mothers from Jersey City on the Cortlandt Street Ferry about once every month, and then up Sixth Avenue by the elevated en route for the shops. These people now know the swift and monotonous tube train instead of the rakish ferryboat, the dull subway instead of the stimulating elevated railway. And even if they knelt upon the seats of the subway car, their rubbers projecting into the aisles and their faces pressed against the windows, they would see only blank walls and dismal stations instead of other people's Christmas trees.

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These evanescent bits of glory lent special delight to aërial journeyings for weeks after Christmas. For, in defiance of the Twelfth Night convention, certain citizens were wont to keep their Christmas trees in place until February. And, in the opinion of the tenants of the third stories of the tenements (apartment houses is the more courteous word) which bordered the elevated, the place of the Christmas tree was close up against the front window, where all the world could enjoy its green and gold and red.

Like nearly all genuine vulgar customs (vulgar is used in its most honorable sense) this habit of showing the public the home's chief splendor was (or is, for undoubtedly firs dressed for holiday still brighten some lower Sixth Avenue windows) based on generous courtesy. It was not possible for Mr. Tenement to keep open flat, so to speak, at Christmas time; to summon all Sixth Avenue in to partake of a bowl of wassail that steamed upon his gas range. But he performed all the hospitality that his ungentle residence allowed; he placed his bit of greenwood with its cardboard angel, its red paper bells, and its strings of tinsel, where it would give to the greatest possible number the same delight that it gave to its owner.

It is, you observe, in your own psychological way, the Rogers Group principle. Your grandmother put "Going for the Cows," you remember, on the marble top of the walnut table by the window in the front parlor. The Nottingham lace curtains were parted just above the head of the boy who was urging the dog after the woodchuck. And everybody who went up or down Maple Avenue got a good view of that masterpiece of realism. Therein your grandmother showed truer courtesy than did you when you put Rodin's "Le Baiser" in that niche above the second landing of your stairway.

The same quality of almost quixotic generosity is suggested by the composition of the oldfashioned holly wreaths, which hung in the windows, showed to passers-by lustrous green leaves and scarlet berries, and to those who hung them only a circlet of pale stems and wire. Even the lithographers maintain this courteous tradition; they stamp their cardboard holly wreaths on only one side. And this is the side which is to face the street.

Well, these fenestral firs and hollies exist, and they are among

the numerous joys of the days that follow Christmas. These post-Christmas days shine with a light softer, but perhaps more comfortable, than that of the great feast itself.

Particularly is this true of the first day after Christmas—especially when that day is Sunday. In England, of course, as in the time of the late Samuel Pickwick, Esq., who brought about the renascence of Christmas, this is called Boxing Day, not because it is the occasion of fistic counters, but because it is the time appointed for the distribution of those more or less spontaneous expressions of good will which are called Christmas boxes. Its more orthodox title is Saint Stephen's Day; it is, you know, the day on which the illustrious King Wenceslaus, with the assistance of his page, did his noble almoning. Says the old carol:

Good King Wenceslaus looked out
  On the feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
  Deep, and crisp, and even;
Brightly shone the moon that night,
  Though the frost was cruel;
When a poor man came in sight,
  Gathering winter fuel.

"Hither, page, and stand by me,
  See thou dost it telling
Yonder peasant, who is he,
  Where and what his dwelling?"
"Sire, he lives a good league hence,
  Underneath the mountain,
Over by the forest fence,
  By Saint Agnes fountain."

"Bring me flesh and bring me wine,
  Bring me pine logs hither;
Thou and I will see him dine,
  When we bear them thither."
Page and monarch forth they went
  Forth they went together
Through the night wind's wild lament
  And the wintry weather.

We are not old English Kings, so instead of having our page bring flesh and wine to the poor man on Saint Stephen's Day, we give a dollar to the youth from the still vexed Bermuthes who

chaperons the elevator in our apartment house, and for weeks before Christmas we affix to the flaps of the envelopes containing our letters little stamps bearing libelous caricatures of Saint Nicholas of Bari. Theoretically this last process provides a modicum of Christmas cheer for certain carefully selected and organized poor people.

However this may be, the fact remains that the day after Christmas is a very good day, indeed. The excitement of giving and receiving has passed away; there remains the quieter joy of contemplation. And since this year the day after Christmas is Sunday, this contemplation will not be disturbed by the arrival of the postman, who, a relentless bill-bringer, is, like the Greeks, to be feared even when bearing gifts.

And, in spite of the remarks of every humorist who ever borrowed from his mother-in-law two cents to put on an envelope which should carry a joke about her to an editor, this post-Christmas meditation nearly always is pleasant. It is assisted by the consumption of wife-bestowed cigars, which (again despite the humorists!) are better than those a man buys for himself. It is a pleasant meditation, for its subjects are things given and things received, good deeds done and good deeds experienced.

It also contains, this day-after-Christmas feeling, a quality of reconciliation. Not of reconciliation with ancient enemies—this was all orthodoxly attended to on Christmas Eve—but of reconciliation with affairs, of readjustment.

On Christmas Day there may have been some slight disappointment, some fly in the ointment, or, worse still, in the punch. Forgetting for a moment that you were just now pictured smoking cigars presented to you by your wife, let us consider you to be, as you probably are, a young woman of some eighteen summers and perhaps an equal number of winters. It is the day after Christmas; it is (although you are unaware of the fact) Saint Stephen's Day. Yesterday, although you endeavored to conceal the fact, only revealing it in the unnecessary viciousness with which you scrubbed the remains of a red and white striped candy basket from the countenance of your infant brother—yesterday, I repeat, you were annoyed. And the cause of your annoyance was that you received from the amorous Theophilus a paltry dozen, instead of twenty-four or thirty-six, American Beauties. Now, however,

during your post-Christmas meditation, your annoyance is swept away by the refreshing thought that Theophilus will now have twelve or twenty-four dollars more to invest in that extraordinary solitaire diamond ring with which he purposes to decorate your not too reluctant hand as soon as people begin to see through your bluff of not being engaged. This thought cheers you considerably, and you dreamily give the aforesaid infant brother permission to consume a barley sugar elephant, which makes him very unwell.

Or, let us, on the other hand, suppose that you, who are now reading this inquiry into the theory of motives and ideas, are that infant brother himself. Your age, we will say, is three, and you are, we regret to say, somewhat sticky.

Nevertheless, your frame of mind is, on the whole, more satisfactory than it was yesterday. You had in all confidence requested Santa Claus to bring you a large live baboon. Instead, he brought you a small tin monkey on a stick.

This was a genuine disappointment, as poignantly felt as will be any more obvious tragedy of your adult years. But, like all sorrows of childhood, it had the blessed quality of brevity. Now, on the day after Christmas, you contemplate with favor your tin monkey. One of his legs is broken, but he has come off his stick, and is therefore the more agreeable companion. Your father's apology for Santa Claus—to the effect that the baboon of your desire would have walked off with your stockings if he had been placed in them—seems reasonable. And there is manna for your soul in the thought that your father will take you to the Bronx Zoo this afternoon, and that you then can show your tin monkey to the baboon that lives there.

This peaceful meditation is one of the most delightfully comfortable features of the day after Christmas. This day has not the concentrated excitement of Christmas. It is, I think, the most restful day in the year. It is not marked, like January 2, with the shock of receiving bills and the strain of keeping new resolutions. It is a delightfully lazy day, a sort of sublimated Sunday afternoon.

And one conclusion which you should draw from your St. Stephen's Day meditation is that the nobility of Christmas traditions and customs is proved by their surviving the most unfavor-

able, even absurd, conditions of life. It was not difficult for the Puritans to destroy the Maypole; its gay garlands never rose from the dust into which their iron heels trod them. But the Christmas tree—which even more than the Maypole was an idolatrous abomination to those of our forefathers who turned "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon" against the primitive red citizens of New England—the Christmas tree blooms with new splendor every year. It is set up even in the conventicles and New Salems which the Pilgrims established, and as its green branches glow with their precious freight of scarlet and gold, around it dance—tango, in fact—the descendants of John Alden and Priscilla Mullens.

But the Christmas tree and its attendant glories have survived an assault sterner than that of the Puritans. They are healthily surviving modern metropolitan conditions—the deadly foe of many gracious things. And the mere fact of survival is itself beautiful. It is very fine, of course, for Santa Claus to clamber down the broad chimney of a great farmhouse. But it is really noble of him to penetrate the mysterious smokestacks of a New York building, and, making some subtle use, I suppose, of the steam radiator, to visit every apartment which has its complement of childhood. It is admirable for a country child to believe in Santa Claus; but how much more admirable is the faith of the city child, the faith which stands the shock of the imitation Santa Clauses who strut about the department stores and beg at every corner.

These things, I said, are natural fruits of after-Christmas meditations. And the Christmas tree remains—although the gifts that surrounded it have been taken away, it is a pleasanter sight than it was yesterday, because it is already a beautiful old friend, a friend to whom we are grateful. It does not look ridiculous because its great day is gone, as, for example, a firecracker looks ridiculous on July 5. For Christmas is more than a day, it is a season, of which December 25 is only the commencement. And as the Christmas tree seems pleasanter and more friendly when some of its needles have formed little green aromatic heaps on the carpet, and when the china angel and two or three of the red glass balls have been taken down for the baby to play with—so does the Christmas season seem pleasanter and more friendly when its

first great feast and pageant has come to its joyous close and become a part of time's rich treasury of golden days.

MAIN STREET[1]

(FOR S. M. L.)

I LIKE to look at the blossomy track of the moon upon the sea,
But it isn't half so fine a sight as Main Street used to be
When it all was covered over with a couple of feet of snow,
And over the crisp and radiant road the ringing sleighs would go.

Now, Main Street bordered with autumn leaves, it was a pleasant thing,
And its gutters were gay with dandelions early in the Spring;
I like to think of it white with frost or dusty in the heat,
Because I think it is humaner than any other street.

A city street that is busy and wide is ground by a thousand wheels,
And a burden of traffic on its breast is all it ever feels:
It is dully conscious of weight and speed and of work that never ends,
But it cannot be human like Main Street, and recognize its friends.

There were only about a hundred teams on Main Street in a day,
And twenty or thirty people, I guess, and some children out to play.
And there wasn't a wagon or buggy, or a man or a girl or boy
That Main Street didn't remember, and somehow seem to enjoy.

The truck and the motor and trolley car and the elevated train
They make the weary city street reverberate with pain:
But there is yet an echo left deep down within my heart
Of the music the Main Street cobblestones made beneath a butcher's cart.

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God be thanked for the Milky Way that runs across the sky,
That's the path that my feet would tread whenever I have to die.
Some folks call it a Silver Sword, and some a Pearly Crown,
But the only thing I think it is, is Main Street Heaventown.

TREES[1]

(TO MRS. HENRY MILLS ALDEN)

I THINK that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in Summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who ultimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

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